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ENDING
MAY 17, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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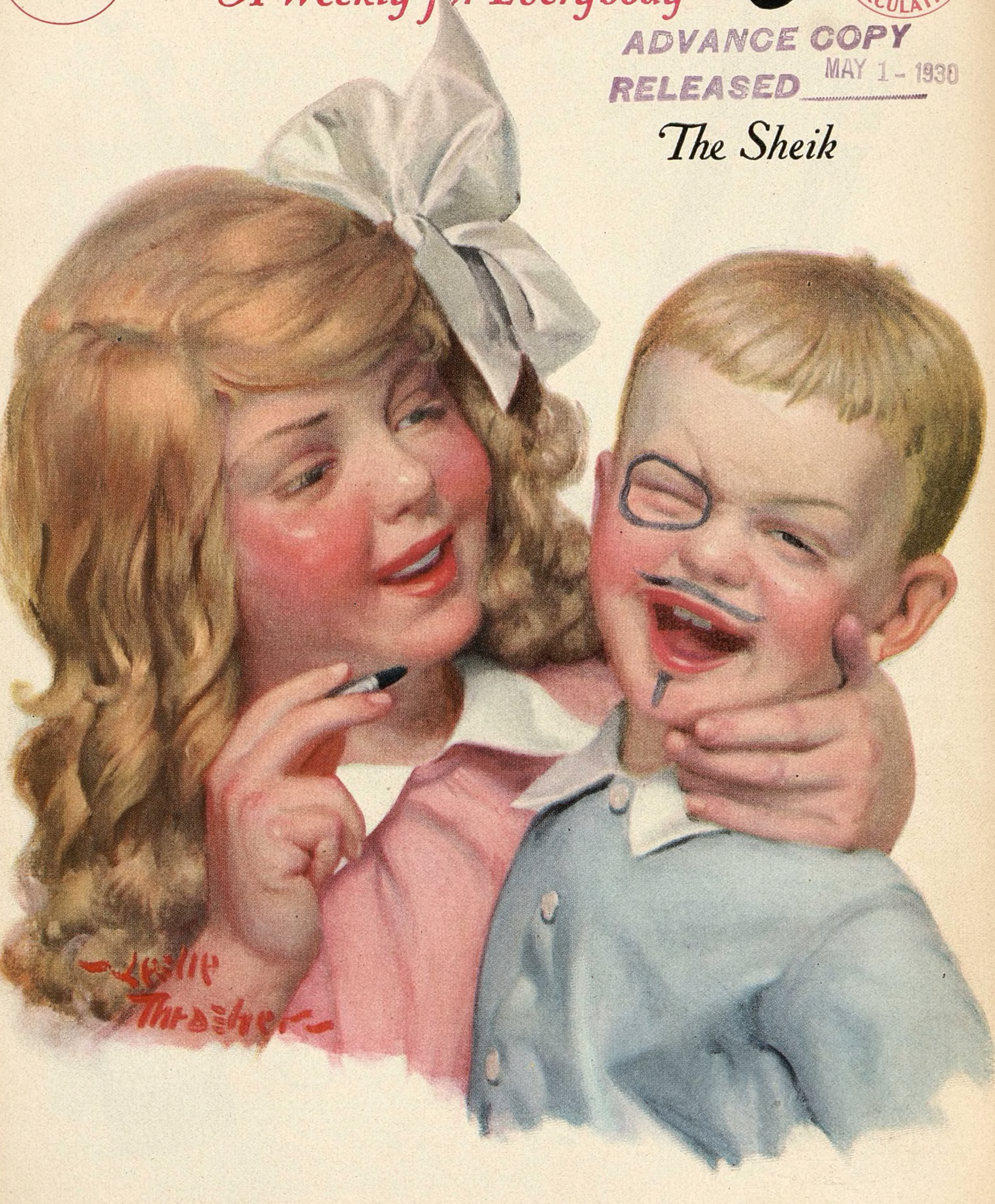

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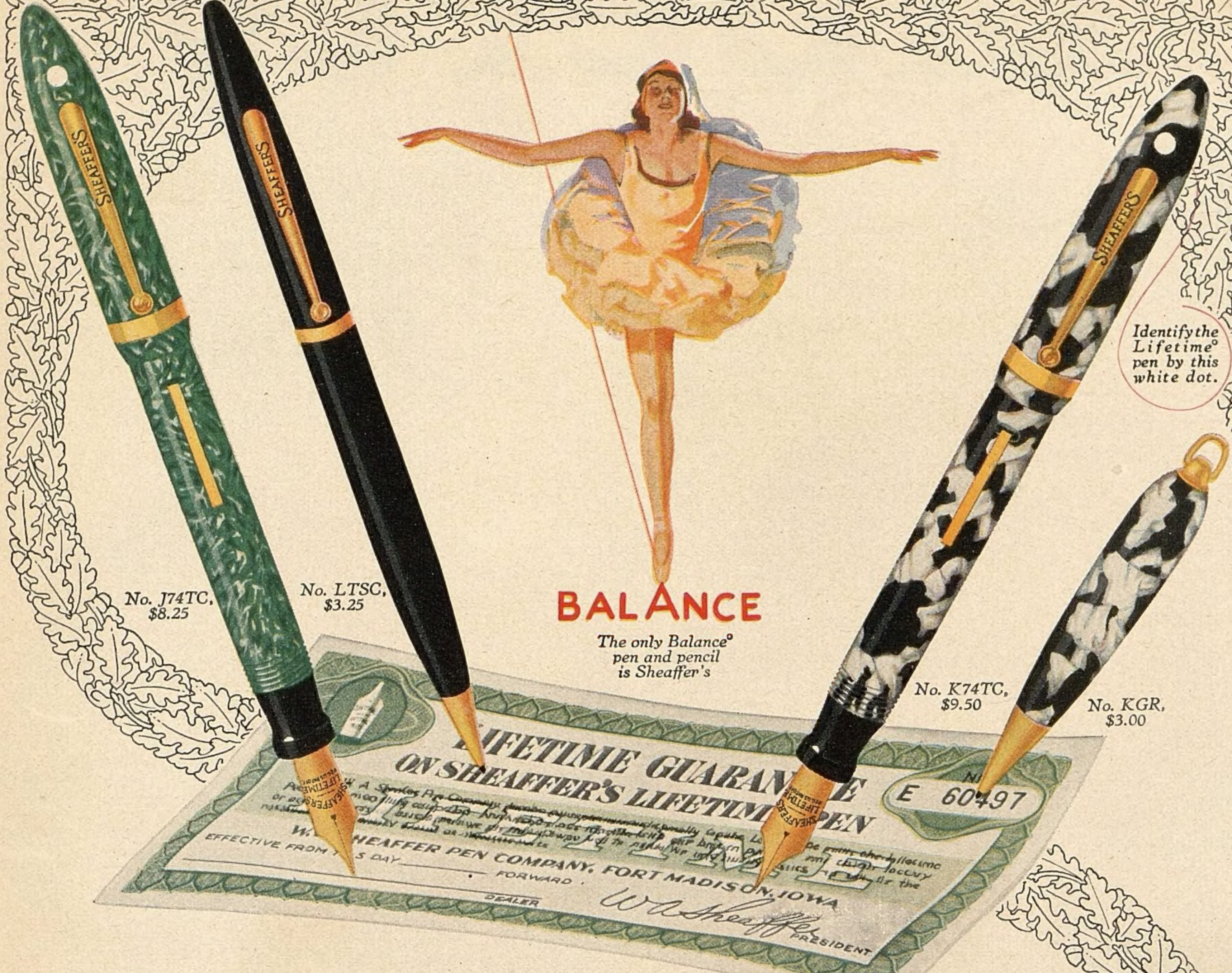
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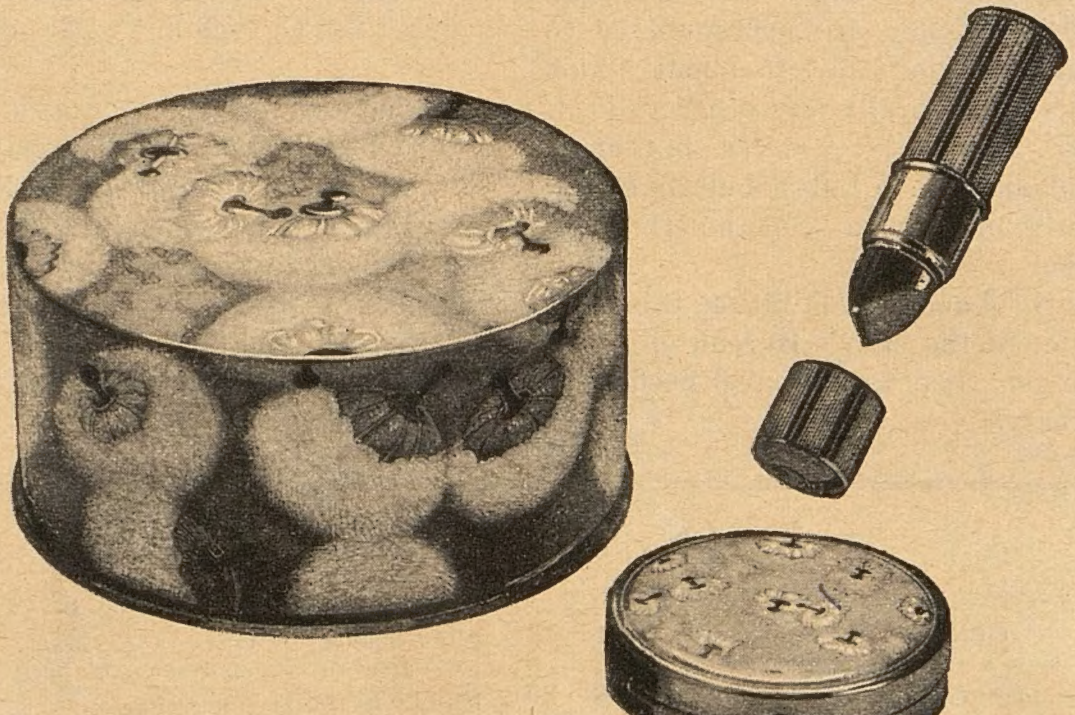

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7 No. 20

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

AN OLD AIR DOG BARKS

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett came back the other day from London, where he had been a technical adviser of the American delegation at the naval conference, and certainly said a mouthful.

In a statement issued when he landed, he spoke his mind about a lot of things, including his uncompromising notion that our Prohibition system is bad. Said the Admiral:

"The personal liberty enjoyed in non-Prohibition countries and the absence of graft in connection with liquor were noticeable as compared with conditions in the United States.

"Prices are high—three or four times more than they were before the war. This may be the solution of the liquor question for us—high internal revenue taxes on liquor, low taxes on light wines and beer, bringing in a revenue to the government that would largely support it and greatly reduce the income and other taxes; eliminate graft, bootlegging, and other evils inherent in impracticable Prohibition."

Well!

United States army and navy officers are not supposed to be people, in a way. They can't vote. Officially, they have been muzzled. They cannot, they are told, even talk about defense. They are not supposed to think or say anything on the subjects about which they know most. Or on practically any other subject.

Prohibition vitally affects the services, but army and navy men are not allowed to talk about its effect. So the Admiral's words must have been something of a shock in Washington.

Having said a mouthful about Prohibition, this good old air dog (he is chief of the navy's Bureau of Aëronautics) said another mouthful about naval needs and the meaning of the treaty.

He made very clear the distinction between naval parity and parity of sea power. He said—and it seems clear and reasonable when you think of it—that naval parity means an equal number of battleships, submarines, etc., but parity of sea power means equal power on the sea, which is a vastly different matter.

It is important, he pointed out, that almost any merchant ship can be quickly made over into an airplane carrier. The British, therefore, having by far the most merchant ships, have the greatest potential sea power.

Planes can be built more quickly than fighting ships. If you have merchant vessels, all you have to do is deck them over, and you have the component parts of an effective and dangerous branch of your navy.

The merchant ship is an infinitely more important factor in naval warfare now than it was when it mounted only a few small guns with a short firing radius. Airplanes with naval carriers are infallible in their kind of weather. They are not much good at night or in fog, or probably in storms, since when they roll it is hard to land on them. But in fair weather the side that has them has an enormous advantage.

In view of all this, the Admiral said we ought to have a big merchant marine. Well, there he was talking economics. We won't have a big merchant marine because every time a measure intended to foster it comes up, Congress votes it down. And that is something to think about when you think about the treaty.

Admiral Moffett's was by far the most sensible and refreshing statement made on the treaty and the naval situation. He showed more insight into what the conference was all about than any of the American delegation—including Secretary Stimson, if one may judge by what he said over the radio.

The Admiral's statement doesn't sound like the President's message, but it covers the situation. It even takes a sideswipe at the churches, thus:

"It is to be regretted that well-meaning persons, ignorant of questions involving national defense, spread propaganda confusing matters of state and religion which I believe, if continued, not only will adversely affect the Church but will endanger the security of our country."

Now, if Admiral Moffett is silenced after this adventure in frankness, it will simply show what we have been losing through our policy of keeping service men from speaking their minds. We don't know what will happen—or indeed what may have happened before these lines appear in print—but if Moffett goes the way of Billy Mitchell it will be just too bad for our naval air service; although civil life will gain a perfectly dandy after-dinner speaker.

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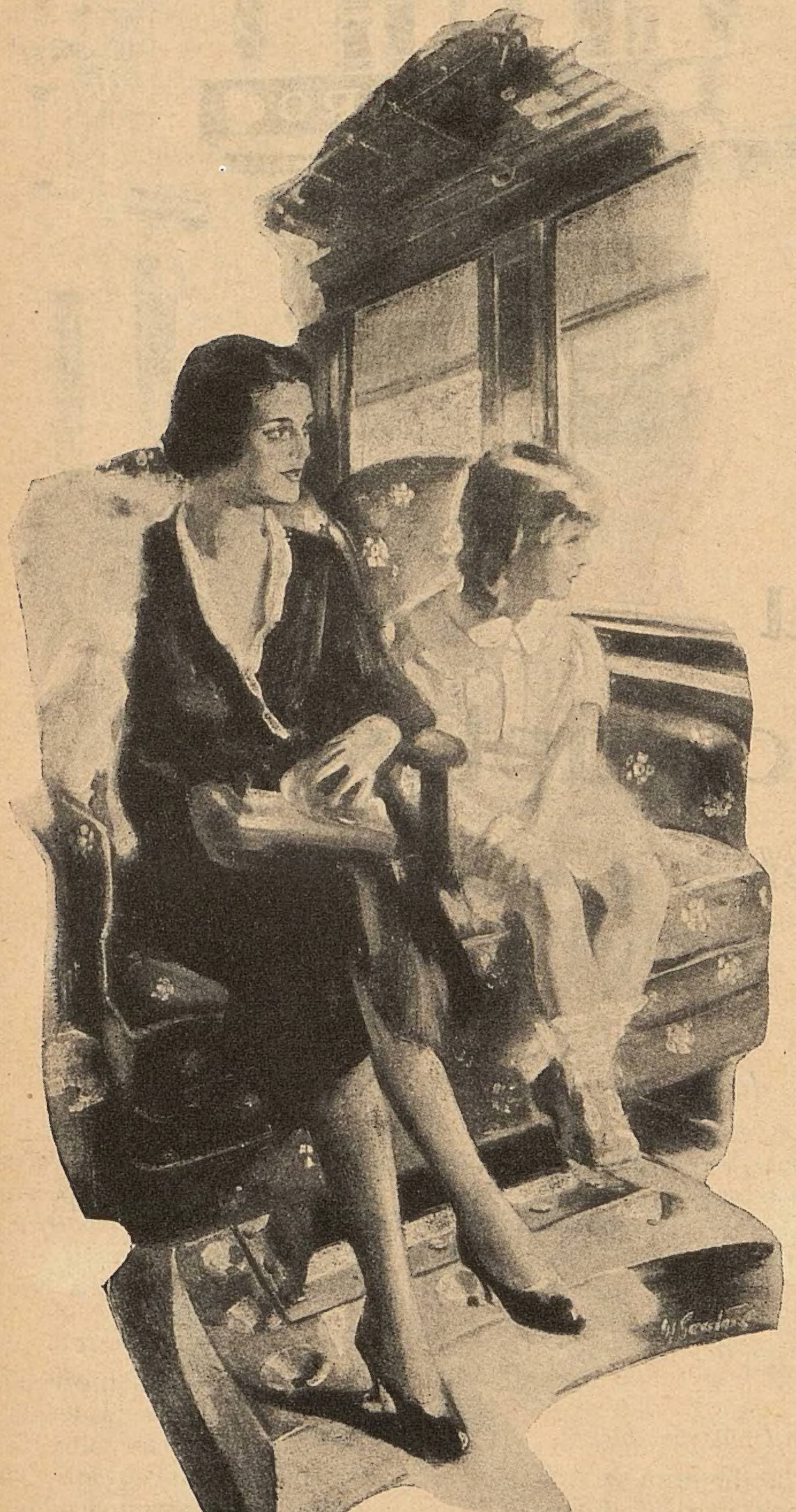
We've put RUBBER HEELS on B & O cars



THE RUBBER HEEL *is symbolic of the riding comfort made possible by placing rubber pads in the trucks.*

ONE of our people—as often happens with us—brought forward an unusual suggestion that makes for even greater smoothness in the riding comfort of our trains.

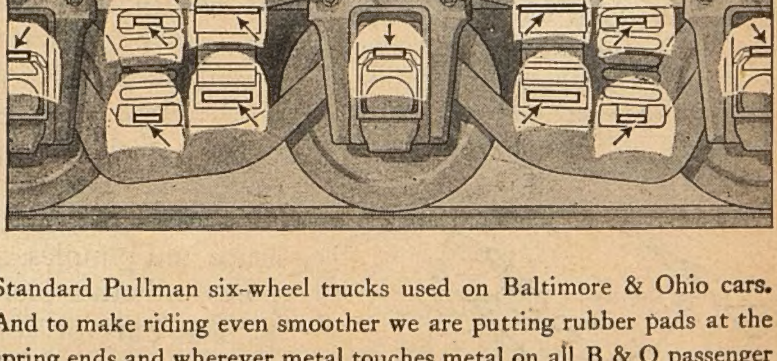
You know the shock-absorbing qualities of rubber heels. Well, this simple idea is being applied to Baltimore & Ohio cars. Each truck has fifty-one rubber pads placed at points where the frame rests and at spring ends—wherever metal touches metal. You really ride on rubber over polished steel rails.

It sounds smooth, and it is . . . wonderfully so.

We have a firm conviction that if travelers are given a smooth joltless ride, if they can relax and read without strain, the chances are they will remember the trip as a restful experience and want to ride on our road again.

To increase the number of such friends is one reason we have spent over 400 millions to improve the service of our road. And by the thoughtful attention of our employees we try to make every journey a pleasure.

We hope this latest effort—to give you a comfortable ride by putting *rubber heels* on our cars—will appeal to you. Won't you ride with us soon and see how thoroughly restful it is?

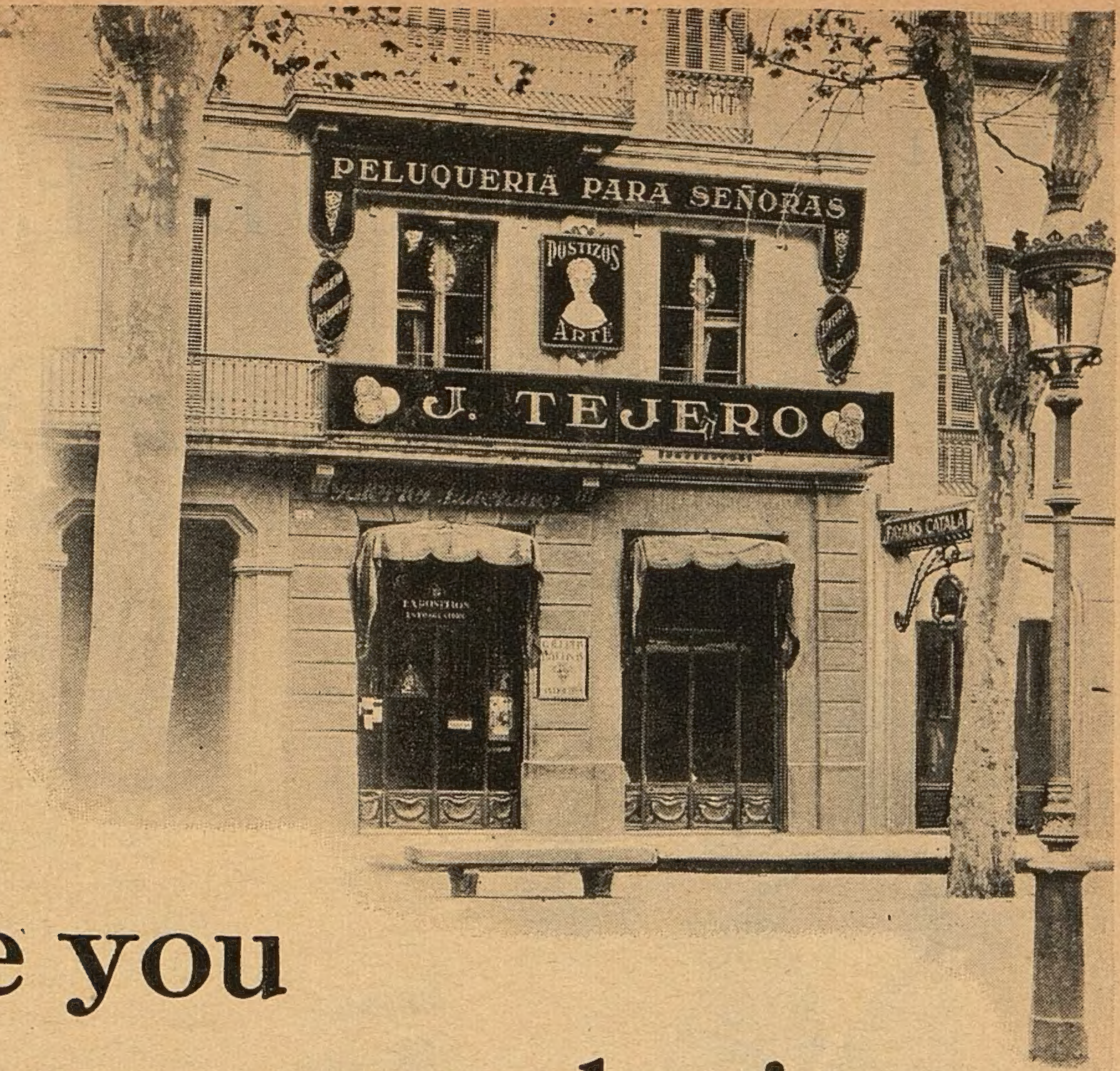


Standard Pullman six-wheel trucks used on Baltimore & Ohio cars. And to make riding even smoother we are putting rubber pads at the spring ends and wherever metal touches metal on all B & O passenger cars. This tends to eliminate vibration and make riding more restful.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

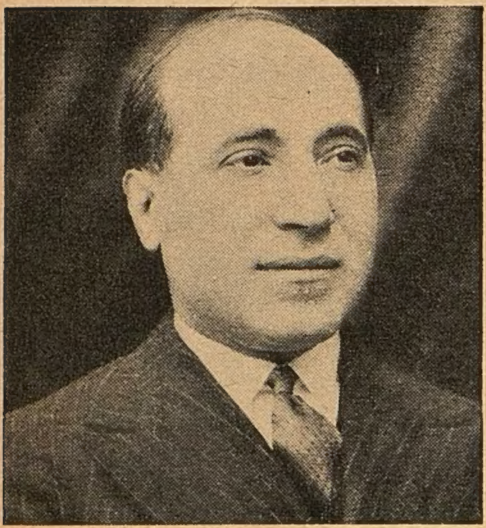
The facade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.



"How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist*



"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day —and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

Barcelona

"If soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the opinion of Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

18,900 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 18,907 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. Begin right away.

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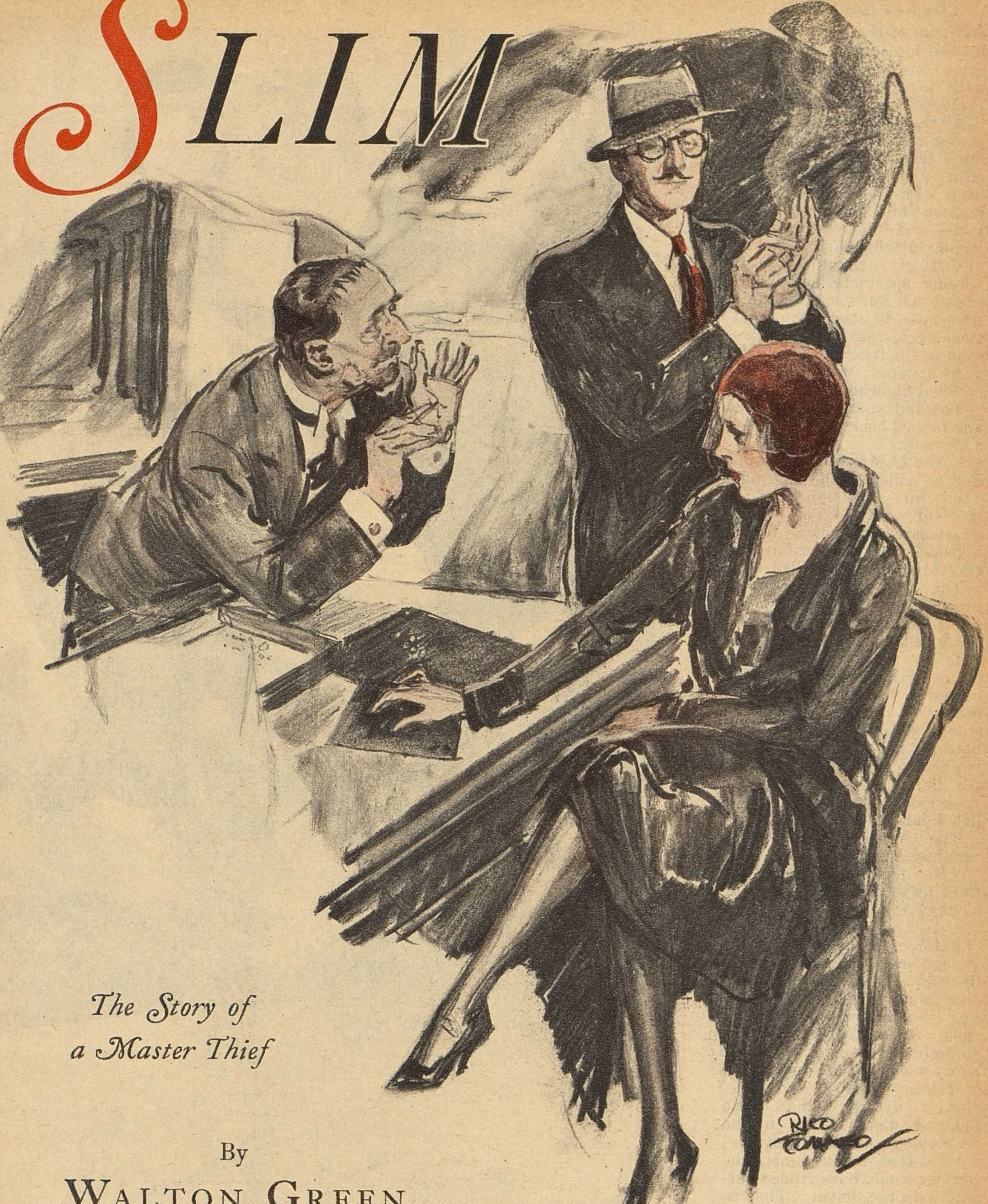
SLIM



The Story of a Master Thief

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by RICO TOMASO

"It is the celebrated Jildac rose diamond. We do not own it, but I shall be happy to have it sent up on—"

IN THREE PARTS—PART ONE

FROM the discreetly magnificent portals of the famous old Dunderhead Club on Fifth Avenue there issued, one soft May morning, the figure of a tall and very thin young man.

At the same instant a taxicab drew to the curb, and the passenger—a smartly immaculate and representative New Yorker—descended and started across the sidewalk.

The tall young man acknowledged the presence of the newcomer with a careless wave of his walking stick.

The swart, short man halted obsequiously and hovered near his cab. The tall young man paused to exchange a word of restrained affability with the bright-waistcoated

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLIM
Continued from page seven]

doorman of the club. Then he hooked his stick over his arm, drew on his pigskin gloves with nice care, and stepped faultlessly to the street.

All the movements of the tall young man were characterized by a terrific conservatism of effort and manner. With his high white forehead, his immature and overbred mustache, and his small cold eyes gazing aloofly—and none too knowingly—through shell-rimmed spectacles set upon a high-beaked and smally acquisitive nose, he stood, the traditional cold-roast Bostonian—even to the touch of provincial awkwardness with which he handled his walking stick.

The tall young man halted and turned back to the club for a moment.

"And if Mr. Winters drops in," he called to the doorman, "tell him I'm lunching at the University." The bright-waistcoated doorman bowed his sleek head inscrutably and closed the massive grilled door.

The tall young man approached the taxi.

"Good morning, Maxime," he greeted with restrained courtesy. "Sorry I had you come here, after all. The baroness has just telephoned that she wants to look over the stones herself—she's coming here for me. We'll go back to your shop if you don't mind—Ah, here's her car now. Let your cab go—she'll give us a lift, I fancy."

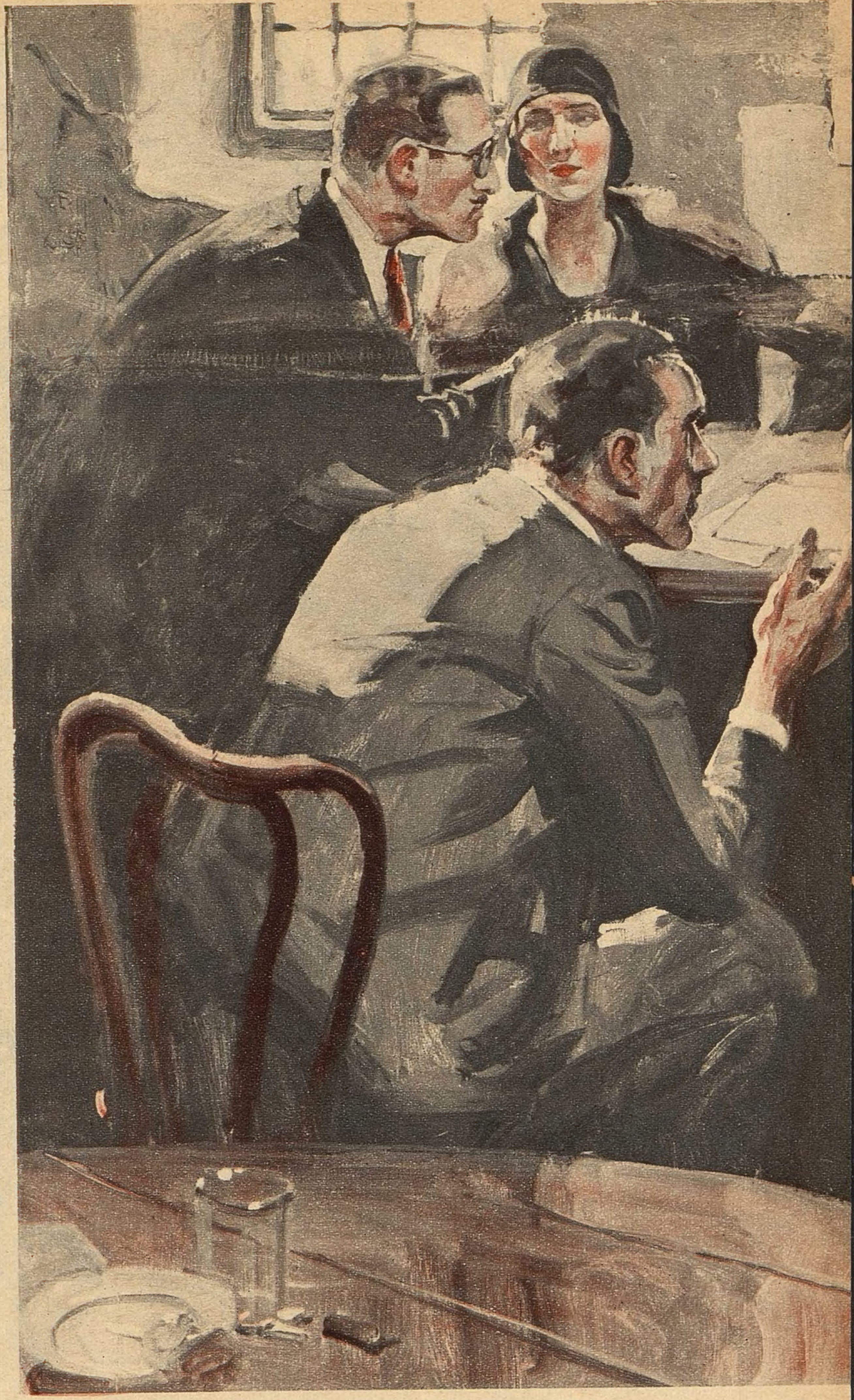
The sleek little jeweler acquiesced effusively.

"No trouble at all, Mr. Corning — it's only a few blocks."

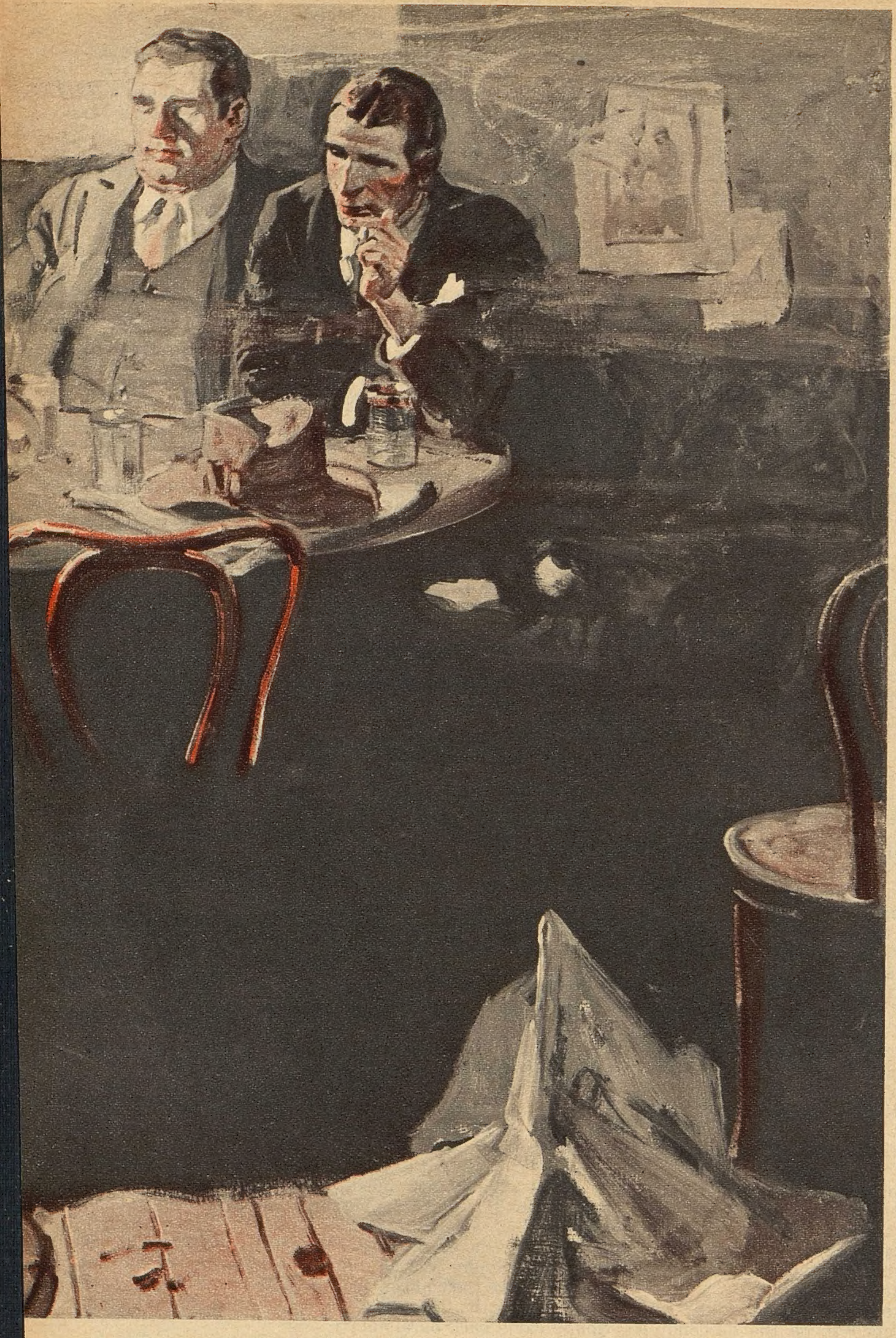
THEY entered the big Pacillac town car. The smartly liveried chauffeur held the door and tenderly readjusted the crested and needless lap robe. The swart little jeweler, risingly impressed with his new prospects, sat gingerly on a folding seat. The pale, flaxen-haired woman who lounged disdainfully in the rear seat rather obviously considered that in her country the jeweler would have ridden outside with the driver. That is, if she considered him at all.

The car turned east from Fifth Avenue and halted before a remodeled brownstone house not far from Park Avenue. It is the region where the roaring Forties of our fathers have overflowed into the furtive Fifties of Volsteadism; where respectability rubs elbows with the fawning commercialism of snob-priced specialty shops; where any basement may house a speakeasy and many a third floor a more dubious tenant; where vice is decentralized, speakeasying standardized, shopkeeping specialized—and all in a smooth and cynical race for the favors of the golden cañon that is Park Avenue.

Maxime et Cie. is on the first floor—or on the second, if you count as a floor the Italian restaurant in the basement. To reach the salesroom one ascends the old-time stoop with its incredibly ugly and massive brownstone railings. In the smug and tasteless nineties New York



For twenty minutes Slim talked in a low explicit v



it?" he asked finally. "All right. Now you can have a drink."

flaunted its brownstone fronts by the tens of thousands. All the stoops were of stone, but only the rich boasted railings of stone. The merely well-to-do made shift with cast-iron imitations—imitations which were painted a warmish brown and then sanded over the wet paint with a perforated metal sand shaker shaped like an old-fashioned dinner bell. The house in which Maxime did business had been in the rich man's district, and its railings were of real stone.

Maxime et Cie. was a concern with imagination. The "& Co.," for instance, was wholly imagination. So was the name Maxime. The swart, short gentleman was, in fact, the sole proprietor, whose imagination had dropped the last two syllables of his family surname Imelbaum—Max Imelbaum he had been—and had cunningly cemented the remainder into the more suggestive and high-sounding Maxime. The Max Imelbaum of Sixth Avenue jewelry fame—the Max Imelbaum not unknown to referees in bankruptcy—was forgotten. In his place stood the Maxime who catered to the esoteric demands of persons of much wealth—oleaginous persons from Oklahoma and such—persons with their eyes toward Southampton and very quick on the draw of the check book.

IN Maxime's private office the Baroness Kolof sat by a table on which were a number of black velvet show cloths. From small gray envelopes the jeweler poured unset diamonds onto the velvet squares. The stones flashed up from the sable setting with splendidly exaggerated iridescence. The baroness poked them about with a white and disdainful forefinger.

The hands were very beautiful, the jeweler thought. If there was a suggestion of henna to the finger nails, that was but the touch of the ultrasmart. Occasionally the baroness lighted a cigarette which she took from a platinum case. The cigarettes were Russian—very long, with hollow cardboard mouth tips—and they smelled pungent and exotic. And the platinum case, Maxime noted with satisfaction, bore in chip brilliants and sapphires a repetition of the crest on the lap robe.

The tall young man stood apart. His manner implied that he was faintly interested, faintly bored, and faintly impatient to be done with the business.

Finally the Russian lady touched one splendid solitaire

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLIM
Continued from page nine

with an aloof forefinger; the twoscore other stones she swept aside with superb and aristocratic disregard of the jeweler's neatly classified piles. The aloof finger rested peremptorily on the big diamond for an indicative instant, and she spoke in a deliciously throaty contralto:

"Eet is thees one, mon cher, that is the beautiful stone."

"What's that, Sophia?" Mr. Stephen Corning pronounced it "Sofeea." "Beg pardon; I wasn't listening." Mr. Corning emerged from his boredom, albeit reluctantly, and took notice of the big stone.

"Ah, yes—very handsome. If it suits you we'll let Maxime set it: pick it up tomorrow or next day."

The jeweler beamed discreetly. They had not even asked the price.

"If madame the baroness permits, I will trouble her for the finger size."

Madame the baroness graciously permitted. The jeweler slipped the trial ring over the measuring stick, made a note, and beamed again.

"I can have it for you tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Corning. Shall I send it over, or will you—"

"We'll pick it up when we stop in to look at the other things," said Mr. Corning.

"Othair things?" The baroness raised a mildly interested eyebrow. "Ah, but Steefen, you must not be too good to me. This is quite for the time enough, is it not?"

"Maxime has some Florentine settings coming in that he wants to show you. And he said something about some famous diamond or other."

"Yes, madame. It is the celebrated Jildac rose diamond—a stone of great beauty and value. We do not own it, but I shall be happy to have it sent up on—"

"Not on my account, if you please," interrupted Mr. Corning with New England caution. "I'm not in the market for anything running into the figures I imagine that thing does."

Maxime permitted himself a smile of flattering skepticism.

"I'm not trying to sell it to you, Mr. Corning, sir—I just want you to see it."

"As you please," said Corning coldly. "I'll telephone what day we can come. Good morning, Maxime."

The jeweler bowed them out of his private office and accompanied them past the clerks in the outer room. The uniformed doorman sprang to attention and escorted them across the sidewalk. The doorman opened the door of the car and vied with the smartly liveried chauffeur in tenderly adjusting the crested and needless lap robe.

MAXIME
et Cie.
JEWELERS

ALL this was before luncheon on Monday. On the afternoon of that day the Baroness Kolof was alone in her apartment in West Eighty-sixth Street. Presently the telephone rang and a man's voice spoke.

"Y'know who it is?" asked the voice guardedly.

"Yes," in her scornful, throaty contralto.

"I'm in a drug store on the corner. Get the boy out of the way and I'll be up."

"Very well," replied the baroness listlessly and hung up. Then she telephoned the switchboard attendant, who was also the elevator man:

"If you will please to come up for a lettair for ze post."

Scarcely had the door clanged to on the descending elevator, than there was a tap at the door. The owner of the careful telephone voice—puffing lustily from five flights of stairs—entered and closed the door softly behind him.

Sergeant Clarence Durgin of the 180th Precinct was a fine figure of a man. This despite the fact that his midriff section sported the traditional paunch of the old-time sedentary copper. Otherwise he has a massive head, thatched with curly black hair, liberally shot with gray, and a long strong nose, beaked at the bridge—beaked and then dipping sharply in a reverse curve and rising again at the inquisitive tip; the kind of cigar-box-handsome nose that is much admired—and infinitely vulgar—and that has resulted from many generations of breeding to a quite inferior type.

Sergeant Durgin was in plain clothes. Also he was nervous. He laid his mustard-brown fedora on a table and sat down.

"Well," he began slowly, "I seen Imelbaum again an' he's all set for Thursday. You people got your end lined up?"

"Yeah." Sophy Kolof's tone was as superbly laconic as ever. There was nothing spurious about the intrinsic aloofness of the woman.

"You know the layout?" persisted the policeman.

"Yeah—Slim and me scouted it this morning. How about the big guy on the door? Is he fixed?"

"Absolutely. I've known that bird for years. Max pays him thirty a week to wear them clothes and pack a rod. Max is looking out for him."

MISS KOLOF lighted a cheap American cigarette and exhaled a stiff shaft of smoke toward the officer.

"He'd better be looking out for him," she observed coldly. "We don't want no battle."

"There won't be no battle. The doorman is fixed, and there's only two clerks and Max's stenographer. It's pie."

"Mebbe," agreed Sophy sourly. "But I gotta make sure. Slim's lookin' to me on this end of it."

"I wanted to talk to him myself on it," observed Durgin uneasily.

"Yeah"—Sophy permitted herself a mirthless laugh—"but Slim won't talk to you: says he's got to be careful who he's seen with."

Durgin turned an angry red.

"You two'll get too damned smart one of these days and I'll turn you up yet," he growled.

"No you won't," said Sophy coolly.

"An' why won't I?"

"Because you can't frame us, and because we got more on you than you got on us, see? And also because"—and her voice held a note of challenging contempt—"and also because I tell yer not to. Is it enough?"

Durgin's nostrils dilated slightly and he lowered his eyelids.

"Yeah," he spoke heavily. "I guess it's enough." And then, more truculently, "How long are you going to keep on standing me up, Sophe? Can't you forget that muzzler and come to me? I'll treat you right."

"Make me an honest woman?" demanded Miss Kolof impersonally.

The sergeant hesitated.

"Yeah—if you gotta have it that way."

Sophy smiled sourly.

"What you can't get, Durgin, is that I'd think it decenter to live with Slim than to be married to you."

"What I can't get," returned the policeman morosely, "is how a girl with your record has the noive to high-hat the woild like you do."

"What's the matter with my record?" Sophy demanded. "I ain't ever taken a rap—an' I don't never double-cross a pal. Forget it, Durgin."

The officer's eyes flickered uneasily. He wondered guiltily if Sophy was alluding to his own profitable but scarcely loyal part in the Forty-eighth Street jewelry job of eight months back. Best get her mind off that. But Sophy came back persistently.

"And listen here, Durgin. Before we pull this job we gotta know just where we get off. How much stock has Imelbaum on hand?"

"Maybe a hunnert and fifty thousand all told: a hunnert is his own, and about fifty worth he's borrowed from a friend for this job."

"And he's got the whole of it insured?"

"Absolutely. And he'll take it all out—his own and the borrowed stuff—Wednesday night. All you gotta do Thursday is go through the motions of gatting him up and then clean up enough small trash to fool the clerks. You get a quarter on the insurance."

"But you was saying last time he'd have a wholesaler come in with a lot of unset stones."

"Sure—he will. He's had one big man up from Maiden Lane three or four times already—buying enough to make a good build-up."

"How much'll that feller have on him?"

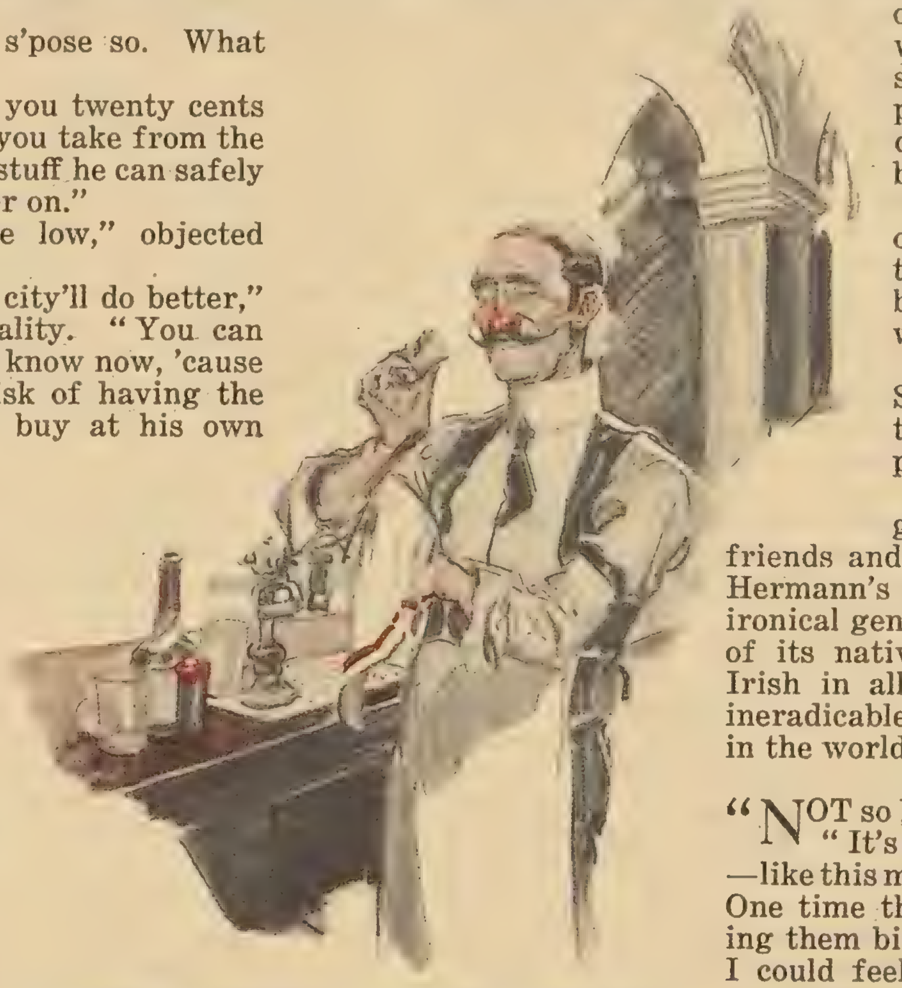
"I don't know—anything from fifty to a hunnert and fifty worth. We all gotta take a chance on that. It's gravy, anyway."

"Yes," agreed Sophy, "I s'pose so. What split we get on that?"

"Imelbaum says he'll give you twenty cents on the dollar for all the stuff you take from the salesman—that is, for all the stuff he can safely put in with his own stock later on."

"Twenty cents is terrible low," objected Sophy.

"They ain't a fence in the city'll do better," stated the sergeant with finality. "You can take it or leave it, but I gotta know now, 'cause Max don't want the extry risk of having the wholesaler in unless he can buy at his own figger."



It was a very select speakeasy, conducted by an Italian detective formerly attached to the bomb squad.

Sophy lighted another cigarette and considered awhile.

"What it comes down to is that Imelbaum hides out his whole stock and we steal his insurance for him and get one part of a four-way split—if you and him don't lay down on us afterwards. Ain't it so?"

"When have I ever laid down on you, Sophe?" asked Durgin indignantly.

"You ain't never had no chance to," observed Sophy noncommittally. And then, reflectively, "Well—I s'pose we gotta play along."

The sergeant showed his relief.

"Now you're talkin', Sophe. What time will you go in?"

"Slim will phone you," shortly.

"I don't want he should call the station house," the officer cut in hastily. "That wire stinks."

"Who's on it?" asked Sophy indifferently.

"I don't know for sure—some of this new commissioner's shooflies, I guess. But I know it stinks. Keep off'n it. I'll call Slim from outside."

The sergeant lifted his brown fedora from the table and departed by the fire-well stairway as he had come. Near the ground floor he waited until he heard the crash of the gate and the creaking of the ascending elevator. Then he opened the door to the main hall. The hallway was empty, save for a telephone repair man who had the back off the switchboard and was tinkering with the network of wires in the interior. The sergeant stepped virtuously and confidently into the street. A man couldn't be too careful these days—what with half the force staying up nights trying to get something on the other half.

SOME hours later—at half past nine in the evening, to be exact—Sophy Kolof and Mr. James Sherrill Hermann were dining late in the small rear room of a speakeasy in the lower Fifties not far from Sixth Avenue. It was a very select speakeasy, frequented—with the fine democracy of Volsteadism—largely by better-grade thieves with a sprinkling of commercial littérateurs and artists.

Discretion, be it said, was the keynote of the place. There was neither music nor dancing nor other suggestion of jazz. Instead, there was cooking of high Italian excellence, and sound dago red from California zinfandels, and fairish Canadian ale and Bremen-made Scotch for the commercial attachés of belles-lettres. Also there was peace and quiet for the tired business man of Mr. Hermann's calling. A soothing and homelike place most excellently conducted by an Italian detective formerly attached to the bomb squad, but now well on his way to the earned independence of middle age.

Mr. Hermann sat in a corner alongside the old-fashioned fireplace. On the table before him stood a brace of broiled lamb chops flanked by a plate of toasted wheat bread and a tall tumbler of hot milk. He carefully excavated the mouthful-sized hearts of the chops and nibbled gingerly at his toast. Mr. Hermann enjoyed old-fashioned indigestion—which he called "deespepsia"—and which an expensive specialist had diagnosed as a torpid gall bladder.

Miss Sophy Kolof sat opposite him at the small table and listlessly dipped bread crusts in her red wine.

"How's the g. b. today, Slim?" she asked as solicitously as her innate imperiousness permitted.

"Not so bad," he replied gently. When with his friends and off duty, so to speak, Mr. Hermann's tone took on an added and ironical gentleness, though it lost none of its native aloofness. Nine-tenths Irish in all but name, he nursed an ineradicable irony toward everything in the world—except his diet.

"NOT so bad," he repeated seriously. "It's only when I get real excited—like this morning in Imelbaum's place. One time there—when you was pushing them big rocks around the table—I could feel the gas filling up in my diaphragm. Why, Sophe—"

"Excited? You didn't show it, Slim. You was grand. And, say—how did you work the racket of coming out of the swell club?"

"Cinch," murmured Slim, while his long white fingers toyed with the milk glass. "I walks in and asks for a broker I knowed was downtown, and kids the guy on the door until I see Imelbaum come up in his cab. You gotta figure time in them things, that's all."

Between Mr. Hermann's appearance and his language there was a vivid discrepancy. When with his professional associates he fell into the grammarless argot of the underworld as readily as he assumed the stilted niceties of more fastidious circles. It would be hard to say which was acting and which was second nature. Certainly he had a chameleonlike and almost unconscious adaptability of vocabulary which gave him instant protection in any verbal situation. He was an instinctive and trained actor—almost as finished as Sophy herself.

On top of this he possessed a calculating nerve and a sardonic appreciation of his own technical equipment, which made him a very able and dangerous thief—the more dangerous in that he had so far escaped punishment despite an unusually long and varied career.

Starting in youth as a welter-weight fighter of crooked bouts on the Pacific coast, he had forsaken that game because of bad hands and low pay. He had then drifted into the service of the U. S. government as a prohibition agent in Seattle, where he managed in a few months to get a sound grounding in the principles of applied bribery and blackmail. Also he accumulated a modest working stake.

Shortly thereafter his cousin, Midget Meyer, bodyguard to the famous gangster Little Solly of New York, was shot. Slim came east, joined up with Solly, and inside of six months was more than filling the shoes of his dead cousin.

With the killing of his beloved chief, Little Solly, and with his own growing maturity of outlook, Slim had developed a mounting contempt for the competitive and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLIM
Continued from page eleven

needless butcheries of gangdom. He pulled out, went on the lam for a while, and reappeared as the wit of a highly organized automobile mob. With him in this venture was the Polish Jewess, Sophy Kolof. They stole automobiles for a couple of reasonably successful years. Then competition developed, other mobs copied their unique technique, and Slim lost interest. His restless artistry drove him continually to fresher and higher fields of criminal endeavor. New ways for old crimes was Slim's credo. If a man invent a better crime than his neighbor, the police will not beat a path to his door—for a while, anyway, and especially if he frequently change his door.

Slim lacked the usual criminal delusions about himself. He was curiously well read—especially in the literature of criminology. The Lombrosian theory he laughed at—quietly and self-derisively. He was a thief because he wanted to be—not because he had to be. Astonishingly well educated he was in spots—or well informed, if you wish, which is not far from the same thing. Where he had picked it up, heaven only knows, but he often had time and to spare on his hands. Much time he spent alone.

The average crook is afraid to be alone. He is gregarious through fear. He congregates in police-known hangouts and sleeps in crowded thief flops. He drinks when he can and dopes when he must.

Not so Slim. He had too much character for drugs, too little stomach for liquor, and too much sense for indiscriminate herding. Occasionally, indeed, as in the case of the Italian restaurant where he was now dining, he met his fellows at their own resorts. But that was strictly for business reasons—and usually after he had done the preliminary planning and had only orders to give. Temperamentally he considered a public library a better place to plan a stick-up than a flop. One could read a book and draw diagrams and think the thing out without a lot of back talk from drunks and hop heads. Or one could take an occasional afternoon alone in the country and practice shooting at a mark and drawing from the armpit—or preferably from the groin beneath the trouser band, which is the truly modern way to pack a rod.

All these things and many other tricks of his work Slim practiced unostentatiously and faithfully. He was a very superior thief and not a little proud of his virtuosity. He was now thirty-two years old and at the height of his intellectual powers—the acknowledged leader of any mob he chose to work with; to whom the position of wit was accorded as a matter of course.

Tonight he dined at the restaurant and awaited the coming of the others. He sipped his warmed milk gently and gently he listened to Sophy. His air of certain breeding, the smartly unobtrusive cut of his clothing and linen, even the fine reserve with which he drew his cambric handkerchief from his pocket and polished his spectacles was wholly convincing. Convincing, that is, until you heard him speak the mother tongue of his trade. Then the variance became undeniably startling—as startling as the moronic speech of the movie star who looks like a minor Greek god and signs for his pay check with primary-school difficulty.

SUCH was Slim the unaccountable in his off hours. When the exigencies of his calling demanded that he ape his betters, there was stark nothing to distinguish him from them, except perhaps that he stole what he wanted instead of having had his grandfather do it for him.

With Sophy Kolof his relations were anomalous. Certainly the underworld set her down as his woman. Certainly, with her burned-out indifference, she never troubled to deny it. Equally certain she did not live with him. Indeed, it is doubtful if she had ever yielded herself physically to any man since the killing of Midget Meyer, the gangster lover of her East Side girlhood—the Midget whom she had mothered and fought for—yes, and killed for at the unrepentant last.

Intellectually—spiritually, too, perhaps—Slim dominated her. It was the only ascendancy she acknowledged. Only for him was her mordacity tempered. Slim knew the worst of her—her betrayal of Little Solly to his death—and still thought the best of her. Understood and forgave and, for the matter of that, loved her. And for this she was as grateful as was possible to her dispassion. A peculiar couple they were. A straight, clean-living, and highly gifted pair of thieves.

Sophy stirred her black coffee listlessly. She had been detailing her afternoon's conversation with the police officer.

"An' when I come down in the elevator to put the finger on Durgin for Geezer across the street, they was a juicer working at the back of the switchboard. You think there's someone goin' in on me?"

Slim did not seem perturbed.

"Never can tell. They's a hundred phones in that apartment house."

"But, Slim—. I couldn't only see the side face of the juicer—not enough to make him for certain, maybe—but he looked awful like the dick that took me downtown that time, after—after the Midget."

"HUM," said Slim reflectively. "That's a long time ago, and we ain't either of us hot in this burg now. But maybe you better keep off'n the wire. P'r'aps they know Durgin's wrong and 've been trailing him to your place—'tain't the first time he's been there. Yes—keep off'n the wire."

"Course I kept off'n it. More'n that, I phoned the others from outside and wised 'em. Then I went back and cleared out of the place."

"Not too sudden, was it?"

"Maybe—but I feel better out."

"Yeah—I guess so," agreed Slim. "Where you gonna flop now?"

"I've took a room at the uptown Y. W.," the girl answered.

Slim permitted himself a wan smile.

"Allerton House has better service," he observed mildly. And then, though his eyes had not lifted from his absorbed contemplation of Sophy's coffee cup:

"Here's the Geezer and Fatty comin' in now."

The two men, with no sign of recognition for Sophy and Slim, passed behind the bar and through a small service door. The reformed detective-proprietor, mixing alcohol cocktails, gave them never a glance. They were habitués of the place.

Presently Sophy rose and drifted out to powder her nose. Slim settled his dinner check, overtipped outrageously, pursuant to the best traditions of crookdom, and slipped unobtrusively toward the small door behind the bar. The proprietor, though Slim was presumably a stranger to him, did not so much as look up from his task of drawing the cork from a bottle of carbonated white wine which was labeled Piper Heidsick. Slim eased through the door and into a still smaller back room which served as a combination liquor cache and conference room for the more delicate types of negotiation.

The room held a few chairs and a round, marble-topped table—the sort of table French cafés still affect when they can afford them—the sort of table top on which the artistic impulse of Greenwich Villagers is prone to vent itself with lead pencil after a few drinks.

Seated about the table were Sophy Kolof and the three lieutenants of Slim Hermann. There was a water carafe and some glasses, but no liquor. Slim sat down, unhooked an old-fashioned and severely plain gold pencil from his thin watch chain, and began to draw diagrams on the marble. For twenty minutes the five heads were bent silently over the table. Slim talked in a low explicit voice.

"Have you all got it?" he asked finally. "All right. Now you can have a drink." He wet a service napkin from the carafe and meticulously erased all signs of the diagrams.

"What I don't like," observed Geezer Malone fretfully, "is the split-up end of it. I don't trust Durgin an' this here Imelbaum no further than I kin throw a steam roller. How do we know they won't hold out on the insurance split, huh? I been listenin' around some and they tell me this same pair of birds has been in on half a dozen other phony stick-ups lately, and more'n once they've held out on the mob. An' it was Durgin who turned up English Harry Wallon when Harry sets up a beef for his cut in the Forty-eighth Street job last winter.

"No—it don't set none too good wid me. Why we gotta work through Durgin anyways? I'd a helluva sight ruther pull that pay-roll or bank job I was tellin' of. They's both set-ups—and we don't have to split no five ways wit' cheatin' bulls an' all."

Slim lighted a contemplative cigarette, but said nothing. His method was to let the opposition talk itself out. It was Tom Inness who spoke up.

"But you gotta have a contact man, Geezer. An' this here Durgin, he works three ways for us. He fixes the special on the door, an' he's the same thing as a fence, an' in his own precinct he kin give us time and plenty for the getaway. He's wuth payin' for—if you ask me."

"I didn't," retorted the Geezer gloomily. "But if Slim says it's O. K., why, I s'pose it's good enough for me."

"It's O. K.," stated Slim quietly. "As fur them other jobs—I'm working on 'em too, Tom. We'll take the bank and the money wagon later on."

"Later on!" protested Fatty Harris in his piping treble. Harris was a pink-cheeked and cherubic-faced little man. His baby-blue eyes looked out in wide and perpetual innocence on a wicked world. He was forever voicing his fears of every situation and every eventuality. Once committed to action he was the embodiment of cold-blooded efficiency and ruthlessness. He was the most skillful cover-car driver in New York and one of the shiftiest men with a pistol east of Chicago.

"Later on?" repeated Fatty. "They won't be no 'later on' for me in this burg after twelve o'clock noon Thoisday. We'll all be so hot we're like to burn."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Harris' tactless use of the word "burn," which is primarily a thieves' euphemism for electrocution, had set up an unpleasant train of thought in the company. The average criminal is childishly and superstitiously fearful of contemplating the punitive possibilities of his acts. His reliance upon euphemism is pathetically Victorian in its avoidance of harsh words for harsh things. Much of this idiom is designed not for brevity, but for mental anæsthesia. The average crook will go miles out of his conversational way not to call a spade a spade.

But Slim was not an average crook. He never dodged the implications of his calling. When others did so it was more apt to rouse his irony than to stir his sympathy. He now picked up Fatty's stillborn indiscretion and proceeded to breathe full life into it.

"WON'T nobody have to burn," he observed with slow emphasis, "if all hands do like I've told 'em. And, speaking of burnin', I don't look for no battle in Imelbaum's shop, but if anything goes wrong we gotta be ready to shoot. You got 'one of those things,' Fatty?" he asked with a touch of sarcasm. He had deliberately used the current ambiguity for revolver.

"Yeah," affirmed Harris uncomfortably.

"Where d'you carry it?"

Harris' hand moved up to indicate his armpit.

"Better keep it under your pants like I do," Slim commented.

"Not for mine," said Fatty hastily. "Not since Gerry Chapman. They'd never of stretched him if he hadn't of carried it there."

Which was quite true, by the way. Chapman originated the friskproof method of wearing a revolver in the fold between the abdomen and the thigh. This practice of his was known to the police—who also learned that all of Chapman's shirt tails showed a rust stain in front. After that it was a simple matter to circularize the laundries of the leading cities and to nab him the next time some rusty shirts came into a laundry. But for a few rusty silk shirts Connecticut might never have hanged him.

The more curious that Slim, who had been a pal of Chapman—and of Dutch Anderson, too—should elect to take the same chance.

Slim was smiling softly and his hands lay on the table. He leaned back slightly and his fingers dropped naturally to his lap. In the same instant, it seemed, a short-muzzled Police Positive lay pacifically in the palm of his open hand.

"A thirty-eight wid one of them extry short pipes," he explained, indicating the two-inch barrel, "and if you pull an old glove finger—like this—over the pipe you won't never have no rust."

"Don't you use no gag on it?" demanded Tom Inness.

"Sure." Slim's left hand flicked toward the same region of his person and a Maxim silencer lay in his palm. "Sure—but it's too long to carry comfortable 'cept when I'm working."

Sophy had watched the demonstration with the brightly simulated interest of the patient wife who has had to applaud the same situation on other occasions. Now she changed the subject.

"Durgin wants you should call him up when you're all set for Thoisday. He's gotta let Imelbaum know when to have the wholesale guy in wid the big bunch of stones."

Slim reflected a moment.

"I guess you better do the talkin', Sophe. Tell Durgin it's O. K. for Thursday at elevin thoity—Imelbaum to clean out his own stuff Wednesday night. What he don't take, we will. An' you, Sophe, you date up Durgin to feed wid you Wednesday night, see?"

SOPHY raised a palely aristocratic eyebrow, but made no question. She knew her Slim—knew him for too good a leader to intrust his subordinates with premature detail.

"Have I gotta use my new bus again?" asked Fatty Harris querulously.

"Have I said so?" Slim demanded coldly. Fatty subsided, but with a look of relief. He had a new and expensive car. Twice within two months he had crumpled his axles and fenders while doing his celebrated cover-car skid to block off pursuit in their car-stealing operations.

"Any more questions?" asked Slim after a pause.

Geezer Malone ventured a last grumble.

"Our split still don't look good to me," he persisted. "This here jeweler mug hides out his stock an' grabs the insurance. We do all the work an' ain't sure of insurance or anythin' else—'cept mebbe what the downtown guy has on him. When we goes in Thoisday morning—"

"Wednesday morning," amended Slim.

Sophy was the only one who ventured a correction. She addressed the others in a kindly and cutting aside.

"Slim was a good thief once, but he's getting old. We all gotta make allowances. And him just tellin' me to phone Durgin for Thursday. Say, Slim—"

And then she caught his quizzical eye. Her own eyes narrowed in sudden comprehension and she began to laugh softly.

"Wednesday morning," repeated Slim softly. "If they's any double-crossing going on we'll beat 'em to it with a triple."

"Fer the love of Gawd," murmured the Geezer piously, "I've sure gotta hand it to you, Slim."

And presently they all drifted out as they had come—through the little door back of the bar and past the reformed detective who was still mixing alcohol cocktails and opening fake champagne.

Plot and counter-plot. Thief rob thief. Will Slim's smooth-laid plans prevail against Maxime's cunning? Read the answer in next week's installment.

RICKENBACKER

The Ace of Aces of the A. E. F.

By

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

who commanded the A. E. F. air forces, and was afterward Director of Military Aeronautics, U. S. Army. His advocacy of a separate air service led to his resigning from the army in 1926. Since then he has been writing and lecturing.

U. S. Army Corps photo

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker on November 10, 1918. He is wearing his newly awarded D. S. C. with palms.

An ace in aviation is one who has shot down five enemy airplanes in air battles, which must be definitely established by the testimony of two or more witnesses, so as to leave no doubt as to the occurrences. The word "ace" is applied loosely now to flyers who make a spectacular trip almost anywhere, but it is a misnomer. Only those who have dared to participate in the world's most dangerous combat and have come out victorious deserve to be called such.

Our American pilots in the World War entered into full combat almost immediately with men who had been fighting for three years, and during the latter part of the war they were pitted against the very best airmen in the German service. At the time of the Armistice, Edward V. Rickenbacker, commanding the 94th Pursuit Squadron of the First Pursuit Group, was the American ace of aces. This article is a short account of some of his service as I observed it.

In order to appreciate the conditions that obtained in Europe when we entered the war, it is necessary to understand what the feeling was in France and Great Britain at that time. The spring of 1917 opened ominously for the Allies. For almost three years the Germans had been in occupation of French territory. They had destroyed the Russians' mammoth army and taken the sting out of the Italians. The Slavonic states and Roumania were about to be brought into complete subjection. The Germans' Turkish allies were being resuscitated and reorganized.

The British and French had battered their brains out against the German concrete defenses on the Western Front, and it was expected that as soon as the warmth of spring made campaigning easier the whole weight of Germany and her allies would be hurled in against the French army. The only possible aid to the French would be from the United States and, even at that, it was problematical whether we could send assistance in sufficient strength before the terrible catastrophe might occur.

It was under these circumstances, upon the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, that I joined our small group of officers in Paris, having hurried there from Spain, where I had been on an inspection trip. The French army was about to attack. Old "Papa" Joffre, who had saved the French at the Battle of the Marne, had been removed from the command of the French armies because he was opposed to an offensive. He knew that if an attack in force were made against the Germans at that time, it would spell ruin. His strategy was to keep on "nibbling" at the Germans, forcing them to attack, until such time as their strength would be so diminished as to warrant a counteroffensive. But the politicians gained the upper hand, and General Nivelle,

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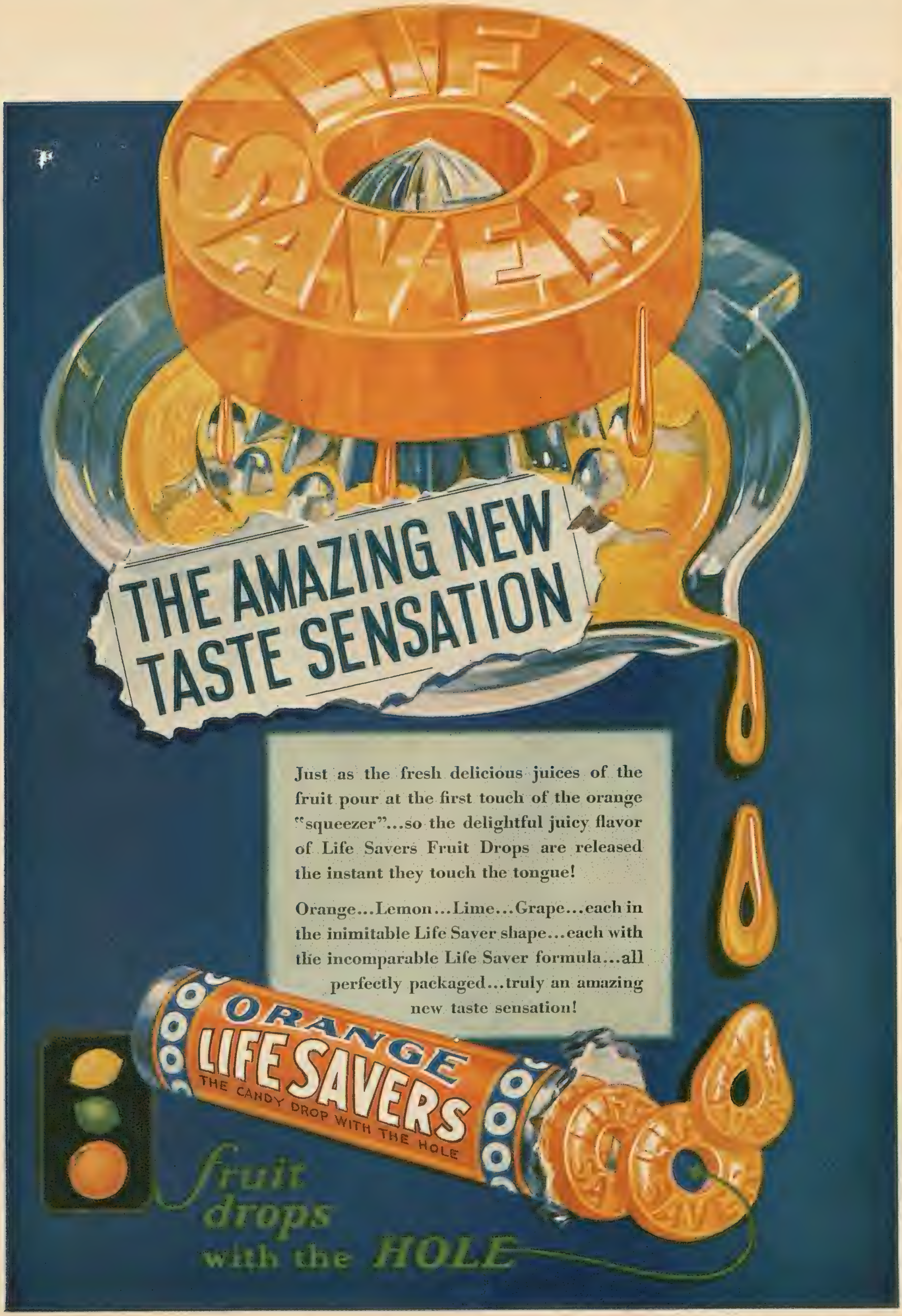
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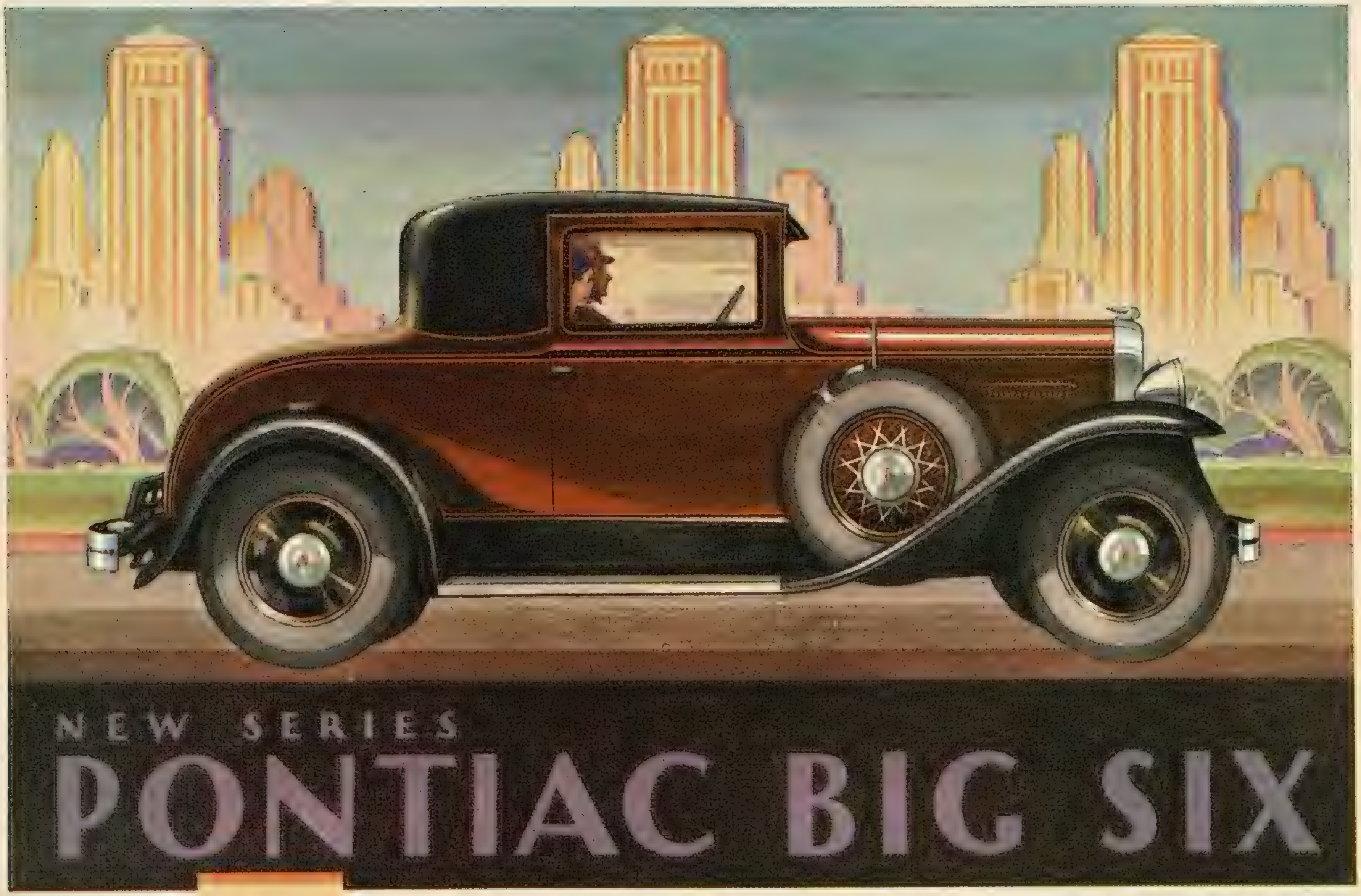

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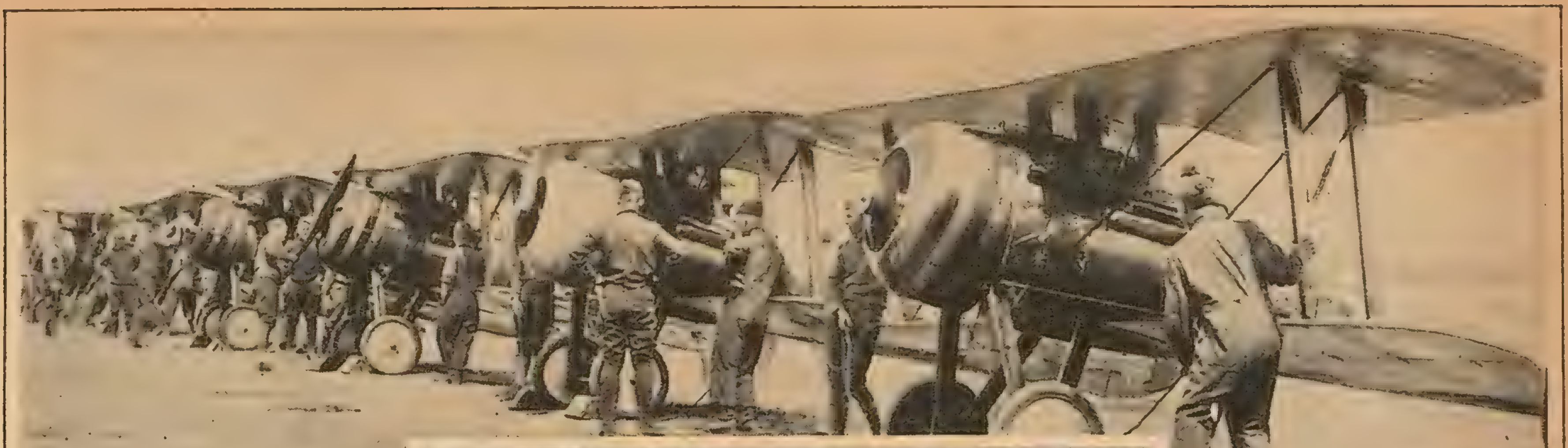


A squadron of the First Pursuit Group at Château Thierry, ready to take the air. Rickenbacker was a member of this group, the leading unit of the A. E. F. air force.

U. S. Signal Corps photos

A German plane being shot down in flames by a Spad (to which the arrow points). An actual photograph, showing a typical finish of a duel in the air.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

who was committed to the offensive, was placed in command.

The Germans knew it was coming. The French army was their most dangerous opponent. If they could destroy the French army, the war would be virtually over. The French and British armies were supposed to attack at the same time, but the Germans had laid waste a strip of land about twenty miles wide in front of the British. All the roads were bombed, the bridges destroyed, buildings demolished, even the trees killed, and the whole area was so utterly devastated that it was impossible for the British army to move across it in time to take part in the April attacks.

BUT the French went ahead and attacked anyway, and lost over 100,000 men in three weeks without budging the Germans.

I was with the Fourth French army that was making the attack. One evening I was seated at dinner with General Pétain, then commanding the group of armies that were attacking. The conversation turned to what we Americans could do during the war. I said that I knew we could furnish good aviators, to which General Pétain replied that he thought so also, as our supply of men suitable to become pilots was almost inexhaustible, but that theirs was almost used up. He thought we could furnish good heavy artillery, because this would be used at a considerable distance behind the enemy front and would not be subject to heavy casualties, and could be manned largely by mechanics who would not have to have the military foundation and discipline required of combat troops.

He asked me if I thought we could dispatch a conscript army to France and have it fight in offensive battles against a powerful enemy such as the Germans. In answer, I asked him if he thought that, were the United States locked in a death struggle with a Pacific power in our western states, France could send a conscript army to help us. He replied, "Probably no." I then told him I thought we could send a conscript army, and if they succeeded in reaching France they would do well after a certain time. It had been our history that when the spirit of the American people was moved they would attempt anything.

I TALKED with some of the peasants in the Champagne country behind the positions where the terrific battles were taking place during April. They said, "We hear you Americans have come into the war to help us, but what can you do? At best you can only prolong the struggle, and in that case we will not be able to get as good terms from the enemy as we can now, because we will not be so strong. The politicians bring on the wars, the people in the cities make the money out of them, but we in the country are the ones that fight the enemy and lose all our men. We are tired of doing it."

Often I went out from the middle of Paris to Le Bourget airdrome on the northern outskirts, where my airplane was kept. To reach the field, I had to go through the slaughter house district, the "tough part of town." I often saw men haranguing crowds, vehemently denouncing the war. The *bonnet rouge*, signal of revolution in France, was carried through the streets.

Of course, feeling in the interior of a country is never the same as it is in the armies at the front. The French armies, in spite of their terrific casualties, maintained their cohesion and fighting spirit as has always been their custom, although the seeds of mutiny appeared in no uncertain form in some places. Conditions were equally bad in the British Isles. Food was very scarce and the people were pessimistic.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RICKENBACKER
Continued from page seventeen

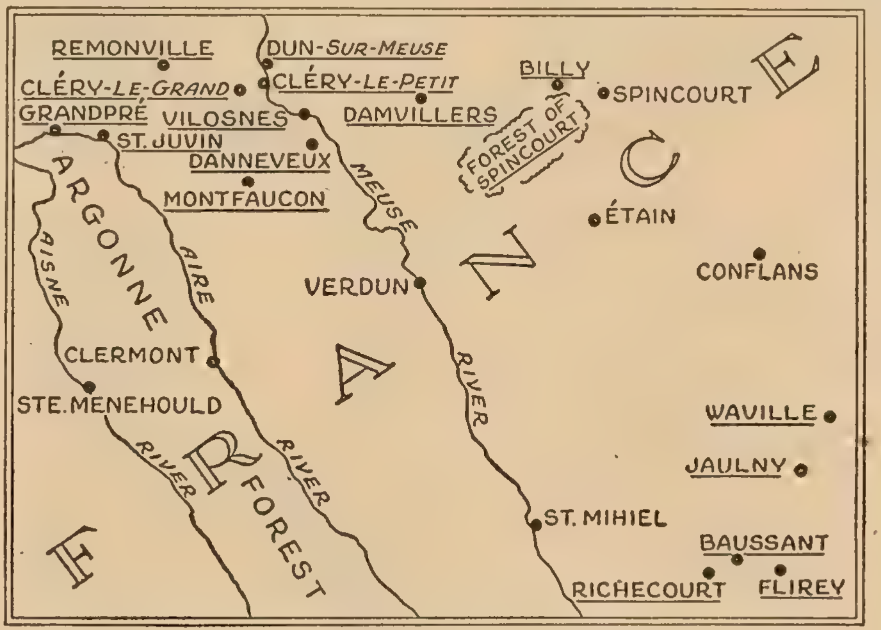
I immediately set out to do everything possible to prepare for the rapid organization of our aviation when our men should come, and in this I was assisted in every way possible by the French army and their civil departments. Gradually we heard about what was happening in the United States—how the whole country was flying to arms and making preparations for war in a serious way. Then we heard that General Pershing was to command the American troops, and in the latter part of June he reached Paris amid the acclaim of the people. With him as aëronautical officer was Major Townsend F. Dodd, an able, brave, and resourceful officer. As his adjutant he had brought Captain Birdseye Lewis, and with them came a few soldiers and clerks.

In a few days General Pershing had decided on our organization and put me in charge of our aviation. My plans received his hearty approval. I decided to make a trip through the sector which our armies were to occupy and definitely establish the points for our future operations.

A few American automobiles had arrived and Captain Lewis secured two Packards. In these Major Dodd and I started into the northern part of France. With me were a chauffeur, Flake, and two Frenchmen, a Captain Raulin and an adjutant from the French army named Boyriven. Major Dodd had with him Captain Lewis and a tall, muscularly built young man with prominent features and big hands, driving the car.

AFTER we had inspected and decided on the sites for several of our air stations, we drove through the city of Toul and into Nancy. At Toul the roar of artillery could be heard in the distance and a few airplanes were overhead. We reached Nancy as darkness was settling over the town, obtained billets, then went to the Café Walter in the beautiful Stanislas Square for our dinner. We sat long over the meal, discussing our problems, and just as we were nearly through there was a sudden sound of sirens through the town, announcing the *alerte* for a raid of German bombing planes. Everyone was ordered into the caves or wine cellars. I wished to see as much of this raid as I could, but did not want to be in the center of the city because I had tried that a couple of months before at Châlons, where an airplane bomb had exploded across the street from me, though I had escaped with only a bruise in the leg from a shell fragment.

I inquired as to where we could see the bombardment of the town safely and to the best advantage, and was told to take the road to Pont St. Vincent, where we could ascend a hill about a mile out of the city which overlooked the whole place.



Showing the localities where Captain Rickenbacker won most of his victories. Their names are underscored.

RICKENBACKER'S OFFICIAL VICTORIES

IN this list it is interesting to note that Rickenbacker brought down four balloons and twenty-one planes, and that of the latter twelve were Fokkers. These were designed by the Dutch airplane builder A. H. G. Fokker, who—Holland being neutral in the war—offered his plans first to the British, French, and Russian governments, none of which accepted them. Then they were offered to Germany, and the Fokker ships proved one of the Germans' most effective war weapons. Now Fokker is in the United States and Rickenbacker is employed by the Fokker Aircraft Corporation as vice president and director of sales—marketing the machines he once shot down. The list has been checked by the War Department records of his victories.

Date (1918)	*Type of Plane*	*Region*	*Time*	*Altitude (Meters)*
April 29	Albatros	Baussant	6:10 P.M.	2,000
May 17	Albatros	Richecourt	6:24 A.M.	4,500
May 22	Albatros	Flirey	9:12 A.M.	4,500
May 28	Albatros two-seater	Bois de Raté	9:35 A.M.	2,500
May 30	Albatros two-seater	Jaulny	7:38 A.M.	4,500
Sept. 14	Fokker	Villey Waville	8:15 A.M.	3,000
Sept. 15	Fokker	Bois de Warville	8:10 A.M.	4,000
Sept. 25	Fokker	Billy	8:40 A.M.	3,000
Sept. 25	Halberstadt	Forêt de Spincourt	8:50 A.M.	2,000
Sept. 26	Fokker	Damvillers	6:00 A.M.	1,500
Sept. 28	Balloon	Sivry-sur-Meuse	6:00 A.M.	100
Oct. 1	Balloon	Puxieux	7:30 P.M.	On ground
Oct. 2	Fokker	Vilosnes	5:40 P.M.	1,000
Oct. 2	Halberstadt	Montfaucon	5:30 P.M.	600
Oct. 3	L. V. G.	Danneveux	5:07 P.M.	600
Oct. 3	Rumpler	Cléry-le-Grand	4:40 P.M.	500
Oct. 9	Balloon	Dun-sur-Meuse	5:52 P.M.	On ground
Oct. 10	Fokker	Cléry-le-Petit	3:52 P.M.	800
Oct. 10	Fokker	Cléry-le-Petit	3:52 P.M.	600
Oct. 22	Fokker	Cléry-le-Petit	3:55 P.M.	1,200
Oct. 23	Fokker	Petit-le-Grand	5:05 P.M.	600
Oct. 27	Fokker	Carré Ferme, Grandpré	2:50 P.M.	2,000
Oct. 27	Fokker	Bois-de-Money	3:05 P.M.	3,000
Oct. 30	Balloon	Remonville	4:40 P.M.	On ground
Oct. 30	Fokker	St. Juvin	4:35 P.M.	200

We departed with all speed, and as we ascended the hill we could see the searchlights shining all over the city, and the bursting projectiles from anti-aircraft guns, and could hear the whir of the German airplane engines. The Germans appeared to pay little attention to the anti-aircraft artillery; they came straight on for their objectives. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a great flash on the far side of the city, then in rapid succession another and another. The searchlights continued to sweep the air and the artillery fired incessantly, but still the airplanes circled above.

THERE were three more great explosions, followed by flames that ascended to one hundred feet or more. It looked as though the railroad station had been hit. We could hear the fire alarm and the fire engines going through the streets. The sound of the airplane engines faded away and we returned to the city to learn what had happened. The fire was still raging in the vicinity of the railroad station and many houses had caught fire; in fact, two or three city blocks were in flames.

The first airplane, flying at about 1,000 feet, had attacked a factory in the city which made projectiles for artillery, and occupied almost a whole block. The first bomb had hit the street in front of the factory, demolishing a lot of the wall and breaking all the windows. The second and third bombs had dropped squarely within the building, demolishing the whole thing. No more projectiles were made in that factory during the war.

The second airplane had attacked the railroad station, into which a trainload of gasoline and petroleum was just coming. One bomb had hit the station; another had hit the train, setting it on fire and scattering the flames all over that part of town. The third bomb had hit a group of buildings and set them on fire. This attack of two airplanes using bombs of about 200 pounds in weight had caused a tremendous amount of damage and an order from the authorities for the evacuation of the city by its civilian population.

As we were leaving the city on the following morning, wending our way through the hills back toward Neufchâteau, the engine in my motor car suddenly spluttered and stopped. My chauffeur got out, lifted the hood, and started looking for the trouble, but although he worked over it a long time he was unable to repair it. Dodd sug-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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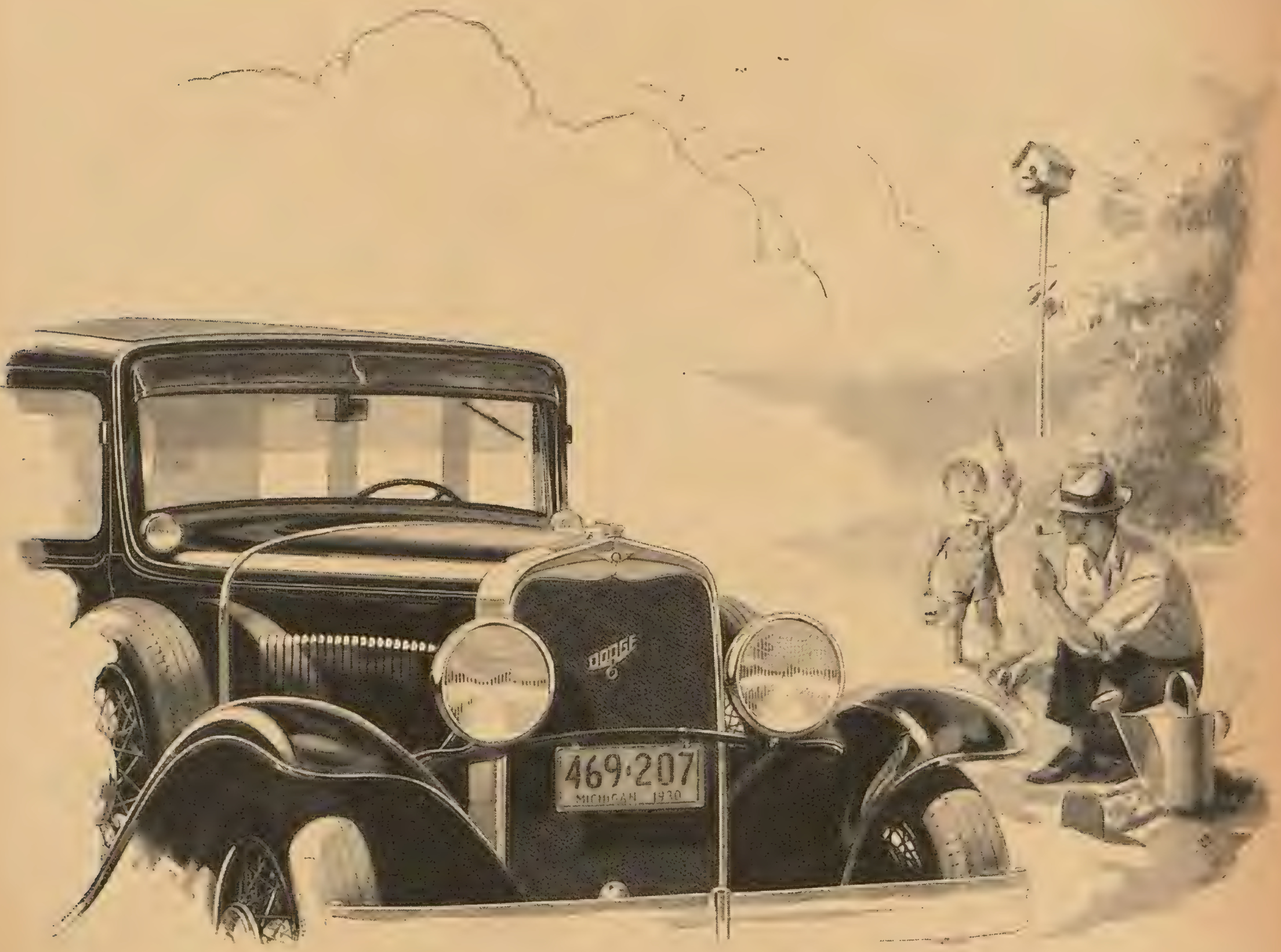

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New healing lather ends *"tender spots"*

Prove it—make this test

A FEW months ago we introduced the new Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. The news spread like wildfire. Our mails were flooded with requests for trial tubes.

"Just what we've waited for," said men, eager to try it. "At last—a shaving cream with Lifebuoy's antiseptic ingredient."

We rushed out the trial tubes. "Marvelous," was the verdict. "Now I can shave that tender spot in real comfort."

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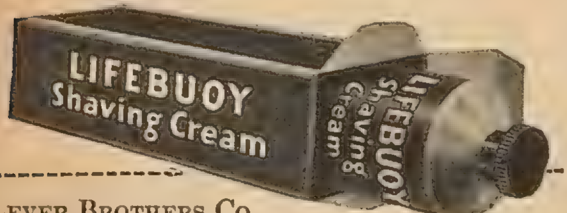
Most men have a pet tender spot—on neck, chin, lip or cheek—that they just hate to shave. But no need for tender spots now. For with Lifebuoy's double-dense lather protecting the face, the razor slides over it easily. No pull—no smart—no burn.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream today. Or mail the coupon for a free trial tube. Lather with it—shave as you always do. When you come to the tender spot you'll hardly feel the razor as it gets every whisker off clean—without leaving a trace of irritation. That's because Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather lubricates—soothes—protects. Try it now.



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Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

gested that his driver come up and see what he could do. So the tall, lithe young man dived into the engine and in a moment he had removed the whole carburetor assembly which with the old twin-six Packard engine was almost as big as the engine itself. He found that the needle valve had bent, and in less time than it takes to tell he cleaned it, put it back, and had the engine going. I had never seen a man do anything so quickly with a gasoline engine, or who knew more about what he was doing.

That day at luncheon I asked Dodd where he obtained his chauffeur, and he replied that Lewis had got him in the United States to go along with us. He was a champion automobile racing driver, Dodd told me, and had proved himself to be one of the best soldiers he had ever known. His name was Rickenbacker.

U. S. Official photo

Major Raoul Lufbery

From that time on, this man interested me greatly. Any job that he was given was done in the best possible manner. He was never late and was always well turned out, neat in his personal appearance, punctilious and gentlemanly. We gave him many missions to execute which required judgment and discretion, and although in a strange environment he kept doing better and better.

I FOUND that he had been in England when war was declared, under contract with one of the automobile companies there to organize an automobile racing team. Upon our declaration of war he immediately returned to the United States. However, on account of his German name and parentage he was suspected by the English of being a German spy and was followed and watched across the ocean and the United States by British agents, until they were convinced that he was not one. Rickenbacker was not aware of this until one of the Scotland Yard men approached him in San Francisco and told him he had enjoyed the trip through America.

Rickenbacker sailed for France with the first American contingent, on the boat with General Pershing and his party, and landed in France on June 9, 1917.

One day I was standing talking to some French officers opposite our aviation headquarters in Paris. I noticed Rickenbacker coming across the street toward me. He waited until I had concluded the conversation, then came up, saluted, and said he had permission from his commanding officer to speak to me. I asked him what he wanted and he said that he desired to fly and become a pilot, as that had been his overpowering ambition from the time he first went into the service. His familiarity with automobiles and motors and his experience as a racing driver would help him greatly, he believed. We were very short of good men on our staff at that time, but Rickenbacker's request so impressed me that I immediately sent him to the aviation school at Tours, where French instructors were teaching our men pending the organization of our own school at Issoudun.

RICKENBACKER learned to fly in three weeks. He worked at it constantly and distinguished himself particularly in the upkeep of his engine, airplane, and armament. We were just organizing our school at Issoudun and Rickenbacker was made a lieutenant and engineering officer of the school.

In the spring of 1918 Rickenbacker joined the 94th Squadron of the First Pursuit Group and was sent to the airdrome called Villeneuve, and then to the one at Epiez behind Epernay in the Champagne. Here the pursuit group was given the best instruction possible, particularly by Major Menard of the French pursuit aviation. While it did not enter into open combat on the front as an organization, individuals went with the French air squadrons and saw something of the combats. During the first part of April the 94th Squadron, accompanied by the 95th, arrived on the Toul airdrome and we were definitely given a section of the front to defend. It was the first time that an American air unit had been intrusted with an independent command. It marked the real birth of American fighting air power.

Two days after the squadron's arrival, a patrol was sent out over the front. It became separated, and on account of the poor visibility two or three of the ships flew over the ground held by the Germans—"Germany," as we called it. Rickenbacker was a member of this patrol. They were sighted by the Germans, who immediately sent up their ships to engage them. As these German planes crossed the lines they were reported by the French observation posts, who could not see them but could hear their engines above the clouds. We had on the Toul airdrome, available for a reserve, three airplanes, piloted by Lieutenants Alan Winslow, Douglas Campbell, and James Meissner. They were ordered to stand by their ships, and in a moment word came from the observation post on Mont Mihiel that the German airplanes were immediately above the city of Toul, where they could not be seen from the ground on account of the low clouds.

Lieutenants Campbell and Winslow immediately took the air, but

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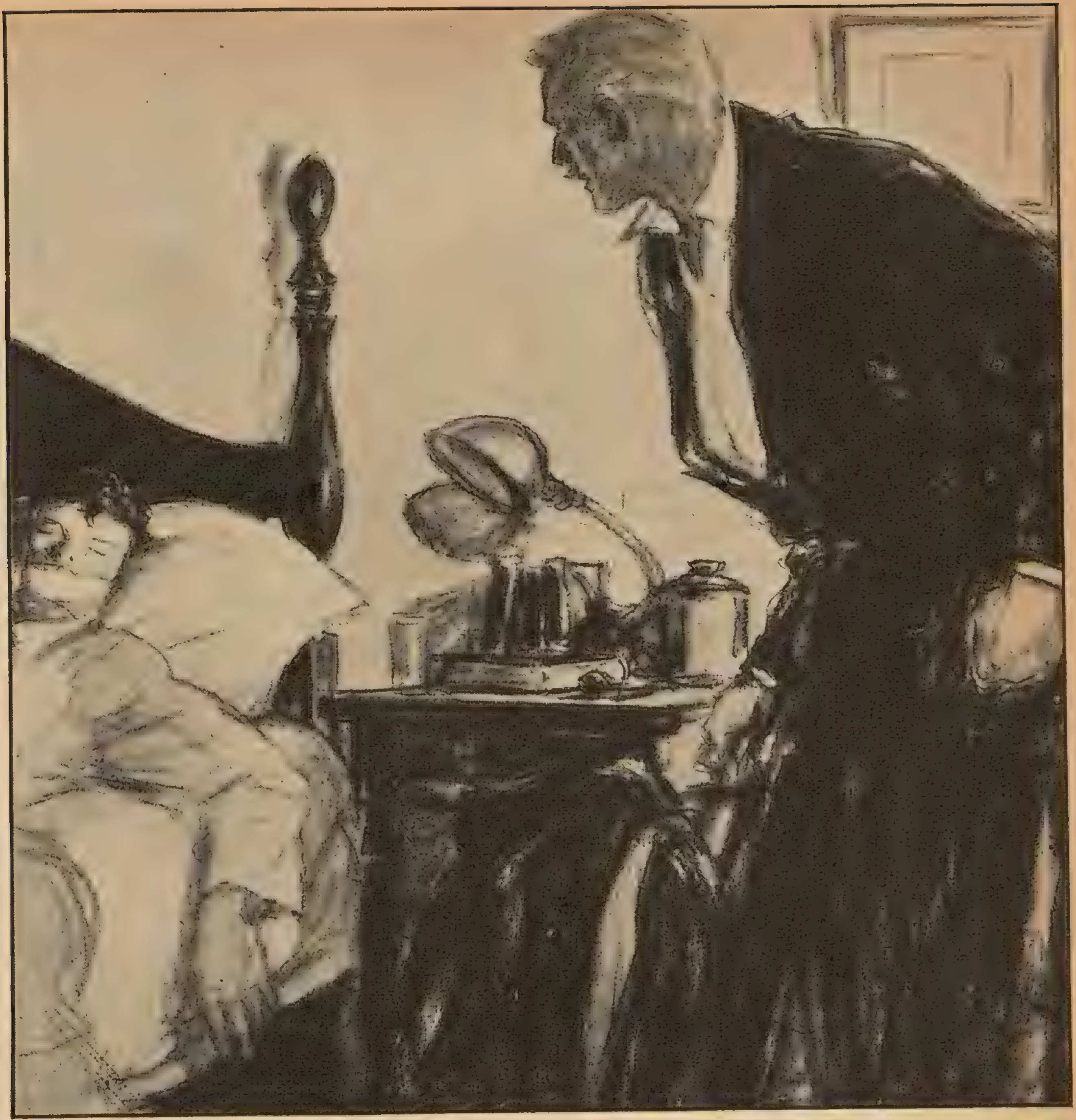

One of their number is a murderer!

WITHIN the spacious country house of Gilbert Emery a group of men and women live in an atmosphere of suppressed hatred, horrible suspicion and deadly fear . . . *One* of their number is a murderer! The others face the realization that at any hour they too may be struck down mysteriously in the darkness. First, there is the girl, Lois, ultra-modern, self-reliant. Then her stepmother, already widowed by the murderer, disliking Lois intensely; her uncle who is shocked by the girl's modern ideas; her adopted cousin who hates her. Even the maid and the chauffeur are concerned. Yet who dares first point the finger of suspicion? No one wants to say the words that may mean his or her own death warrant.

Here is a plot that will challenge all your natural detective instincts . . . A gripping, sophisticated, swift-moving drama that abounds in thrills! *Read*

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[RICKENBACKER
Continued from page twenty]

Meissner could not start his motor.

As our men approached the cloud ceiling, two German ships came out of it. The whole population of the city of Toul was watching. Winslow immediately attacked and shot down his plane, and Campbell followed suit. The German planes came to the ground and the pilots were captured. One was a man of long experience, with many victories to his credit.

This was the first combat of an American organization with the Germans and showed clearly the splendid training, wonderful flying ability, and dash which our men possessed. The general commanding the French troops in that area had the wrecks of the German airplanes brought in and displayed in the public square of Toul, with a band playing, so the people could see what the Americans had done. It was a splendid omen of our success. Word spread throughout the country of the prowess of the Americans, and every pilot in our group was filled with a desire to emulate Lieutenants Campbell and Winslow.

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

Rickenbacker with a German plane that he and Lieutenant Reed Chambers brought down without crashing it.

Rickenbacker landed on the airdrome shortly after this had occurred. He had hoped to be the first man to shoot down a German airplane, and it made him doubly desirous of entering into combat at the earliest opportunity.

LUFBERY, the American who had been in the French service, had greatly distinguished himself as a pursuit pilot and had seventeen victories to his credit. He had been taken into the American service and made a major and had joined the First Pursuit Group as a battle instructor, in which capacity he excelled. Rickenbacker talked to him constantly. I think Rickenbacker's training as a racing driver gave him an invaluable preparation for air fighting. A driver must watch every maneuver of his rivals, and think ahead of time about how to take the turns on the track, how another driver can be passed or blocked, and what the temperaments and personalities of the other contenders may be.

Besides, Rickenbacker was twenty-eight years old, in full vigor, and possessed of mature judgment. Some nations attempted to get very young men into the service and inculcate a spirit of the offensive into them so they would take all sorts of risks, with the hope that they would account for two or three of the enemy before they were killed themselves. Others taught their pilots too great caution. But in Rickenbacker we had the rare combination of sound judgment and fighting spirit, quick thinking, and great manual dexterity in handling his craft. He wished to close with his enemy in mortal combat, in which no quarter was asked or given and where failure meant death in a burning torch in the air or crushed against the earth beneath a fallen plane.

Rickenbacker participated in a good many combats with other pilots before actually getting an enemy airplane to his credit. This probably was a good thing, because, given a calculating mind such as Rickenbacker's, it afforded him an opportunity to think over the occurrences which he had witnessed and analyze their efforts. Many a good pilot obtained a victory over an enemy too easily, shooting one down on his first encounter, with the result that he became careless and was soon destroyed himself.

AT this period we were "making" our American aviation and I was watching the work of each pilot with great care and intense interest, because from this group of truly wonderful young men I would have to select commanding officers for many of the future fighting groups of our aviation.

Rickenbacker obtained his first victory over the enemy on April 29, 1918. He had gone out with Captain James Norman Hall, an exceptional pilot and remarkable air fighter. I quote from Rickenbacker's own account of this first victory:

"There was a scout coming toward us from north of Pont-à-Mousson. It was at about our altitude. I knew it was a Hun the moment I saw it, for it had the familiar lines of their new Pfalz. Moreover, my confidence in James Norman Hall was such that I knew he couldn't make a mistake. And he was still climbing into the sun, carefully keeping his position between its glare and the oncoming fighting plane. I clung as closely to Hall as I could. The Hun was steadily approaching us, unconscious of his danger, for we were full in the sun.

"With the first downward dive of Jimmy's machine I was by his side. We had at least a thousand feet advantage over the enemy, and we were two to one numerically. He might outdive our machines, for the Pfalz is a famous diver, while our faster climbing Nieuports had a droll little habit of shedding their fabric when plunged too furiously through the air. The Boche hadn't a chance to outfly us. His only salvation would be in a dive towards his own lines.

"These thoughts passed through my mind in a flash and I instantly determined upon my tactics. While Hall went in for his attack I would keep my altitude and get a position the other side of the Pfalz, to cut off his retreat.

"No sooner had I altered my line of flight than the German pilot saw me leave the sun's rays. Hall was already halfway to him when he stuck up his nose and began furiously climbing to the upper ceiling. I let him pass me and found myself on the other side just as Hall began firing. I doubt if the Boche had seen Hall's Nieuport at all.

"Surprised by discovering this new antagonist, Hall, ahead of him, the Pfalz immediately abandoned all idea of a battle and banking around to the right started for home, just as I had expected him to do. In a trice I was on his tail. Down, down we sped with throttles both full open. Hall was coming on somewhere in my rear. The Boche had no heart for evolutions or maneuvers. He was running like a scared rabbit, as I had run from Campbell. I was gaining upon him every instant, and had my sights trained dead upon his seat before I fired my first shot.

"AT 150 yards I pressed my triggers. The tracer bullets cut a streak of living fire into the rear of the Pfalz's tail. Raising the nose of my aëroplane slightly, the fiery streak lifted itself like the stream of water pouring from a garden hose. Gradually it settled into the pilot's seat. The swerving of the Pfalz course indicated that its rudder no longer was held by a directing hand. At 2,000 feet above the enemy's lines I pulled up my headlong dive and watched the enemy machine continuing on its course. Curving slightly to the left the Pfalz circled a little to the south and the next minute crashed on to the ground just at the edge of the woods a mile inside their own lines. I had brought down my first enemy aëroplane and had not been subjected to a single shot!

"Hall was immediately beside me. He was evidently as pleased as I was over our success, for he danced his machine about in incredible maneuvers. And then I realized that old friend Archy was back on the job. We were not two miles away from the German anti-aircraft batteries and they put a furious bombardment of shrapnel all about us. I was quite ready to call it a day and go home, but Captain Hall deliberately returned to the barrage and entered it with me at his heels. Machine guns and rifle fire from the trenches greeted us and I do not mind admitting that I got out quickly the way I came in without any unnecessary delay, but Hall continued to do stunts over their heads for ten

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Salad Dressing

that made her friends write for the recipe . . .

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City
Gentlemen:

Last summer, I came across the *Mazola Salad Dressing recipe in a magazine. It looked so easy to make that I immediately bought a can of Mazola and made it. I was surprised with the results —it was so creamy and smooth.

Some friends came to supper that evening and I had a potato and meat salad. They asked me where I bought such good salad dressing. When I replied that I had made it, the folks could hardly believe it. The ladies asked me for the Mazola Salad Dressing recipe and I don't know how many other people asked me for the same recipe. If I didn't write it while they were here, I was sure to get the request by mail a day or so later. (I still have some of these letters on hand.)

Everyone that has tried this Salad Dressing claims they will never use any other kind. I am never without Mazola now and always keep a quantity on hand. Mazola Salad Dressing is the only kind that I have used since first trying it; as it is not only the best but the cheapest to make. I expect to have still more calls for my favorite dressing recipe. Thank you for introducing Mazola into our home.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Emil Abramson
Amherst, Mass.

*THIS IS THE MAZOLA SALAD DRESSING RECIPE MRS. ABRAMSON FOLLOWED:

1 egg
2 tablespoons vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

MAZOLA
SALAD OIL

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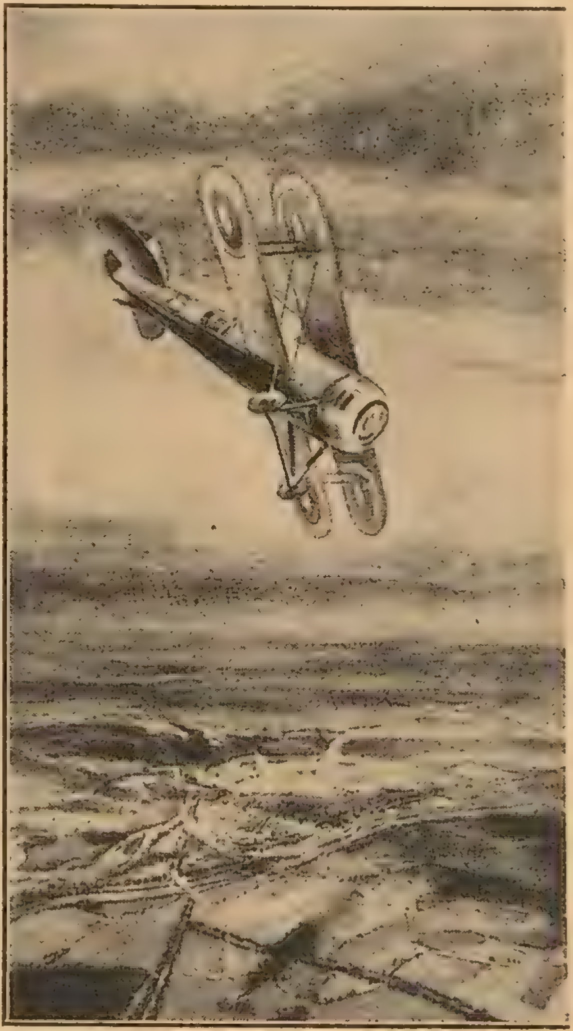
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

RICKENBACKER
Continued from page twenty-three

minutes, surpassing all the acrobatics that the enraged Boches had ever seen even over their own peaceful aërodromes.

"Jimmy exhausted his spirits at about the time the Huns had exhausted all their available ammunition and we started blithely for home. Swooping down to our field side by side, we made a quick landing and taxied our victorious machines up to the hangars. Then jumping out we ran to each other, extending glad hands for our first exchange of congratulations. And then we noticed that the squadron pilots and mechanics were streaming across the aërodrome towards us from all directions. They had heard the news while we were still dodging shrapnel and were hastening out to welcome our return. The French had telephoned in a confirmation of my first victory, before I had had time to reach home. Not a single bullet hole had punctured any part of my machine."



Alan Winslow's fight over Toul.

The months of May and June, 1918, saw the 94th Squadron of the First Pursuit Group becoming a veteran organization. The casualties of our men began to mount. The first man killed was Chapman, shot down in flames near Nancy. Then the great American pilot, Lufbery, was killed by a German two-seater in a sensational manner. Hall was lost in a fight on the enemy's side, when the fabric was stripped from one of his wings and a spent three-inch artillery projectile actually lodged between two of the cylinders of his rotary motor.* He was made a prisoner.

DURING this period Douglas Campbell of the 94th obtained the greatest number of victories and was the first American ace in the group. The First Pursuit Group gained a great deal of experience by sending patrols deep into the enemy's territory and by protecting two-seater airplanes that were carrying out reconnaissances and photographing. One day the commander of the British Independent Air Force, who was bombing the interior cities of Germany, asked me if I would not lend him assistance, as the German pursuit airplanes were shooting down so many of his planes. I immediately assigned the First Pursuit Group to this protection duty. The next day, as the British bombers returned, a patrol of our airplanes hovered in the sun watching for enemy Albatrosses. Sure enough, they came, and our men shot down several, thereby saving the British bombardment squadron. In this Rickenbacker distinguished himself, leading the flight and again shooting down an adversary.

Other pilots, such as Meissner, Chambers, Buford, Biddle, and Hambleton, distinguished themselves during this period. In June, as German attacks had become so incessant, particularly in the Château-Thierry salient, where the Sixth French Army had been virtually destroyed, it was decided to push in all the American troops available so as to stop the German advance. We knew now that our airmen would be pitted against the flower of the German aviation, the famous Richthofen Flying Circus and other veteran organizations. The only organizations I had available were the First Pursuit Group and three observation squadrons. With these we went to Château-Thierry. Rickenbacker was detailed to bring up the rear of the First Pursuit Group so as to help out any men who lagged behind, who were forced to land or lost their way.

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*This incident is recounted by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall himself in their Knights of the Blue, which appeared last summer in Liberty and came out as a book with the title Falcons of France. They attribute the misadventure to Charles Selden, the imaginary pilot who tells their composite true story.

The first American air victory.

UPON our arrival in the Château-Thierry area, we immediately entered into full combat against the enemy's best organizations and our losses were proportionately high. Here we lost Alan Winslow, who had shot down the first enemy airplane at Toul. Fortunately he escaped with the loss of his left arm. He later became my aide. Quentin Roosevelt was another one lost. We were under French command and were forced to send out small patrols along the front to protect observation airplanes attached to the infantry. The Germans would see these small patrols and concentrate two or three times their number against them and shoot them out of the sky.

This system could only lead to our total destruction. I brought the matter up before the French commanding general and told him that in a flight across the German position at Château-Thierry and Soissons I had found great depots of ammunition and supplies at Fère-en-Tardenois, and that if we could obtain some bombing airplanes to attack the place the Germans would have to defend it and thus their pursuit aviation would be taken off our front. We asked the French to give us some bombers, but they replied that their aviation was tired out and could spare no ships for that purpose, as they had been in constant combat for the last three months. We asked the British and they responded by sending five squadrons, three bomber and two pursuit.

Immediately we attacked Fère-en-Tardenois from the air, the First Pursuit Group with Rickenbacker participating. Twelve of our airplanes were lost as the Germans desperately defended this, their central supply point for the whole drive along the Marne. Our air bombs blew up several ammunition depots, however, and the enemy suffered the loss of thirty airplanes shot down. Our air force was now acting in a concentrated mass and the enemy, not knowing when to expect us, could keep only about one-third of their airplanes in the air at one time. The tables were turned. We had seized the initiative and were carrying the war into their country.

Rickenbacker, in one of the combats, was driven down by several of the enemy Fokkers from an altitude of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The most Critical Eyes admire their Lovely Skin

Dorothy Mackaill, *beautiful and talented blonde star: "Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."*

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

"LOVELY SMOOTH SKIN has a witchery that *everybody* is responsive to," says William Beaudine, prominent First National director. "Moreover, I don't know of a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has ever become a screen star."

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. And this white, daintily fragrant soap has been made official for dressing rooms by all the great film studios.

The Broadway stage stars have long been enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap, and even in Europe the screen stars have adopted it—in France, in England, in Germany!

Alice Day *says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the skin—leaves it so very smooth!"*

You will want to try it. You'll be delighted with its quick, generous lather, with the delicate smoothness it gives your skin. Try it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Order several cakes—and begin to enjoy it today.

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

hurry! worry! hurry!
...chew

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

for digestion!

IF you rush through meals as fast as the rest of us, and rush all day, give your digestion this mild help—chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Over 30 years have passed since Dr. Beeman perfected his pepsin gum, but it still holds first place with the wise folks who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

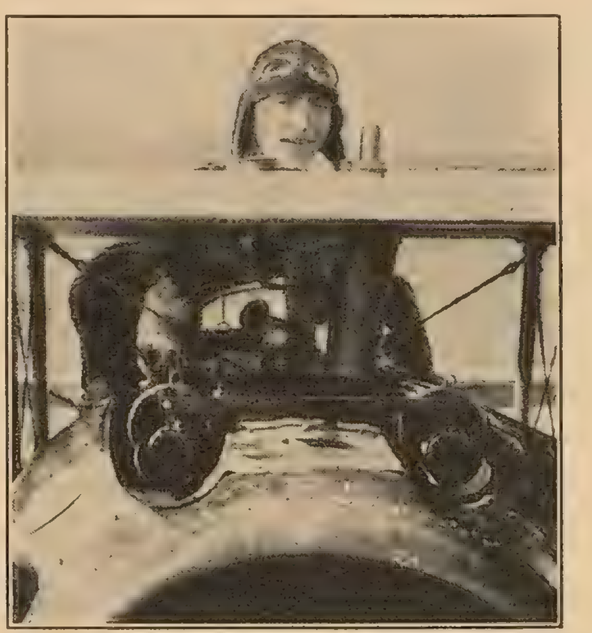
You'll like its keen, fresh flavor.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

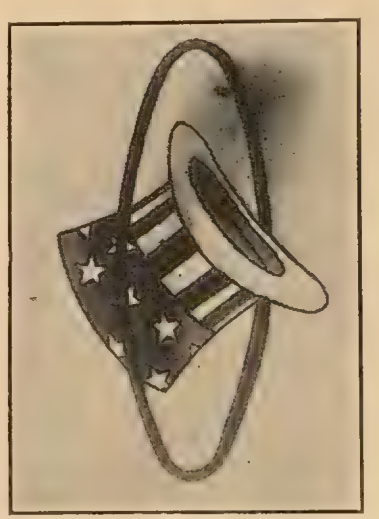
RICKENBACKER
Continued from page twenty-five

18,000 feet. He had to dive all the way with his full engine and it broke his eardrums, which made him ill and he had to go to the hospital in Paris.

At this time I was able to get new airplanes for the First Pursuit Group. The Nieuport 28, which we had at first, although fast and the most maneuverable plane on the front, was weak structurally. They were subject to breaks in the air and having the fabric come off the wings. They had not been used by the French for that reason, but they were the only thing we could get and they really did very well in our hands. But now we had to have better ones, and I had long before requested that the whole American aviation be equipped with the French Spad. Fortunately the French had produced enough so that we could get them. Our Pursuit Group was now equipped with these famous French machines, the fastest and strongest airplanes on the Western Front.


U. S. Signal Corps photo
Captain Rickenbacker, commander of the 94th Squadron, First Pursuit Group, in his famous Spad, in October, 1918.

IN the latter part of July it was decided that the American army should be concentrated back of St. Mihiel and an attack made first at that point, to throw the Germans out of the salient which stuck into the side of the Allied position, and then we should attack in the Argonne Forest, where no impression had been made on the German position for four years. Our American squadrons were gradually being equipped and sent to the front and I asked that the largest possible number of Allied aircraft be assigned to us for this the first great battle of the American army. The request was complied with, and at St. Mihiel I had the greatest air force ever assembled under one command, consisting of 1,476 airplanes. Rickenbacker rejoined at St. Mihiel from the hospital and immediately assumed his position as flight commander in the 94th Squadron. The Germans knew him well by this time and called him "Von Rickenbacker."


U. S. Army Air Corps photo
The insignia of the 94th Squadron: Uncle Sam's hat in the ring.

The First Pursuit Group was now the most experienced organization in our service and at St. Mihiel the group was used to patrol the immediate front of our troops, to attack the retreating enemy on the ground, and to shoot down enemy balloons. Rickenbacker distinguished himself in this series of operations. Not only did he shoot down more enemy aircraft but also, by attacking retreating German troops on the ground and their automobiles, horse artillery, and motor trucks, he and the group caused the roads to become so piled up and choked with trucks and dead animals that large organizations of Germans surrendered to our infantry rather than be shot to pieces from the air while retreating along those roads.

We were now bombing the enemy at night with our airplanes and pursuing him in the daytime.

ON the 24th of September we started the attack in the Argonne Forest. Four thousand two hundred cannon opened the show. The concussion from the fire of these guns was so great that a flight of airplanes stationed at Verdun, about three miles from the front, had their gasoline tanks loosened so they actually leaked.

I had noticed that the 94th Squadron was having fewer and fewer airplanes available for duty shown on its morning report, and I called Major Hartney, the commander of the group, to account for the poor showing. He replied that the squadron commander should be changed and I told him to do it at once and put the most efficient person in command. We picked as commanders for all organizations those who demonstrated in the face of the enemy their ability to lead their men personally in combat and set an example to those around them. Hartney said that Rickenbacker was the man, and he was immediately put in command of the squadron. The next day, from having six or seven airplanes out of twenty-four available for duty, the squadron had eighteen; and so it continued.

When we attacked in the Argonne, the First Pursuit Group was assigned to low-altitude patrols and attacking enemy balloons. The day we opened the battle ten balloons were shot down by this organization. Rickenbacker led his squadron. On the second day I noticed that the transport in the center of our infantry position had become so horribly clogged at a little village in the center of our lines that it could move neither backward nor forward. It was the ideal time for the enemy to counterattack, because neither could the front line have been supplied with ammunition or food nor could reënforcements be sent up along the road.

Immediately the German aviation started to take advantage of this, but not before I had sent the First Pursuit Group to attack them whenever they appeared near the lines or on the enemy side. At this time the First Pursuit Group flew right through the artillery and machine-gun barrages of both sides; also, it was constantly subjected to anti-aircraft fire of all kinds. Again our losses were heavy. Rickenbacker was always in the forefront of the attack. During this time, after he had shot down two enemy airplanes in one day, he became our ace of aces, the man with the most victories.

LUKE, a remarkable pilot in the First Pursuit Group, had been assigned to the destruction of balloons. He shot down ten enemy aircraft in one week, four in one day, and was then killed himself. No such record as this was ever made in any other service, French, British, or German.

Rickenbacker barely escaped with his life in many of these combats, returning with the holes of the enemy's bullets through his plane. One day I was coming back in my plane from a reconnaissance over the front when suddenly I saw below me a flight of our Spads apparently attacking an enemy airplane away inside our lines. Coming down lower, I noticed a German two-seater airplane below them, and wondered why they did not shoot it down at once. Then I saw the observer in the rear cockpit standing up with his arms folded. He was out of ammunition. It was Rickenbacker's flight that was trying to herd him into our lines and force him down without having to kill the crew. Lower and lower went the German, but they could not make him land. At last they fired a couple of bullets through his gas tank and engine and he came down. Neither the pilot nor the observer was killed and the airplane was not severely damaged, though damaged too much for us to repair and fly it.

All our aircraft were now beginning to fly not only by day but by night, taking off in the dark of early morning and coming back after nightfall. In the middle of October, General Pershing received information that we would be counterattacked heavily by German reënforcements coming from beyond the right of our line. He told me it was imperative to get information about this at once. It

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

$3,300 IN PRIZES

(A) For a NEW NAME for MENNEN BABY OIL
(B) For the BEST *LETTERS on MENNEN BABY OIL*

Baby Oil is a new product of the laboratories of The Mennen Company, famous as the makers of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum.

It is a high grade, sterilized, medicated blend of oils, specially prepared for the massaging, general care, and protection of baby's body.

We want a better name for "Mennen Baby Oil"—and are asking the mothers of the country to help us. There is nothing to buy. Go to your neighborhood druggist and he will give you a FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil and Entry Blank.

Use the oil on your baby—note how soft and smooth it leaves his skin; how it protects him from chafing and irritation. Note the feel of the oil on your own hands, and its pleasant odor.

"Name Contest"

Suggest to us a short name that will be easy to pronounce, easy to remember and possibly descriptive—a name that does not limit the use of the product to child or adult—a name that we can use to individualize the product.

"Letter Contest"

Write us a letter of not more than 300 words, using the following topics as your subject matter:

> What is your regular procedure in the use of Baby Oil on your baby, and what uses have you found for Baby Oil in the general care of baby's body and the protection of baby's skin?
>
> What would be your procedure in applying Baby Oil and talcum powder to baby's body to prevent chafing and skin irritation?
>
> Also tell us how you like the smoothness, feel and delicate scent of the Mennen Baby Oil which the druggist will give you as a sample and how would you use Mennen Baby Oil on your own body?

RULES

(See Complete rules in Entry Blank wrapped around the FREE Sample.)

1. Entrants may compete in one or both contests as they prefer, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelopes.
2. All entries must be mailed in sealed envelopes postage prepaid, addressed —The Mennen Company, P. O. Box No. 1605, Newark, New Jersey. (No other correspondence concerning the contest can or will be given consideration.)
3. Entry Blanks must be obtained from your druggist, with a *Free* Sample.
4. Contest opens May 1st, 1930, and closes midnight June 30, 1930. (Entries post marked later will not be considered.)
5. In submitting names for Mennen Baby Oil in the "Name Contest," the contest blank enclosed with the sample bottle must be used and not more than three names submitted.
6. All letters in the "Letter Contest" must be written with pen or typewriter, on one side of the sheet only and not longer than 300 words.
7. All letters and names which are submitted become the absolute property of The Mennen Company, and by entering the contest and submitting a name or names or a letter, each entrant thereby consents and agrees that his or her name and address, together with the names or letter so submitted, may be used by The Mennen Company in any of its advertising matter, at its option, at any time or times, without any obligation to any entrant.

THE MENNEN COMPANY,
Newark, N. J.

Name Contest Prizes

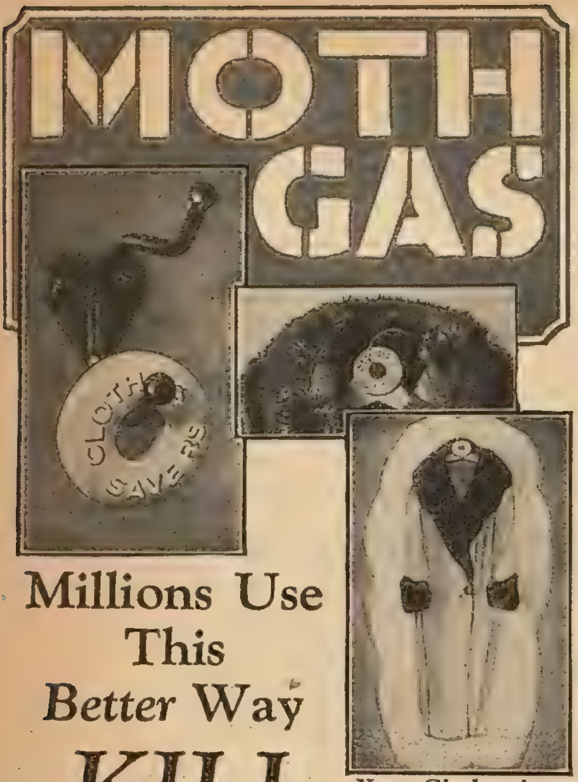
First Prize	*$500.00*
Second Prize	*250.00*
Third Prize	*100.00*
25 $10.00 Prizes	*250.00*
80 $5.00 Prizes	*400.00*
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	*150.00*

Letter Contest Prizes

First Prize	*$500.00*
Second Prize	*250.00*
Third Prize	*100.00*
25 $10.00 Prizes	*250.00*
80 $5.00 Prizes	*400.00*
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	*150.00*

MENNEN
BABY OIL and BORATED TALCUM

SPECIAL OFFER: For a limited time. 1 Can Mennen Borated Baby Talcum Free with 1 Bottle of Mennen Baby Oil—Price 50 cents. At your druggist.



Your Clothes in a "Blanket of Gas"

Millions Use This Better Way to KILL MOTHS

Such a simple precaution — yet it saves valuable clothing from ruin! The illustrations show all you have to do. Just slip a Clothes Saver on each hook and hanger in use in your closet. Put them in garment bags, chests, anywhere else where moths might cause destruction—and moth danger is ended.

The "blanket of gas" gives positive protection

"Moth-Gas" constantly vaporizes from Clothes Savers, saturates the material and forms a blanket of gas around it. Moths, eggs and larvae cannot exist in this atmosphere. It is harmless to humans; does not stain. Convenient. Its aroma vanishes quickly.

Get *sure* protection

Avoid substitutes! Insist on Clothes Savers. Clothes Savers are full strength! Quick acting! Their effectiveness is not reduced by devices that *retard* evaporation.

Now is the time to take advantage of this convenient, economical, sure method of protecting clothes, furs, rugs and blankets from moths.

MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS

At Drug, Department or House-furnishing Stores

10¢ each (Introductory Size)

Economy Size 6 for 50c *in metal container*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE LEWY CHEMICAL CO.
Est. 1887
165 PERRY ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS
-KILLS-
MOTHS · EGGS · LARVAE

[RICKENBACKER Continued from page twenty-seven]

was dark and the atmosphere was none too clear.

I called on Colonel Hartney, the commander of the First Pursuit Group, to ask for volunteers to carry out this very dangerous and important mission. The pilots had to fly at low altitude, something like one or two hundred feet, observe everything on the roads and railroads, note the number of lights seen, whether they were fixed or moving, and the position of any objects which they saw on the roads in their vicinity.

Rickenbacker and two others were the first to volunteer and were sent. Fortunately all of them returned with reports which showed conclusively that no such movement of the enemy was taking place. Rickenbacker was nearly lost on this trip, as his compass failed to work, and only by being able to see the North Star did he get back so he could see the searchlight beacon which had been put up as a guide.

NEXT WEEK—

Vagabond Lover
A close-up of Rudy Vallée
By AVERY STRAKOSCH

Joy Ride
A dramatic tale of the air
By ALICIA PATTERSON

Gather the Rose
An unforgettable love story
By COSMO HAMILTON

And the start of a new mystery serial

The Chain of Death
By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

TOWARD the last of October and first of November, Rickenbacker was the leading squadron commander of the American aviation. The squadron consisted of twenty-five airplanes. Our aviation was being rapidly expanded. Had the war lasted until the spring of 1919, we would have had the greatest aviation of any nation on the Western Front. Rickenbacker was just about to be given command of a group of 100 airplanes when the Armistice was signed, probably saving his life, because ordinarily the life of the leading ace of a service does not last indefinitely. However, had the war continued and had he lived, he undoubtedly would have commanded a brigade of air force in the spring of 1919 and been a general officer.

This account of some of Rickenbacker's work has been written by me to show what intelligent and persistent effort to become a great fighter will do. We had many of them, some of whom might have equaled Rickenbacker's string of victories had the war continued.

THESE men were a remarkable lot, quick, cool, of the highest type of American manhood. No champions in any war ever fought such hand-to-hand duels, where if they failed the odds against their surviving were so great, as the air fighters of the war in Europe.

It has been a great source of satisfaction to me to see these men who so highly distinguished themselves in their service against the enemy become leaders in the walks of life in which fate has taken them. Rickenbacker has done so. He may at this time be considered one of the captains of industry of the United States.

Air power is the backbone of a country's national defense, and the fighting pilots in the American aviation in the Great War proved to the world that they were second to none.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was the last Emperor of Russia?

2—Who is said to have introduced tobacco into England?

3—What is the figurative meaning of *impasse?*

4—Who is called a princess royal?

5—What is a noel?

6—What cape is at the southern extremity of South America? Of Africa?

7—What is a malingerer?

8—What is the new name for Constantinople?

9—What is plagiarism?

10—What is erudition?

11—What is autonomy?

12—In Louisiana what correspond to counties in other states?

13—What does verbatim mean?

14—What does heterogeneous mean?

15—What is pastoral music?

16—What deadly gas is emitted by an automobile's exhaust?

17—What is the source of linseed oil?

18—What is common to the names Neufchâtel, Stilton, Gruyère?

19—What city is the capital of Abyssinia?

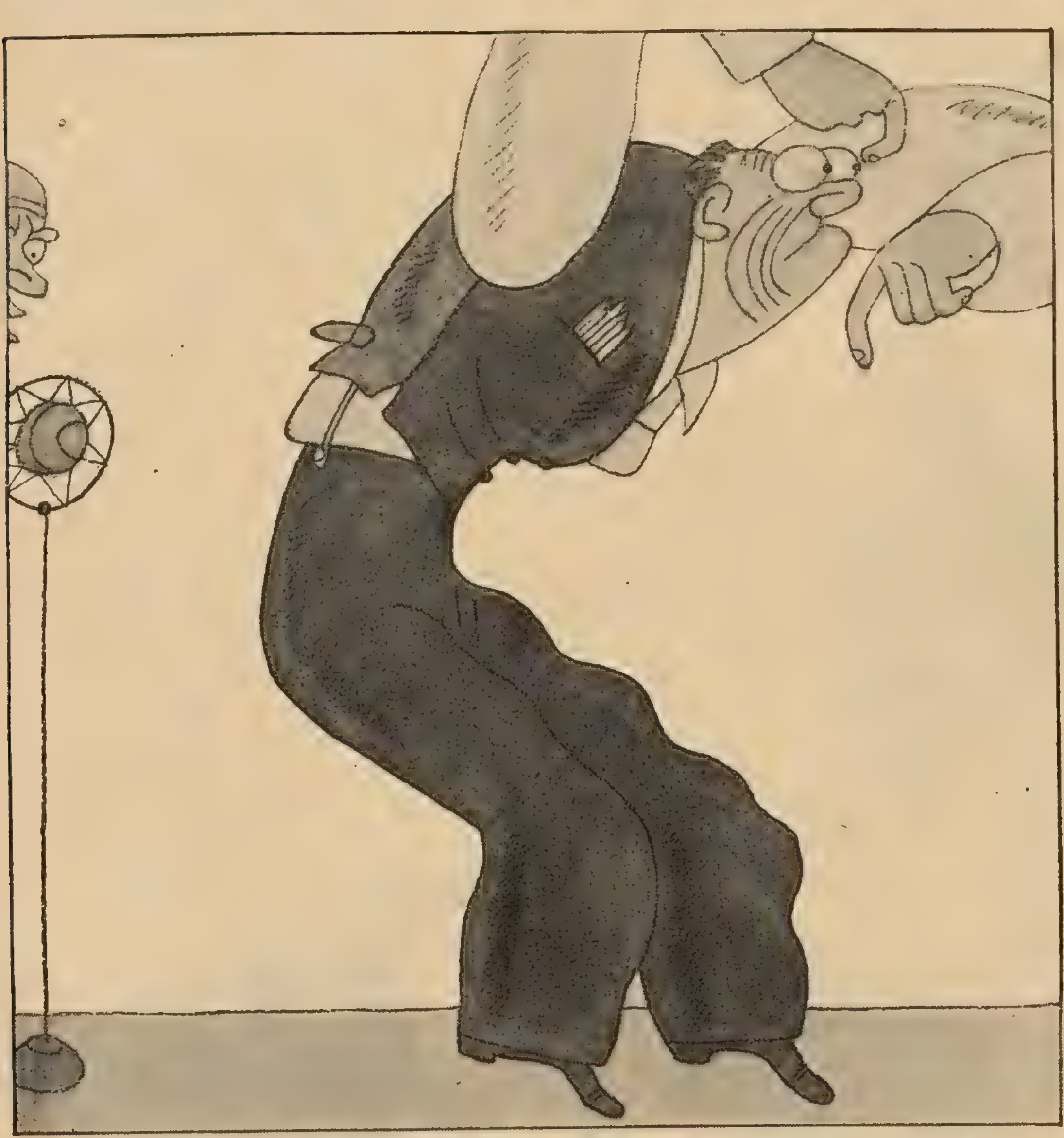
20—What is the difference in time between New York and Denver?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-seven)

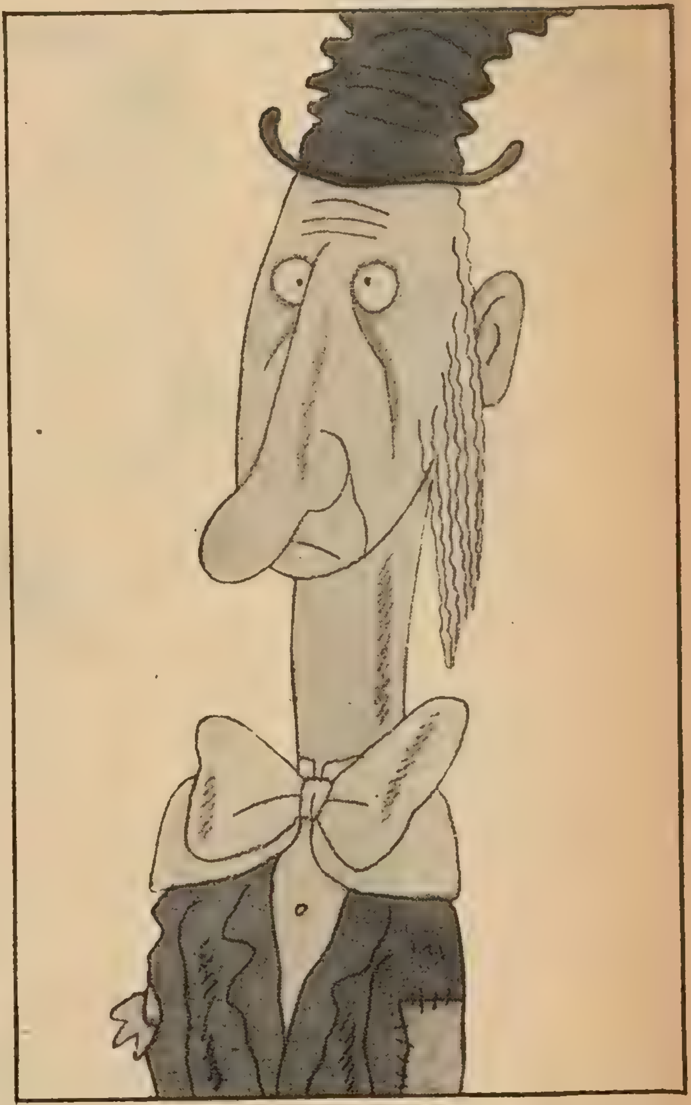
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

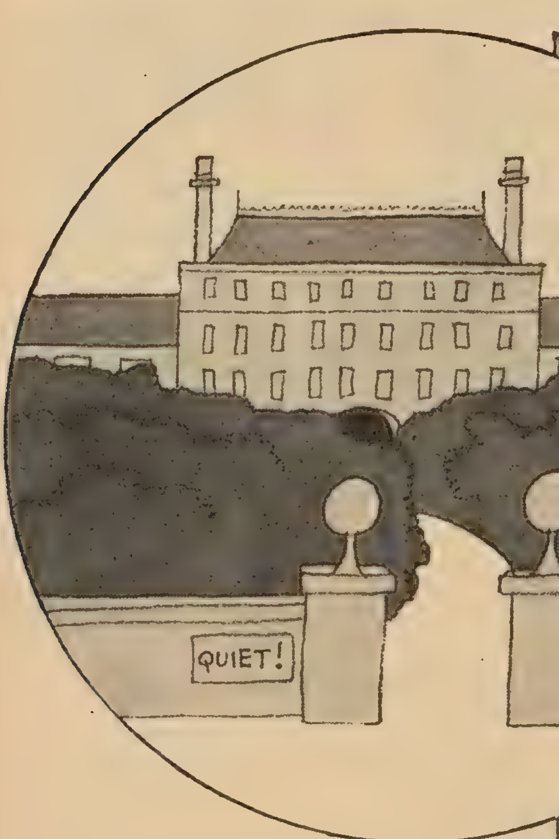
By RALPH BARTON



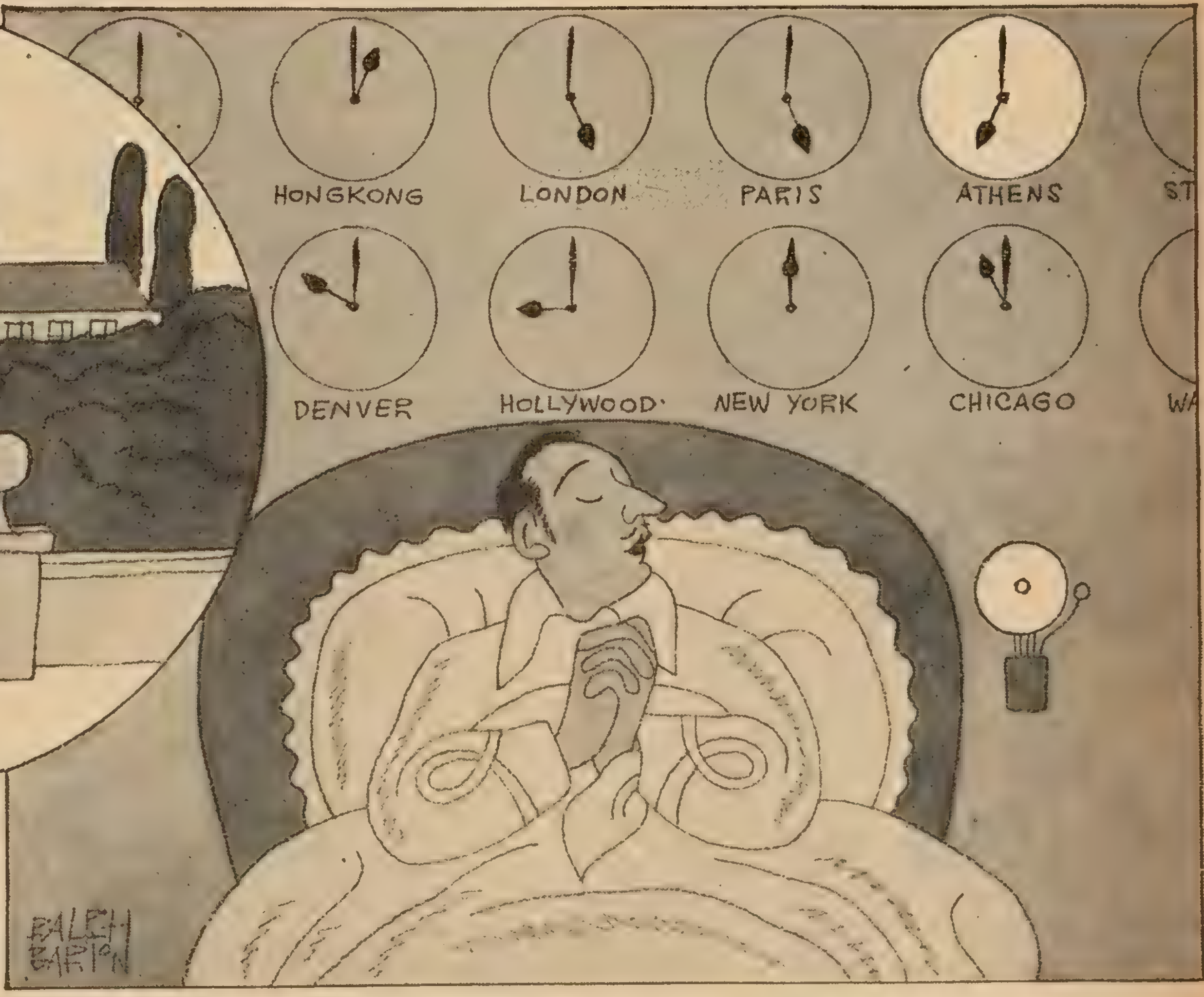
STUDY OF A MAN asking another man to hand him his spectacles in a radio station while the broadcasting is going on.



OUR EXPERT STATISTICIAN reports that the 3,000,000 unemployed in this country include 1,928,463 reformers who are out of work because the Dry Law is being enforced and the jails are empty.



NURSING HOME for newspaper reporters suffering breakdowns from the effort of squeezing a little romance into sordid murder stories.


HONGKONG
LONDON
PARIS
ATHENS
ST
DENVER
HOLLYWOOD
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
WA
RALPH BARTON

THE HAPPY TALKIE ACTOR enjoying the moments that he says "I love you!" so beautifully in each of forty-eight different cities.

War *Without* WOMEN

And Some Films of Women *Without* War

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

An intimate scene from Hell Harbor: John Holland and the irrepressible Lupe Velez.

Renée Adorée and John Gilbert bring Tolstoy to the screen in Redemption.

★ ★ ★ ★ JOURNEY'S END

TIFFANY presents one of the finest pictures ever made in Journey's End. The play by R. C. Sherriff created a great sensation last year and it is still being played on the American stage as well as abroad. James Whale, who directed the picture, did a masterly job.

The drama of the piece takes place in an officers' dugout on the British front line during the great war. There are a few scenes in the trenches just outside the dugout and one thrilling bit of a raid on a German trench for the purpose of capturing a German prisoner.

The drama in the dugout is soul-stirring. Brave men and cravens, old philosophers and schoolboys, men with too much imagination and some with none meet here and, under the strain of preparing for a deadly attack by the enemy, play on one another's nerves until they reach the breaking point. There is an occasional relief from the drama, and even in the midst of your tears you will laugh.

This is a cast without women and every member of it does his best for the production. Colin Clive was selected for the part of Captain Stanhope because he had made a hit in the part in the London stage version. He is perfect in the rôle. I saw him as Stanhope on the stage in London last June and he is just as fine on the screen as he is on the stage.

Ian Maclaren gives a distinguished performance as Lieutenant Osborne, and both David Manners and Anthony Bushell as Raleigh and Hibbert, respectively, are splendid. Billy Bevan as Trotter and Charles Gerrard as Private Mason are amusing. It is a great picture.

★ ★ HELL HARBOR

Rida Johnson Young's novel, Out of the Night, furnishes the material for Hell Harbor, and it makes an appropriate vehicle for the irrepressible Lupe Velez. She is charming and amusing as the great-granddaughter of the great-granddaughter of that ace of pirates, Sir Henry Morgan.

The Caribbean atmosphere is faithfully reproduced.

Jean Hersholt is a fine character actor and his portrayal of Joseph Horngold, the ugly trader who tries to bargain for a wife, comes up to expectations. John Holland is good as the lover who rescues Lupe Velez from a brutal father.

★ ★ UNDER A TEXAS MOON

Michael Cortiz had in his hands the materials for a gorgeous production in Under a Texas Moon, and the fact that this Warner Brothers' Vitaphone play is something less than it should be is because of the way those materials were handled. The greatest mistake was miscasting Frank Fay in the leading rôle.

The war play, Journey's End, enters the films. Above, you'll see some of those who make it memorable: Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Charles Gerrard (in the cap), and Anthony Bushell.

Yes, kissing's still done. Frank Fay and Armida, in the romantic talkie, Under a Texas Moon, do it.

The picture is entirely in Technicolor and the scenery of the Mexican border country makes a beautiful background.

There are five lovely women in the cast and four of them are unforgettable in their rôles. Armida, who danced her way to fame as the gypsy girl in General Crack, is just as good here, but she has less to do. She and Raquel Torres are wonderful together as the rival sisters. Mona Maris is seductive as one of the fatal Lolitas and Myrna Loy is beautiful as the other.

There is a surprise ending that is amusing. The action throughout is too slow.

★ REDEMPTION

John Gilbert, as Fedya, is the star in this Leo Tolstoy story, but he is not the bright shining light here that he was in some of his famous silent pictures. Redemption was made into a play for the stage from the novel called The Living Corpse. It is a gloomy story with very little life to it. Fred Niblo directed the picture.

Although Gilbert is too self-conscious, the quality of his voice is good. It records pleasantly, contrary to the rumors we've heard about it. He evidently has not had the proper training. When he learns to deliver his lines naturally and not theatrically he will be good.

Eleanor Boardman plays the part of Lisa, the sad wife of Fedya, with very little distinction. The gypsy girl, Masha, is suitably played by Renée Adorée, and Conrad Nagel is good as Victor, Lisa's second husband.

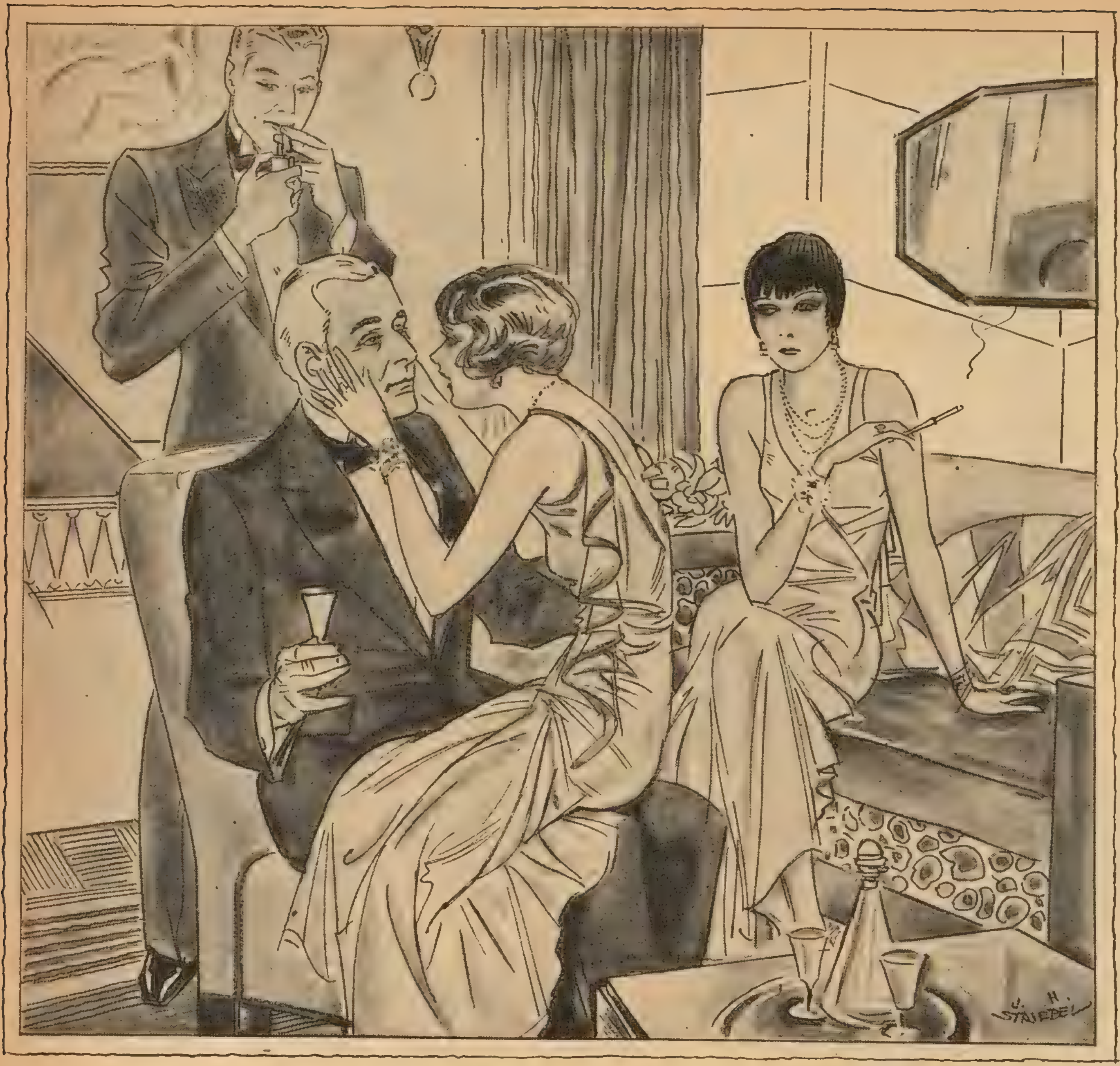
Do you know that—

There will be ninety-five major character actors in D. W. Griffith's Abraham Lincoln, and the cast will be headed by Walter Huston as Lincoln, and Kay Hammond as Mary Todd Lincoln?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—One Romantic Night, Song o' My Heart.

★★★—The Man from Blankley's, Show Girl in Hollywood, Mammy, Captain of the Guard, Sarah and Son, Mamba, Be Yourself, Only the Brave.



DORIS threw herself into his lap, crying, "Daddy! Freddy has told me about the most marvelous places. I do so want to stay longer."

Her Paris Divorce

The Story of a Love Pirate

By

MICHELINE KEATING

a native of New York, educated in France and England. At sixteen she came back home and played for two years in Belasco productions. Then she began to work on a newspaper, and still does. She has published one novel.

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

THE hand wearing the emerald beat a nervous tattoo upon the glass table. The one with the diamond grasped the morning Herald. That went on for five minutes. Then the hand wearing the emerald reached for the phone. The one with the diamond threw the paper across the mulberry carpet and took a cigarette, monogrammed V.S., from the pewter box, monogrammed V.S.

It might have been the opening curtain of one of those excessively modern plays by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale or Mr. Noel Coward, with the setting by Süe et Mare and her pyjamas from Mary Nowitsky's. It was Vera Stanton's apartment on the Avenue Hoche, slightly past eleven of a grimly dismal morning in January, 1930.

"Hello, Freddy," she said into the phone. "Come over right away. I want to go out."

With that settled, or better, started, she returned to her *petite déjeuner* that had suffered such a startling interruption by the paragraph in the morning Herald.

Looking at Vera you would have guessed that she was an actress, and you would not have been in error. That is, she had been until a year before, when she suddenly, in the middle of a splendid season, declared to the press, to her manager, and to her friends that she was through with the stage and departed for Paris. The press devoted long columns to it. Her manager found another leading lady for his play. Her friends lifted what remained of their eyebrows and uttered the worn but adequate, "I told you so."

She was extremely tall and narrow. She had recently bobbed her hair because her friends were letting theirs grow. It was black and shiny and straight, cut in a fringe across her forehead. When you could see her eyes they seemed green, but usually they were hidden by the longest lashes in the world. Even her maid had never seen her lids without the coating of green salve that commenced by her nose and finished at the edge of her sharp high cheek bones. She was not in the least beautiful, but those who knew her always found it easy and rather interesting to look at her.

She finished her roll and coffee, lighted another cigarette, and leaned back among the lemon satin pillows of the chaise longue. Her eyelids brushed heavily against her cheeks and her lips spread slightly, giving her face an expression of cunning contentment.

She was still like that when Freddy arrived half an hour later. He gave three quick knocks upon the door of her boudoir and entered without waiting for her answer. He was tall and broad shouldered, with lots of curly yellow hair, bucolic blue eyes, and an unsophisticated, healthy appearance. He was twenty-five, the Viscount Hatfield, and received twenty pounds a week from Vera for adapting himself to her whims.

He spread himself over one of the lemon satin chairs, lighted a cigarette, and said, " Hello, you. What's on? "

Vera opened her eyes and looked lazily across at him, replying, " Lunch at the Ritz."

" My God! Why? "

" Just because."

" Going native? "

Vera laughed, " Shut up."

" Righto. Lunch at the Ritz if you must, but not in pyjamas."

Vera got up, stretched her lean height until she looked like a unit for a modern frieze, then crossed to her dressing room. Freddy watched her and wondered what was up. Then he noticed the crumpled paper lying neglected on the edge of the rug. He went over and picked it up. He looked carefully down each column until he came to the list of arrivals at the Ritz. He whistled softly as he read: " American millionaire and bride of year, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Laramie, here on way South." He threw the paper down again and returned to the lemon satin chair. He was curious to find out what Vera was up to, but there was nothing he could do but wait.

When Vera returned she was wearing Champcommunal's suit of red and blue wool with a big silver bow tie and blue beret. Freddy looked her over approvingly. He wondered why more women couldn't find out what suited them. Women like Vera made work so pleasant for a boy.

" YOU are looking very fit, my dear," he said. " But what if he isn't there? "

" Who? "

" Laramie, of course."

Vera smiled, " Bright of you, Sherlock."

" Are you going to see or be seen? "

" Both."

" Know her? "

" No."

" Seen her? "

" No."

" Well, get your salts and we'll trot along. Best have the tooth out quickly."

Vera was finishing her third Martini when they came into the bar. She nudged Freddy, saying, " Look in the doorway."

Freddy looked. He saw a middle-aged man and a pretty girl, young enough to be his daughter. The man was well tailored and good-looking between the lines of dissipation that pulled at his eyes and mouth. His hair was thick and gray, his forehead high and furrowed, his eyes dark and wary, his body lean but muscular. Freddy knew the type. Women always make fools of themselves over them.

The girl was frightfully young and frightfully pretty; and knew it and dressed it. Her fair hair framed her face in tiny ringlets. Mascaro heightened the limpid blue of her eyes and she used just enough rouge to round out the fullness of her rosebud mouth. The lace collar and cuffs on her crêpe frock finished the idea. Freddy knew that type, too.

" It has its advantages," Freddy said.

" What has? " Vera asked.

" The innocent style. They always marry them."

" But they seldom hold them."

" Even so, they have the rail place."

THE girl clung tightly to her husband's arm and gazed widely about. Suddenly her voice rang through the room in clear, birdlike chirps.

" Oh, daddy dear! So this is really the Ritz bar."

" The ladies' bar," he explained.

Freddy muttered unkind things under his breath when he heard her voice. But Vera merely smiled, beckoned a waiter, and told him to bring the couple to her table.

As the waiter gave his message, Laramie looked across the room and swift and pleasant recognition swept over his face as he saw Vera.

" Well, Larry," Vera said, as they joined them, " I thought that looked like you. When did you come to town? "

" Vera, my dear, how nice! We got in yesterday evening. My wife. Doris, this is Vera Stanton."

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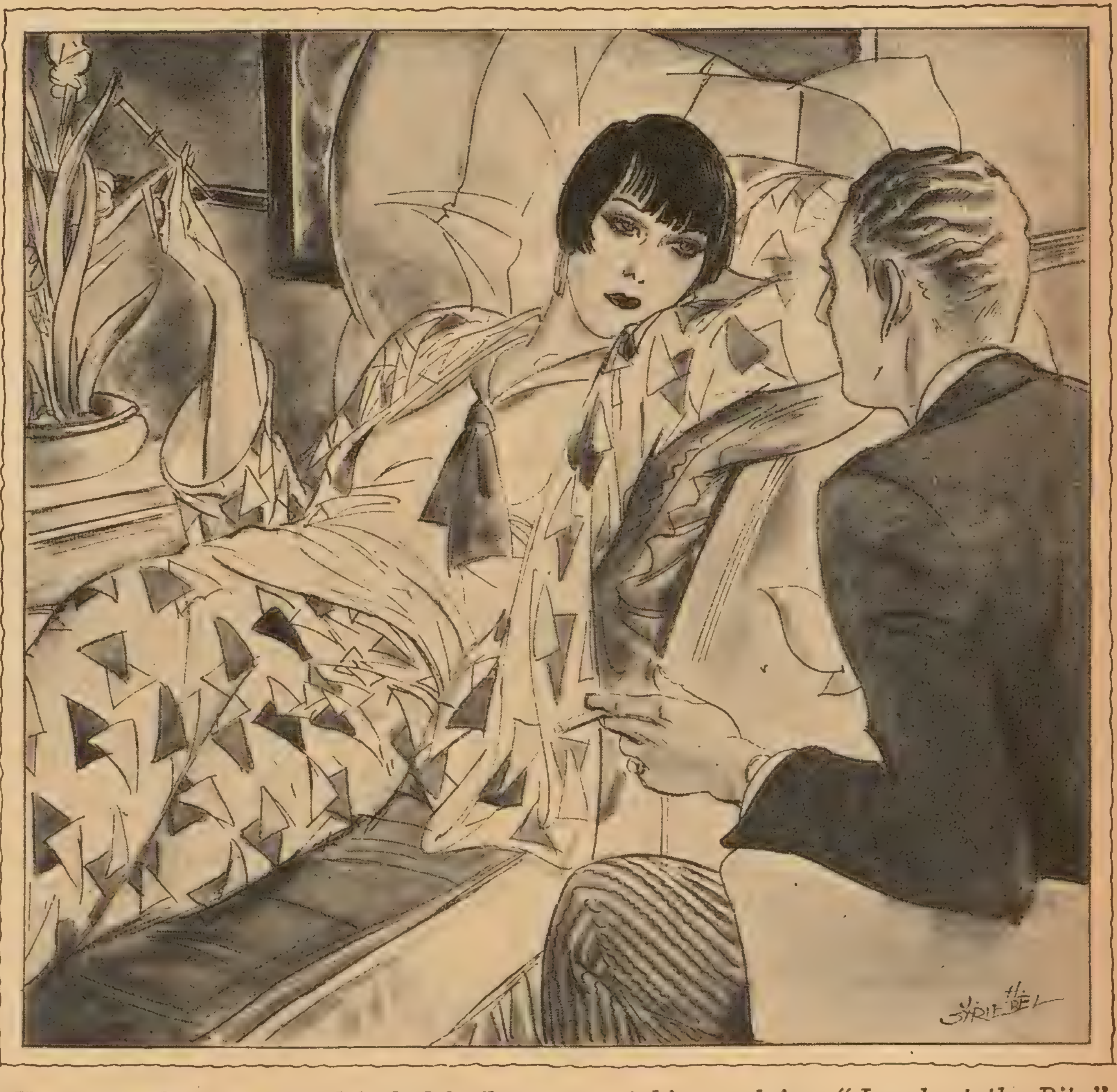

Vera opened her eyes and looked lazily across at him, replying, " Lunch at the Ritz."

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HER PARIS DIVORCE

Continued from page thirty-three

Doris gurgled, "Oh, I know. You're the actress, aren't you? Why, daddy, you never told me you knew Vera Stanton."

"I have been living in Paris quite a while," Vera proffered. "This is the Viscount Hatfield."

"Oh, my!" Doris gasped, sinking into the chair next to Freddy's.

Freddy grinned. "Like Paris?" he asked, determined to do his share.

"I just love what I've seen. I just never have been to Paris before. I've just begged and begged daddy to bring me over here ever since we were married, but he just doesn't seem to like it. I just kept right on the subject anyhow and I just guess that was the thing to do, because here we are. I want to stay longer in Paris, but daddy insists upon going down to Cannes tomorrow. I'm so cross about it, but he just won't give in."

"What a pity," Vera smiled. "I hoped that I would see a lot of you here. What's the matter, Larry? You used to like Paris well enough."

"Ronny Ladd is down there. Wants me to join him for some polo."

"I see," Vera said. "However, I hope you will dine at my place this evening."

Laramie was about to decline, but Doris caught his expression and replied with finality, "We would just love to. Where do you live?"

The dinner wasn't a huge success. Laramie had little to say. He chiefly looked across at Vera. Vera in white satin from Lanvin was worth looking at. The emerald glowed on her right hand and the diamond sparkled on the left. Laramie seemed curiously absorbed in those rings. Vera had little to say. She mainly looked across at Laramie through the thick screen of her lashes and her lips seemed to be secretly smiling.

Freddy was given no opportunity to say anything, but he listened bravely and praised his Maker for including forbearance and a sense of humor. Doris had little to say, but she said it continuously.

AFTER dinner they had coffee and liqueurs in the silver and blue drawing-room. Doris clapped her hands as she entered the colorful, angular room.

"Oh, I just love your house," she cried.

Vera smiled, "Süe did it."

"Oh, yes," Doris said vaguely. "I thought so."

Vera looked at Freddy. He turned to Doris, asking, "Would you like to see the other rooms?"

"Oh, yes, I certainly would," she answered quickly, taking his arm and staring limpidly into his amused face.

That left Vera alone with Laramie, which was the way she wanted it. She poured some Cointreau into a glass and waited for him to start their conversation.

"Going to marry young Hatfield?" he finally asked.

Vera looked up. "Marry Freddy?" she said incredulously. "Heavens, no! I pay him twenty pounds a week to take me about."

"Really. I heard his family were in a bad way, but I didn't know it had come to this. Still, it's an old title."

"Even so, my dear Larry. I prefer this arrangement. I suppose it sounds strange to you, but I find that once in love I can't fall out again. Everything between Freddy and myself is strictly business. You always did have old-fashioned principles about actresses. I could never convince you that we were not all scarlet women—and some of us inherently faithful. But let's not talk about me. How about you? Are you happy?"

"I suppose so," he replied. "Marriage is never what we expect of it. And Doris is very young. I think if she had a child it might settle her more."

Vera's lashes dropped heavily upon her cheeks and her beautiful body grew cold in its sheath of white satin.

"Yes," she replied softly. "It would be splendid to have a son."

THEN Doris and Freddy came back. Doris ran over to Laramie and threw herself into his lap, crying, "Daddy! Freddy—he told me I could call him Freddy—knows so much about Paris. He has told me about the most marvelous places. I do so want to stay longer. Why don't you stay longer?"

"I'm sorry, dear," he replied, "but Ronny is depending upon me to play back for him and I can't disappoint him."

Doris got up and flopped into another chair, her pretty mouth drawn into a sulk.

"If you really feel you must go," Vera suggested, "why don't you let Doris remain here with me for a few weeks?"

Doris looked up, smiling brightly. "Oh, really, may I? Did you hear that, daddy? I'm going to stay here with Vera."

That settled it.

In the following weeks Vera and Freddy came to know a great deal more about Doris than she knew about herself. She fastened herself to Freddy and plied him with her coy fascinations to his utter boredom and Vera's amusement. He quit Vera's service regularly every night, but came back after his morning bath and her urgent phone plea. The spring thaw settled over Paris and wasted away, leaving green buds on the trees in the Bois. The couturiers showed their new fashions. Laramie went to Egypt and wired Doris to join him, which she didn't do. Doris took to Paris, planted her feet firmly in its soil, and blossomed. She had found all she wanted of life—with the assistance of Freddy.

One April morning she burst into Vera's boudoir with a letter from Egypt gripped in her hands. She threw herself wrathfully into a lemon satin chair.

"Oh, damn! Damn! Damn!" she cried.

Vera looked up from the morning Herald. The sun shining through the sanded glass windows fastened itself upon the green of the emerald and the fairness of the diamond.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Larry! He'll be back here next week and expects me to go back to New York with him. I just hate New York. None of his friends like me. I'm not in their class, according to their opinions. They just make me miserable. I sometimes wish I hadn't bothered to marry Larry."

"Why did you?"

Doris looked up. "Well, why not? Certainly he was a good catch. I don't suppose he would have married me if I hadn't been a good girl. But that counts. The first time he took me out I told him quite plainly that although I had to work for a living he couldn't start anything funny with me because I just wasn't that kind."

"Then you don't love him?" Vera questioned.

"Love Larry?" Doris scoffed. "Why, of course not. Who would? He's a frightful old stodgy even though he is rich. And he wants to have a baby. Can you beat that? A baby!"

"Don't you think it would be the sporting thing to do? After all, he has given you his name and his protection."

"Sometimes you give me a pain, Vera. What did a girl ever get out of being sporting?"

DORIS walked over to Vera and took hold of her hands. She wriggled them about so the rings caught and tossed the light between each other.

"I'm crazy about these rings. Where did you get them?"

"A friend gave them to me a long time ago."

"He wasn't such a bad friend, I'll say. You always wear them. You must have been sort of crazy about him."

"I am," Vera answered sharply.

Doris turned back to her letter. "Gee! This makes me furious. Go back to New York. Just when I had decided I'd like to see Biarritz. How do you suppose I could get out of it? I just won't go back to New York."

Vera held her beautiful hands before her, looked stolidly at her emerald and her diamond, mentally shifted gear, and ventured, "Why don't you try a divorce? They are easy here."

It hit squarely in the center. Doris looked up, radiant. "That's an idea!" she said. "And he certainly is good for alimony."

On the whole, it was even easier than Vera had anticipated. Larry was very nice about the divorce. Al-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HER PARIS DIVORCE
Continued from page thirty-five

most too agreeable. For a while Doris thought he wanted it and came very near going back to him. But Vera had straightened out that. Anyway, he appeared before a judge and said he wouldn't live with his wife again, which was all that was necessary, and, in lieu of alimony, he settled almost a million dollars on her. Doris was quite happy and entirely satisfied.

On the morning Larry sailed back to America, she visited her lawyer who handed over her final decree and her first check from her new income. She hurried back to the apartment and burst into the boudoir waving the slips like a flag of freedom. Freddy was lolling indolently and graciously upon the chaise longue.

" The gay, green widow in person," he mocked. " How does it feel to be free and rich? "

" Where's Vera? " asked the new widow.

" Gone," answered Freddy.

" Gone. Gone where? "

" Back to America, of course."

" Back to America? " Doris exclaimed, plumping down into one of the lemon satin chairs. " What for? "

" With Larry," he went on.

" With Larry," she repeated, unbelieving. " But why Larry? "

" Sweet child, don't you know? "

" Oh, cut out the suspense," Doris cried sharply, " and tell me what you are driving at."

" Sorry—no offense meant. I thought you knew."

" Freddy, you are driving me mad. What am I supposed to know? "

" That Vera had been in love with Larry for years when you married him from under her nose and not only broke her heart but made her ridiculous in front of her friends."

DORIS gasped, " Well, I never! And she egged me into this divorce just so she could get him back for herself. Well, of all the dirty double-crossing. So he was the one who gave her the rings. Wasn't I the sucker not to get wise? That is why he wouldn't bring me to Europe before, and why he didn't want to stay in Paris. I certainly shouldn't be blamed for his ditching her. I didn't even know he knew her."

" No one is blaming you."

" She evidently did. I'm not that dumb. She certainly wanted him badly."

" Sweet child," Freddy said tiredly, " there are emotions in this life which you will never understand, and one of those is love. So I suppose it is very foolish of me to try and explain to you that Vera loves Larry more than anything else in life."

Freddy was quite right.

" Well, I certainly don't think she's getting much," Doris commented dryly. " And I do think it was mean of her to go off and leave me alone here in Paris where I don't know anyone."

" That is what I am here for," Freddy explained cheerfully, pulling a bunch of keys out of his coat pocket. " Here are the keys of the apartment. Vera thought you might want to take over the lease for yourself. You can't do better than this if you want to stay on in Paris. Also, if it suits your fancy, I am here to take you about. Vera gave me twenty pounds a week. I shall expect the same from you."

" Why, Freddy! I didn't know that Vera paid you to take her about. Are you that hard up? It seems a shame that a nice boy like you has to do a thing like that. I mean—it isn't as though you were a nobody. You have a title, haven't you? I mean, it is real, isn't it? "

" Quite," he answered, still cheerfully. " Very ancient, very honorable, and worth nothing."

" Oh, I wouldn't say that! Freddy, why don't you marry me? "

" Great Scott, no! " he shouted, then practical sense rushed to his aid and he looked up, smiling a little, fastened his mind on her settlement, and replied, " Just as you wish."

THE END

Are You Wet or Dry?

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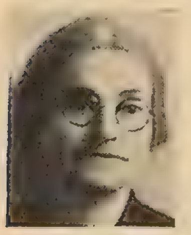
We are printing ten letters again this week, and dividing $1,000 among the writers—each getting $100. Next week we shall print more letters, and award another $1,000. Send us your views.

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a post-card. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.

Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Where the Money Goes


Sally Bailey Brown

ASSINIPPI, MASS.—I am one of the great middle class of our country—"God bless us, every one." We don't need liquor. We don't want liquor. We are bone-dry. We put our money into homes, life insurance, savings accounts, food and clothing, automobiles, radios, speed-boats, theaters, movies, and college educations for our children.

Let the wets drool on. They can't talk to us. We *know* what prohibition has done for us.—*Sally Bailey Brown.*

A Doctor Testifies

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am a wet because reforming the habits of a nation is not a governmental function. Alcohol in moderation is not harmful.

The conscience of upright people is their guide, and a law which does not bear the approval of decent folks can, therefore, never be enforced.—*Louis H. Schwartz, M. D.*

Liquor, Thief of Time

Louis Porter

DETROIT, MICH.—Days are all too short to enjoy the whispering of trees; the song of birds; the flight of fancy; the romance of good books, and the fellowship of friends.

He who steals away his senses with strong drink—steals time! The most precious possession!—*Louis Porter.*

Through Youth's Eyes

PERU, ILL.—As one of the flappers to whom prohibition is considered by drys as nothing short of a godsend, I classify myself as a wet because my generation, synonymous with frankness, comes more in touch with the effects of prohibition than any other.

Not only is prohibition a failure in every sense, but the younger generation is gradually tending toward taking all the laws of the Constitution as frivolously as it is taking the Eighteenth Amendment.—*Miss Flo Garvey.*

Forward to 1940

PORTLAND, ORE.—We all know that prohibition is a failure, today, from the average man's point of view. To those of vision, with the coming generation in mind, it is a success.

Leslie Nyberg

Too many people believed that the prohibition law was a mushroom and would bear fruit overnight. It is not. It is a "plant" that takes years to prove its worth. Let us not judge it by one year or ten years but by the span of a child grown to man (twenty-one years). We have passed the halfway mark and the children of America are for it.

We cannot judge prohibition in 1930 as a success, but we can look forward to 1940 when the new generation will have made it a success.—*Leslie Nyberg.*

Temperance versus Prohibition

Mrs. R. P. Williams

SAUSALITO, CALIF. — Although a strong supporter of temperance, I am wet because I have seen and understood only too well the havoc, destruction, and frightful results the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have accomplished in America. Is there anything prohibition has achieved that we are proud of?

Let us look at what it has done. It has succeeded, yes, but only in changing a few persistent drunkards into many consistent drinkers.

It has made drinking a social art instead of a social failing, a common pleasure instead of an uncommon vice. It has taken good liquor away from America and replaced it with poisonous. It has lowered our moral, physical, and mental standing.

It has swelled the crime wave, on which we are riding to our downfall, to tidal proportions.

We want to look up to our country—not have other countries look down on us.

Prohibition is not the answer to the liquor problem.—*Mrs. R. P. Williams.*

100 Years from Now

Nels H. Seaburg

MEDFORD, MASS.—If it is right for our government to compel its citizens to kill—in the name of war, for the general good—then it is just as right for it to compel citizens to respect a dry law enacted for the general good.

Cannibalism even a wet would object to, today. Perhaps we will class drunkenness in the same category a hundred years from today! So let's continue dry until then.—*Nels H. Seaburg.*

A Spectacular Failure

SLATER, MO.—Briefly, I'm all wet, and I'm neither a rum hound nor a flask-toting flapper, but the mother of two girls and a boy, and a law-abiding citizen.

Mrs. J. F. Donnelly

In my opinion, the Eighteenth Amendment has been, indirectly, the cause of the greatest crime wave in years; it has fostered graft and governmental corruption.

The United States has made a spectacular failure of prohibition enforcement. Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and let them start all over again and see if they can't make a success of legal liquor traffic.

The tax from legally manufactured or imported liquor might, in time, fill the enormous deficit caused by the useless expenditure of public funds for "prohibition" enforcement.—*Mrs. James F. Donnelly.*

Drunkards That Hurt Others

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Most of the opposition to prohibition comes from those who believe that the individual should have the privilege of drinking whatever he wishes. He should not have that privilege when what he drinks causes him to become oblivious to the rights of others.

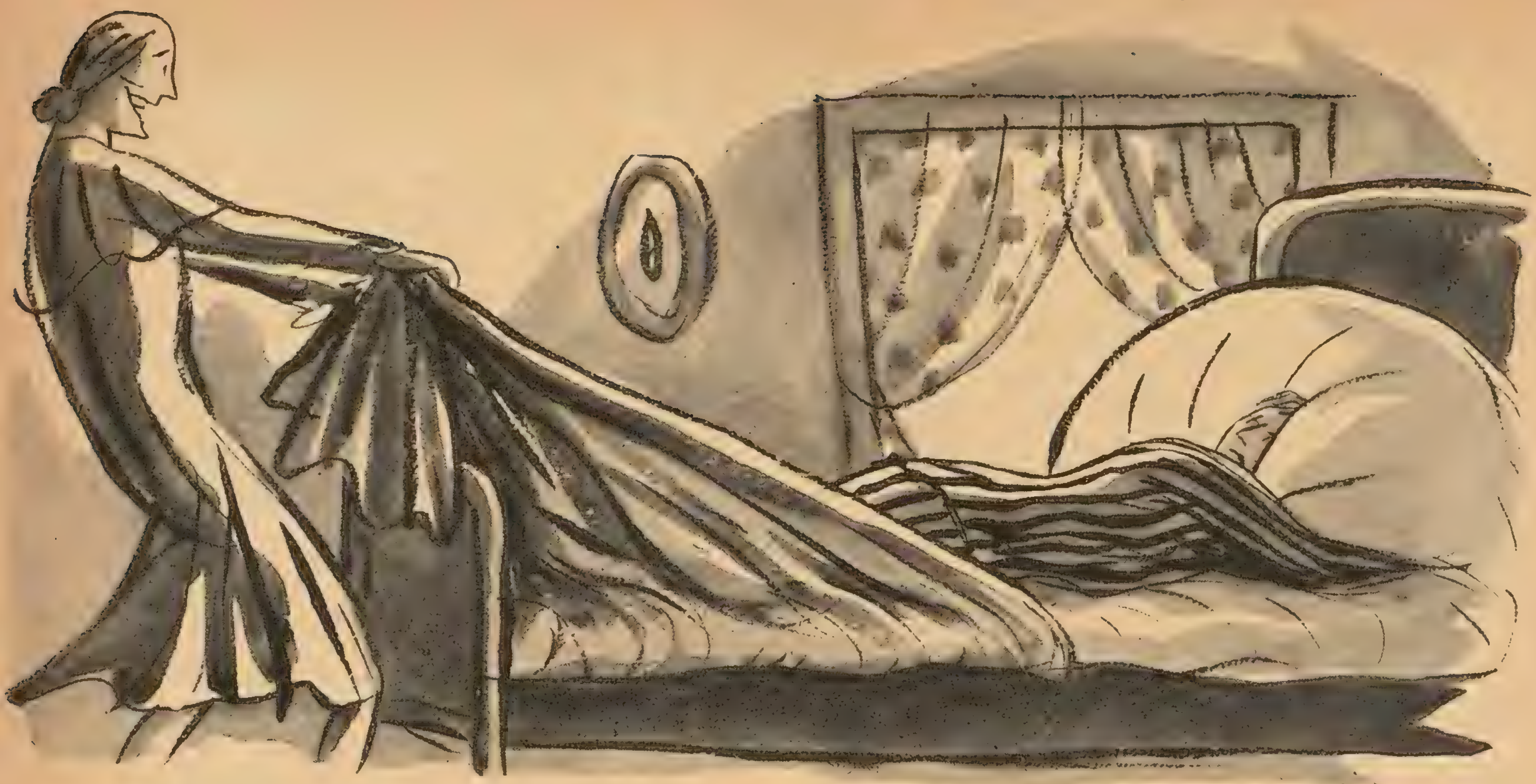
If the effects of liquor could be confined to the individual consuming it, there would be no need for the law.—*George I. Ditty.*

Justice: Make the Drys Drink

DUBUQUE, IA.—Why should the drys force the people who are wet to abide by their dry decision? Why not take the drys and force them to drink?

Mrs. H. P. Lemper

Oh, boy! What a howl they would put up about their "freedom and rights"! Yet they force the wets to be dry (?) and expect them to take it with a smile. Is that justice in a free country?—*Mrs. Henry P. Lemper.*



They hover about with ghoulish anticipation until the minute when they may begin their dirty work.

Sporting Life *in* America

Dozing

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

WE Americans are a hardy race, and hardy races need a lot of sleep. "Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care," Shakespeare has called it, and, except for the fact that it doesn't mean much, it is a pretty good simile. I often think of it myself just as I am dropping off into a light doze: "Sleep, that sleeves up the raveled care of . . . knit, that sleeps up the shaveled neeve of —pfor—pff—prpf—orpffff" *(trailing off into a low whistle).*

One of the most charming manifestations of sleep which we, as a nation, indulge in as a pastime is the Doze. By the Doze I mean those little snatches of sleep which are caught now and then during the day, usually with the collar on and choking slightly, with the head inclined coyly to one side, during which there is a semiconscious attempt to appear as if we were really awake. It is in this department of sleep that we are really at our best.

Of course, there is one form of doze which, to the casual observer or tourist, gives the appearance of legitimate sleep. This is the short doze, or "quickie," which is taken just after the main awakening in the morning. The alarm rings, or the Lord High Chamberlain taps us on the shoulder (in the absence of a chamberlain a relative will do. And right here I would like to offer for examination that type of sadistic relative who takes actual delight in awakening people. They hover about with ghoulish anticipation until the minute arrives when they may legitimately begin their dirty work, and then, leering unpleasantly, they shake the sleeper roughly with a "Come, come! Time to get up!" and wait right there until he is actually out on the cold floor in his bare feet. There is something radically wrong with such people, and the sooner they are exposed as pathological cases the better it will be for the world). I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be nasty about it.

At any rate, we are awakened and look at the clock. There are five minutes before it is absolutely necessary to get out of bed. If we leave shaving until night, there might even be fifteen minutes. If we leave dressing until we get to the office, snatching our clothes from the chair and carrying them downtown on our arm, there might even be half an hour more for a good, health-giving nap. Who knows? Perhaps those few minutes of extra sleep might make us just ten times as efficient during the day! That is what we must think of—efficiency. We must sacrifice our petty opinions on the matter and think of the rest of the day and our efficiency. There is no doubt that fifteen minutes' more sleep would do wonders for us, no matter how little we really want to take it.

By the time we have finished this line of argument we are out pretty fairly cold again, but not so cold that we are not conscious of anyone entering the room. We feel that they are going to say: "Come, come, don't go back to sleep again!" and we forestall this warning with a brisk "I know! I know! I'm just thinking!" This is said with one eye partially open and one tiny corner of the brain functioning. The rest of our powers add up to a total loss.

IT is one of Nature's wonders how a man can carry on an argument with someone standing beside his bed and still be asleep to all intents and purposes. Not a very good argument, perhaps, and one in which many important words are missing or indistinct, but still an argument. It is an argument, however, which seldom wins, the state of justice in the world being what it is today.

Dozing before arising does not really come within the range of this treatise. What we are concerned with are those little lapses when we are fully dressed, when we fondly believe that no one notices. Riding on a train, for example.

There is the short-distance doze in a day coach, prob-

Billie McClintock, and Miss Isabelle Pope, his fiancée.

P. & A. photo
The home in Kenilworth, Illinois, where Billie McClintock lived guardians, the Shepherds, and where he died.

The Mystery of the TYPHOID OYSTER

The Somber History of the McClintock Fortune

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

WHEN, on December 4, 1924, Billie McClintock, in his twenty-second year, died of typhoid fever in his home in Kenilworth, a lovely North Shore suburb of Chicago, he wrote another chapter in the destiny that had cast a sinister shade for a hundred years on an estate worth more than a million and a half dollars.

Untimely deaths and sterility were twin calamities in the chronicle of the treasure. Its foundation was laid early in the last century in England. It increased slowly and steadily until shortly after the Civil War in America when the nobleman then owning it died.

His widow married William Hickling, a country squire, and was ostracized for it. So they took their money and moved to Ottawa, Illinois. There were no children.

Mrs. Hickling died and the widower married Sarah Gensler. There were no children. Hickling died and his widow married William McClintock, a poor man of Lemars, Iowa. There were no children, and Mrs. McClintock died.

Back in the '90s a poor family by the name of Nelson lived in Salina, Kansas. One of the daughters was Emma, who attended Bethany College, in Lindsborg, Kansas, where she met Julie Graf. In Salina both girls met William Darling Shepherd, a druggist.

In 1895 McClintock moved to Chicago and put his money in sound securities and real estate. Six years later Emma Nelson went to Chicago to work as a stenographer. She lived for a while in the home of Dr. D. Olson, a brother of Har Olson, chief justice of the Cl cago municipal court. The Olso had known the Nelsons in Kans

In 1902 McClintock marri Emma Nelson, whom he m while taking sulphur baths Indiana. They moved into a n home on the South Side of Chicago. The fortune was n appraised at more than a million dollars. And then, seeming one of the curses that had haunted the old English estate d appeared: on April 3, 1903, there was born to William a Emma a boy whom they named William Nelson McClinto

ON May 17, 1907, Mr. McClintock was killed in an autom bile accident. Later that year Mrs. William Darling She herd (formerly Julie Graf) came on from Kansas to visit h old school friend, the widow McClintock. Now let us bri Shepherd into the 1907 picture.

In the '80s Henry Shepherd and his family lived on a lit farm near Anderson, Indiana. He died in 1887 and lef widow and four children—Henry, who became a bicycle repa man; Press, a paper hanger; a girl who married a groc clerk; and William Darling, then twelve.

Mrs. Shepherd married Ben F. Hayden, a coal dealer. W Shepherd studied in the common schools of Anderson a later in the Indianapolis high school. There he took the re lar course in chemistry, and then a special course.

By then his stepfather had bought a drug store in Ind

P. & A. photos

his

William D. Shepherd, the storm center of the investigation and trial that followed Billie's death.

apolis, and Will worked for him from about 1890 until 1894. When he was nineteen he quit school and worked for a carriage manufacturer for four years, studying law in a night school. He was admitted to the bar and did a little practice around the police courts.

In 1898 he volunteered for the Spanish-American War, and though he only reached a concentration camp he was so nimble of wit and so feverish of imagination that many years later his militia companions testified that he bore among them the repute of a colossal liar, though nobody ever claimed his lies were harmful to anybody. He would simply see a Newfoundland dog, or even a lap dog, and report that he had beheld a grizzly bear!

About 1900 Shepherd went out to Hickman, Nebraska, and worked for a year with his brother Press, the paper hanger. Then he drifted to Salina, Kansas, and clerked in a wholesale grocery house. In 1902, while he was ill, he married Julie Graf.

Justice Harry Olson, who brought about the investigation.

Charles C. Faiman, a star witness. He ran a private "university."

Her father put him in a drug store he had bought for his son, and after a year or so the son died and Shepherd ran the store for a few years.

The drug store failed and he went to Texas. He sent his wife to visit her old friend, Emma McClintock, and continued to drift to and fro, looking for something to do.

It may shed some light on subsequent events to report that Shepherd was a large, corpulent, easy-going, sloppily dressed, cigarette-devouring, quick-laughing, even-tempered man. Easy come and easy go his favorite slogan, he ambled along, letting the present ignore the past and the future take care of itself. A couple of dollars in his pocket seemed enough; and his past—when minutely raked by a relentless Chicago prosecutor—really disclosed nothing to indicate that he ever harmed anybody. It did contain the fact that he had some knowledge of chemistry and drugs.

LATE in 1907 Shepherd arrived at the McClintock home. His subsequent testimony was vague as to what he did to compensate the widow for his room and board, and that of his wife; but he explained that occasionally he punished Billie, then four years old, and looked after some of Mrs. McClintock's properties for her.

The value of these latter services may be dubious, since Mr. McClintock's will had left the Northern Trust Company in charge of his estate. The trust company's lawyer, Alex F. Reichmann, enjoyed the widow's complete confidence.

Early in 1909 Mrs. McClintock went with Billie and the Shepherds to Bayview, Texas, where she owned 3,000 acres, with a view to subdividing it and selling it. While there Mrs. McClintock became quite ill and returned to Chicago with Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 in Prizes—The Second Group of Winners

THE Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster is the ninth of ten stories of famous mysteries for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Underworld King, the second story in the series, Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To J. M. Scammell,
525 Oakland Avenue, Oakland, California.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To R. M. McDougald,
Box 146, Clayton, Louisiana.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

To John F. Nason,
101 Bay Road, South Easton, Massachusetts.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To R. L. Kerby,
23 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To R. C. Boyd, Box 396, Hamlet, North Carolina; Daniel F. Dunne, 96 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; Frank H. Gaskill, 4516 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and R. Douglas Feagin, Hardeman Building, Macon, Georgia.

Prize awards for the third problem—The Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney—will be announced in Liberty for May 31.

As the foregoing awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE TYPHOID OYSTER
Continued from page forty-one

Shepherd and the boy. Early in June she began to sink and Shepherd was sent for. While he was on his way north Mrs. McClintock instructed Reichmann to make her will. She died on June 7, 1909, and she left the fortune in trust for Billie, naming Reichmann and Mrs. Shepherd as co-guardians. One bequest was $5,000 for Mrs. Shepherd. The trust company allowed the Shepherds $1,000 a month for Billie's maintenance, and paid her $75 a month as personal remuneration.

The years slipped along. Reichmann and Mrs. Shepherd quarreled about the conditions surrounding the lad. Once, in 1909, she wanted to travel out west with Billie, believing that the excitement of the Seattle exposition would do him good. Billie was a frail, delicate child, and Reichmann told Mrs. Shepherd she must not take him so far away. He called in doctors and they agreed. The lawyer says the Shepherds promised to obey him, and he went to Europe. When he returned he found they had disobeyed him and taken Billie to Colorado.

There was another row and the Shepherds suddenly went to Indianapolis, leaving word that Shepherd's mother had been seriously hurt in an accident. Reichmann took the matter to the probate court, and there Shepherd admitted that he had gone west to see his wife's brother, a lawyer, about " Mrs. Shepherd's rights in the matter." He also admitted that he had lied about his trip to Indianapolis, and had really left Chicago until Julie's brother could arrive from Colorado, further to discuss " Mrs. Shepherd's rights."

The upshot of it was that the Shepherds agreed to move to Kenilworth, where the trust company bought a home for Billie near the Reichmann place, so the lawyer could see his ward frequently. Billie, however, soon took a violent dislike to Reichmann and refused to visit him on Sundays; and Reichmann claimed that this was one of Shepherd's first steps in alienating the rich child from his friends.

Billie went to school in the suburbs and Shepherd whiled away the time by becoming the law partner of Robert H. Stoll in an office downtown.

IN school Billie became acquainted with Isabelle Pope, whose family lived in Wilmette, a nearby suburb. From the beginning they were sweethearts. Until Billie died, Isabelle admitted, she had no cause for complaint of the treatment accorded her by the Shepherds. Indeed, her letters to Billie expressed affection and respect for his " father " and " mother," as he called them.

All this time Dr. Olson, Emma McClintock's childhood friend, was Billie's medical consultant and friend. In 1921 he died of ptomaine poisoning just as he seemed on the point of convalescence. He died soon after a visit from Shepherd—and in this visit Judge Olson was to perceive something of a most malevolent aspect, declaring, without diluting his charge, that his brother's death was directly attributable to Shepherd's visit.

The entire case, of which this article purports to be a fair summary, was originally founded on Judge Olson's charges, which, when made public, led to investigation and action by the authorities. The action consisted of an inquest, indictments, a murder trial, and a contest over McClintock's will, and this narrative makes reference only to matters covered by these official proceedings.

In 1922 Billie and Isabelle reached an understanding that they were to be married as soon as he became of age, the boy having promised his guardians he would not take so important a step before that date. Later on, in the criminal proceedings, it was claimed that part of Shepherd's plot to get Billie's fortune rested on this promise, because his death while a minor, or his marriage at any time, would completely change the Shepherds' status in Billie's life and wealth.

In any event, Billie went to Dartmouth and Isabelle promised to wait for him.

Billie came home for the Easter holidays in 1924, and on Thursday, April 3, he attained his majority. His estate was now worth about a million and a half, and on that very day Shepherd drew up the boy's will. It was signed on Saturday, April 5, and was witnessed by two servants Billie called in from the kitchen, Eva Nelson, the cook, and Marie Gartner, the maid. The will said:

"I give and bequeath to my affianced wife, Isabelle Pope, $8,000 per annum for the term of her life. I make this bequest as a token of the love and affection I bear for her, and as a proper protection for her until such time as our marriage shall be consummated. The arranging for and the manner of making the payments of this bequest I leave to the discretion of my executor hereinafter named.

"I give, devise and bequeath to my foster father, William Darling Shepherd, all the rest and residue of my property (etc.). I make this bequest for the benefit of my foster parents as a token of my love and affection for them and as a mark of my appreciation of the years of care they have given me, during which time they have in all manner been all that parents could be to me.

"I do not make a special bequest to my beloved foster mother, Julie M. Shepherd, knowing full well that she will obtain all the benefits thereof without the worry and care incident to the possession of the property itself.

"I name and appoint my foster father, William Darling Shepherd, to be the executor of this my last will and testament, imposing upon him the certain duty of carrying out my wishes and desires in the bequests above mentioned."

Apart from the fact that the Shepherds were not legally Billie's foster parents, and the question of the propriety or impropriety of the action of Shepherd, an adult, a lawyer, and one occupying a fiduciary relation to the young boy, in drawing such a will the very first instant it would be legal, it will be observed that no provision was made to insure the payment of Isabelle's annuity.

ON July 1, 1924, after Billie had returned from Dartmouth, the engagement was announced. That fall the young man planned to attend the University of Illinois, and then changed his mind.

Late in October, in a certain shipment, there arrived in Chicago from New York four carloads of oysters of the size usually served on the half-shell. There are 120 barrels of oysters, which means about 145,000 oysters, in a carload. This made about 600,000 oysters in this consignment, a maximum of 100,000 orders of six oysters each.

During November there were in Chicago about 106 cases of typhoid above the normal seasonal number. There was also a mild epidemic in the suburbs. Since many of these cases were traced to the hotels and restaurants which bought some of those four carloads, it might be estimated that the chances were, roughly, 1 to 100 that persons eating raw oysters from that particular consignment would get typhoid.

Billie's favorite sea food was oysters on the half shell. On November 3, 1924, he and Isabelle and another couple ate oysters in a South Side hotel. This hotel had bought some of the above shipment. On November 8 he ate raw oysters in an Evanston café, and some of the infected oysters were traced to that north shore suburb.

About November 20, Billie was visiting Isabelle and complained of feeling ill. She found his temperature was 102 degrees, and hurried him home and to bed. On November 23, Dr. Rufus B. Stolp was called, and for nearly a week, uncertain that his patient had typhoid, gave him the ordinary and proper treatments.

Isabelle went daily to the home to visit her fiancé. She testified later that she began to notice a certain frigidity toward her on the part of the Shepherds. She also said that Shepherd told her that Billie was careless about his bowels and that he, Shepherd, had given Billie a couple of pills about the middle of November.

On November 29, Dr. Stolp called in Dr. James B. Herrick, a specialist, and a Widal test they made disclosed that Billie had typhoid in a virulent degree. Shepherd admitted that he had given his ward castor oil, and said that Stolp had continued that treatment, prior to Herrick's arrival, with enemas and other cathartics.

Since typhoid weakens the intestinal walls and a cathartic acts violently thereon, it was claimed in the criminal proceedings that the hemorrhages that killed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF
THE TYPHOID OYSTER
Continued from page forty-three

Billie were purposely brought on by Shepherd with his purges.

Billie's condition became desperate and the young couple discussed immediate marriage. Isabelle talked to Shepherd about it. She says he stubbornly opposed it, maintaining that a sick-bed wedding was no good (although he himself had so married) and that they should wait until Billie was well and have a big wedding.

When the girl fought this delay he told her, she says, that they could not get a license because under a new Illinois law both parties had to appear in person before the license clerk.

When she had gone Shepherd asked Dr. Stolp to telephone the Popes to keep Isabelle away, since Billie was too sick to see visitors.

Isabelle had her doubts about this new law, she says, and she inquired around. As a result she went to the marriage bureau on Monday, December 1, and got a license. The morning papers of December 3 carried this news, and when Shepherd read it in his office downtown he hastened out to Kenilworth. She took the license to the Shepherd home, but Billie was now in a coma. The Shepherds were furious, the girl reported.

On December 4 the boy died; and the will was offered for probate five days later. The Shepherds then went to New Mexico for a rest.

Judge Olson got busy. The Shepherd-McClintock case, as this *cause célèbre* became known, really owes its inception to the suspicion of Shepherd which Billie's death kindled in the judge's bosom. He began to question servants and neighbors and friends, and to probe into Shepherd's associates and his past. He called in the press and voiced the ghastly charge of murder by typhoid against the ex-druggist into whose lap the old English fortune had tumbled.

OLSON demanded an autopsy, not only on Billie's body, but on that of Billie's mother, dead these fifteen years; and on the body of his own brother, Dr. Olson. He accused Shepherd of killing all three of them.

Shepherd returned to Chicago to face the hurricane of journalistic innuendo and outspoken Olson accusations. Robert E. Crowe was state's attorney, and though he seemed skeptical of Olson's loathing for Shepherd and what it might actually develop, he represented the people at the inquest ordered by Coroner Oscar Wolf.

Whatever the facts, the inquest was a travesty on judicial procedure. Olson was allowed to dominate the proceedings, and he not only named himself the chief witness but acted as prosecutor and actually ruled on opposing counsel's objections! All the politicians reveled in the sensational affair, as is proven by the fact, incredible as it is, that the inquest was dragged out from January 6, 1925, until May 5!

Strange characters began to drop into the case. Among them were Dr. A. G. Fosberg, Earl P. Clark, Louis Kles, John P. Marchand, Charles C. Faiman, and Dr. Amante Rongetti. Marchand and Faiman testified at the murder trial, as will appear.

Olson regarded Fosberg's testimony as invaluable. Fosberg told the coroner that in the summer of 1924 Shepherd had called on him and talked about poisons and typhoid germs. Shepherd's counsel offered to prove that Fosberg was an abortionist, a defrauder of insurance companies, and a forced exile from medical practice, but on Olson's demand the coroner excluded this testimony.

Clark had worked for Faiman, selling courses in his private National University of Sciences, of which more anon. He testified that Shepherd had been seen around the university.

Kles had been a chauffeur in the Shepherd home for a few months. He told Olson that he had advised the Shepherds what to do when Billie got sick, and had taken general charge, and that the Shepherds ignored him. He said that he had locked the doors to keep Isabelle Pope out, that Shepherd had wanted her arrested, and that Mrs. Shepherd tore Isabelle's letters and photographs and trampled on the pieces and spat on them.

PROSECUTOR CROWE thoughtfully appraised these main Olson witnesses at the inquest and at the trial candidly admitted that he would not vouch for their credibility and refused to call them as his witnesses. He did the same with Faiman, but Faiman was put on the stand anyhow.

Dr. Rongetti said that Shepherd had been out to his hospital and had talked to him about tuberculosis and typhoid germs and the different ways they could enter a human body. Rongetti had sold fake diplomas, bootlegged his hospital liquor and narcotics, and committed countless abortions. He enjoys the distinction of being the first man in Illinois sentenced to the electric chair, when that state abandoned the noose for the electrode. He was found guilty of performing a fatal abortion. His case was remanded and he got fourteen years for manslaughter; but he was to face similar charges on similar crimes.

Isabelle Pope testified, and Dr. Stolp, and others; but Shepherd declined to answer any questions. W. D. McNally, the coroner's physician, reported that in Billie's body there was no poison of any kind, but that he had died of "typhoid fever complicated by a profound secondary terminal intestinal hemorrhage."

Mercury in lethal quantities was alleged to have been found in the body of Mrs. McClintock. Nothing of a criminal nature was discovered in Dr. Olson's body.

Marchand and Faiman appeared at the inquest, and as a result of their testimony and their private examination by Crowe, Shepherd was arrested on March 13. Although the inquest

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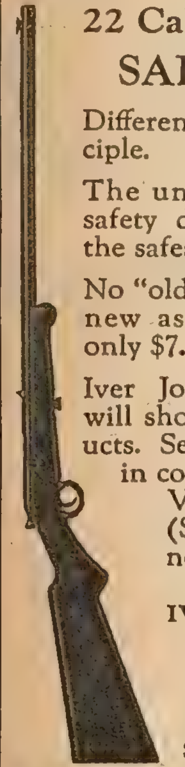

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had been adjourned on March 3, Crowe went before a grand jury on March 17, after he had put Shepherd in a cell, and obtained an indictment charging Shepherd and Faiman with Billie's murder.

But the other politicians begrudged Crowe's success in making the headlines, so on May 5 the coroner's jury was brought in with a verdict. Mrs. Shepherd and her husband were held, by this verdict, to the grand jury on a charge of poisoning Mrs. McClintock in 1909 with mercury and murdering Billie with typhoid germs. The coroner's jury found that Shepherd had done these deeds and that his wife had guilty knowledge of both crimes and was a "passive accessory" thereto.

The next day Crowe admitted he had no evidence to hold Mrs. Shepherd, and she was released under $5,000 bail. A week later the grand jury voted no bill in both her cases and she was freed and exonerated.

Shepherd's trial began on June 11, 1925, before Judge Thomas J. Lynch. Crowe represented the state, and Stewart and O'Brien appeared for Shepherd. It required three weeks and three days to get a jury.

I love you with all my soul

your son

Billie

P. & A. photo International photo

Mrs. William D. Shepherd, and at the right, Mrs. Emma McClintock, Billie's own mother. Above is the end of a letter that he wrote to Mrs. Shepherd.

MARCHAND'S testimony was important. He admitted his name was Patrick J. McMahon but he had changed it to please his wife. He had been a bell hop, a railroad brakeman, a barber. In 1923 he went to work for Faiman as a salesman and visitant to prospects who wrote in about the university's classes. He testified that in the early fall of 1923 Faiman gave him a letter written by Shepherd, asking about a course in bacteriology. He called on Shepherd in his Loop office building, discussed the study with him, and made a date for him to visit the school. He said he took the letter back to Faiman.

Under cross-examination he could not name the building, the street address, the floor, or the room where he saw Shepherd. He couldn't say whether the letter was in longhand or typewritten, or how it was signed, or say even in what month he had seen Shepherd.

He admitted that the state had been paying him fifty dollars a week and all his expenses for more than three months. He also admitted that after the publicity broke around the case he had said that the Shepherd letter was worth $100,000 if he could get his hands on it.

Faiman was in a peculiar spot. The main support of Crowe in the arrest of Shepherd, and of the coroner's jury and the grand jury, he seemed sure to be the state's star witness, and Chicago awaited his testimony.

Yet Crowe declined to call him, on the ground that he could not vouch for his truthfulness and rely on his testimony. Stewart and O'Brien made a frantic fight before Judge Lynch to compel Crowe to call him, but the judge finally called him as the court's witness.

IT developed that Marchand had been the first of these witnesses to call on Olson, and Olson had summoned Faiman for interrogation. Faiman insisted at first that Marchand was lying; and he told both Olson and Crowe, in their grillings, that he had never seen Shepherd or heard of him before the story reached the newspapers.

As a consequence, Marchand and Faiman were left together in Crowe's office one night, and Marchand proceeded to pummel Faiman. Faiman then became Crowe's ace.

On the stand Faiman said he was twenty-five years old, born in Minnesota, and educated in medical schools there and in St. Louis. He went to Chicago in 1921, when he was twenty-one years old, and worked in hospitals and drug stores. He worked for Rongetti for a while.

In September, 1921, he took out a charter for his school, and he called it the National University of Sciences. Faiman never had an Illinois license to practice medicine, or a diploma from any school, but that didn't stop him from advertising himself as an M. D. This university was a remarkable institution. Among its courses were pharmacy, obstetrics, chiropractic, law, dentistry, divinity, music, veterinary medicine, and embalming.

Faiman admitted that Crowe had promised him consideration in his own indictment if he would testify against Shepherd, his codefendant, and that he was having all his expenses paid by the taxpayers.

He testified that in October, 1923, after Marchand had interviewed Shepherd, the latter appeared at the school and looked it over. They talked of microscopes and laboratory equipment; of how bacilli fed on solid and fluid media and could be kept alive.

He said he gave Shepherd three tubes of typhoid germs and told him how to keep life in them.

He next saw Shepherd in April or May of 1924 in a hotel lobby and they

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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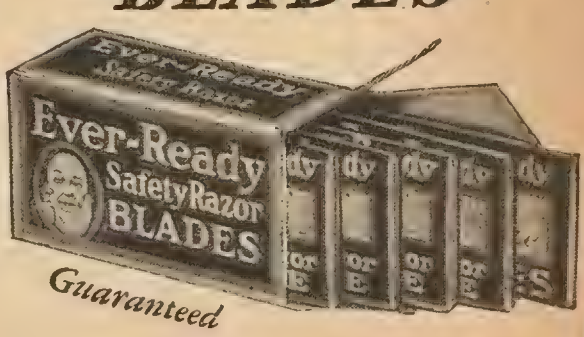

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[THE MYSTERY OF THE TYPHOID OYSTER Continued from page forty-five]

talked about the introduction of germs into the body, the diagnosing of different diseases, etc., and dwelt on the fact that when a person has typhoid, before it is definitely identified, a physic is usually taken, which aggravates the case instead of helping it.

Faiman then recounted different meetings he had with Shepherd, and told of their having discussed Billie McClintock and his fortune, and eventually plotted to feed him typhoid germs. Early in November, Faiman said, Shepherd came to the school, said he was ready to give Billie the germs, and prowled through the university's letter files until he found his original letter. This he pocketed, Faiman said, and handed the professor a fifty-dollar bill.

Later, Faiman went on, Shepherd met him and told him that the boy had typhoid fever and that he had given him a cathartic before calling Dr. Stolp. Early in December Faiman saw in the papers that Billie had died. They then discussed Faiman's share in the fortune, and eventually compromised on $100,000, he said.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

FURTHER questioning of Faiman brought out numerous conflicts in his testimony—for example, as to whether it was before or after a certain hotel rendezvous that Shepherd had gone to the school to retrieve his letter; whether the ice box in which the cultures were kept was on this floor or that one; where his office files were kept; when and how he himself got the typhoid cultures which he said he gave to Shepherd; and how Shepherd kept them alive—when Faiman admitted it was at a later meeting that he instructed Shepherd as to the media on which the germs live.

For the defense Stewart and O'Brien called bacteriologists, and finally called Shepherd himself.

Shepherd briefly recounted his past life, and flatly denied Isabelle's statements about his coldness toward her and the matter of the marriage license; and, of course, contradicted everything Marchand and Faiman had testified to, saying that the first time he had seen either of them was at the inquest. He did not deny that during his first examination by Crowe's assistants he had told them he had never studied chemistry.

He admitted that it was not wholly ethical for him to have drawn up the will, but insisted that his only relation to Billie was that of a foster father whom Billie loved. He insisted that Billie had instructed him, both by written memorandum and verbally, to draw up the will in precisely those terms. He was not allowed to introduce the alleged written memorandum.

THE jurors retired at 4 P. M. on June 26, 1925. At 10 o'clock they returned with a verdict of not guilty. Three days later Crowe had the indictment against Faiman, and the other indictment against Shepherd, dismissed.

Meanwhile, the fight over the estate was under way. Ten cousins from Iowa and Kansas showed up and hired counsel to contest the will, and Isabelle put in a claim for the widow's share on the ground that she was Billie's "equitable widow." Since December, 1924, Shepherd and Isabelle and the ten cousins have been fighting over the fortune. In December, 1929, it was reported that the warring factions had agreed on a division of the estate—$425,000 to Shepherd; $350,000 to Mrs. Isabelle Pope Veeder; and $35,000 each to the ten cousins. It is not known if this settlement is authentic.

Shepherd and his wife have continued to live in Chicago. Faiman wandered around the country until the lawyers for the cousins found him and took his deposition in the will contest. At last accounts he was in Dallas, Texas.

On September 28, 1929, Isabelle Pope was married to Melvin Veeder, a wealthy Wilmette youth and former school companion of herself and Billie McClintock.

The story of another famous real life mystery, told by Mr. Sutherland, will appear in next week's Liberty.

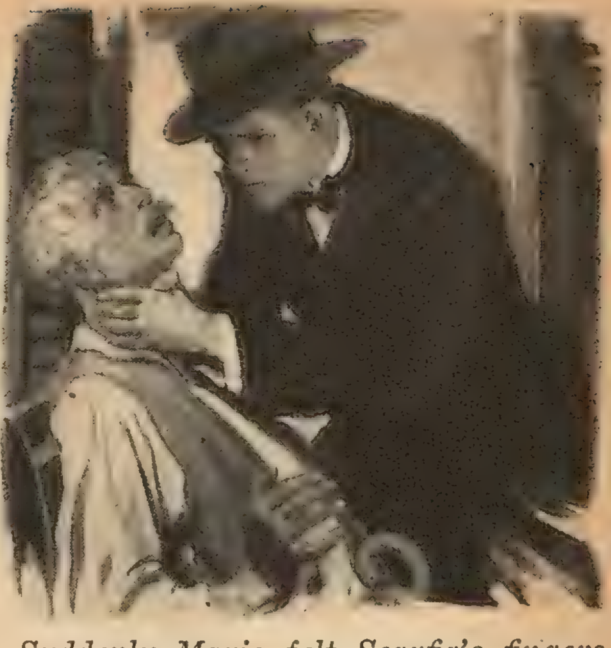
In the Dark

A Short Short Story

By

WALTER E. BUTTS, JR.

who before his seventeenth birthday had completed an eighty-thousand-word novel which is still available for publication. He is now on the editorial staff of a newspaper in a town near his birthplace, Rochester, New York.



Suddenly Mario felt Scarfia's fingers pressed cruelly against his throat.

MARIO GAMBRONE sat on his front porch. He knew that evening had come, though not because of the swiftly deepening dusk. For daylight and darkness had been alike to Mario ever since the blasting accident at the stone quarry. Rather, it was by the footsteps that he knew, footsteps passing his front porch by which he gauged the whole tempo of life in the world about him, kept his finger on the pulse of it.

At night there was a lighter step. An eager step. Pleasure bent. Release from the labors of the day. Children playing running games. Sometimes dancing in the street to the strains of accordion and guitar.

But tonight Mario's ears were indifferent. For Rosa, his granddaughter, had locked herself in her room, sobbing. It had happened so suddenly. Mario had said: "Rosa, I shall speak to Father Vallete tomorrow about publishing the banns of your marriage to Frank Scarfia. Scarfia wishes it so."

And Rosa, who had been agreeable all along to her betrothal, had asked for his mercy. "I can't marry Scarfia, grandfather!" she had cried. "I would rather kill myself!"

Mario had said helplessly, "But my word, my pledge to him—"

"This is America, grandfather! I am an American. American girls marry the men they love."

"You love someone else, then? You love Louie Russo—"

Rosa had not answered. She had fled sobbing to her room.

Louie Russo came often to sit on the front porch with Rosa. Louie had nothing save much talk of what he was going to do with the profession of law. While Scarfia had everything. Great wealth. Great power. The King of Little Italy they called him. Any sensible girl—Mario shook his head in bewilderment.

Running footsteps suddenly interrupted his thoughts. Footsteps hounded by an urgent fear. Even before they turned in at his yard he knew that it was Louie Russo.

Louie gasped: "Where is Rosa? Scarfia is on his way here to get her and to kill me! He's been drinking and says he's going to marry her tonight!"

Mario thundered: "You lie!"

The boy laughed shrilly. "I know you won't believe anything against Scarfia. But I tell you I saw him put a man on the spot tonight and shoot him down like a dog! For my benefit he did it, because he knew about Rosa and I caring for each other—"

"STOP!" commanded Mario. He got to his feet and went unerringly to the door. "Rosa," he called. "Louie is here to take you to the show. He says to hurry."

He turned back to the dumfounded boy. "No word to her about Scarfia. You take her to the show. And if Scarfia comes when you are gone, we shall see if you speak the truth."

Rosa was already running down the stairs.

Before they left, Rosa said: "Don't you want me to help you to bed before I go, grandfather?"

"No, I shall wait for Officer Hardy. He's coming to kill that rat that's been eating our apples." . . .

Mario heard the automobile stop. Someone got out and it purred away again. And the old man knew that Frank Scarfia had come, even before his uncertain, wavering footsteps also told him that Louie had spoken the truth, at least in part.

Scarfia stood swaying over him. "Where's Rosa?"

"Rosa has gone to the show."

"You lie!" snarled Scarfia. "Rosa is here with young Russo!"

"Rosa has gone to the show," repeated Mario patiently. "Russo is not here."

But it was useless to talk.

Suddenly Mario felt Scarfia's hot breath against his face, and fingers that pressed cruelly against his throat. And he knew that all the evil he had heard of this man, that he himself had branded as idle gossip of the jealous and disgruntled, was true!

Mother of God! Even to think of giving Rosa to him!

The fingers burned like a knife into his throat, shutting off his breath. Then upon his reeling senses verberated a sound. The measured tread of Officer Hardy's brogans. He struggled harder.

"Fool!" he gasped. "Here comes Officer Hardy!"

Officer Hardy! The fingers relaxed. A man with blood on his soul. A coward at heart, ready for instant flight.

Mario sensed it all. "He will probably search the house. But in the cellar there is an apple barrel. It is nearly empty. You can hide in there and be safe. You enter the cellar by the outside door. The barrel is straight ahead at the farther side. You cannot miss it—"

OFFICER HARDY'S brogans clumped up the porch steps. "How are you, Mario?"

"Good evening, Meester Hardy!" It was a pleasant friendship these two enjoyed. Every day Officer Hardy stopped to pass the time of day with the old man and Rosa, and to get the polished apple they had waiting for him.

"Well, I'm here to kill that rat that's been eating up our apples!" said Officer Hardy genially.

"Good. He is a bad rat!" Mario chuckled. . . .

"Listen. Do you hear him?" whispered Mario as they stood in the open cellar way.

Officer Hardy listened. "Yes, I hear him."

"Wait—don't turn on your flashlight. It will scare him. Let me show you how straight a blind man can shoot. I will shoot at the sound—"

Officer Hardy handed him his service revolver.

The roar of the gun filled the cellar. There was a scuffling, crashing noise. Then silence.

"Now turn on your flashlight," said Mario quietly.

Officer Hardy did. And a startled exclamation escaped him. He ran into the cellar.

Presently Mario heard him return. "Did I kill Meester Rat?" he asked.

"Yes," said Officer Hardy in an odd voice. "You killed a rat, Mario."

Mario's hands strayed to his throat. The pain of Scarfia's fingers still burned there.

THE END

Vox

Log of a Troubled Journey Through One of Our Weekly Blurbs

EDMONTON, CAN. — Have just received Liberty for April 19, and, as usual, turned first to the weekly blurb which, for want of a better name, you call an editorial. There are so many things in this editorial that call for comment that I can only think that the pressure on your editor's medulla oblongata must have been a little more troublesome than usual.

So it was fear that drove the U. S. into the war! Fear that, in the event of having to fight Germany alone, she would be wiped off the map. It is interesting to read this after all these years. Now we have a very satisfactory and authoritative (?) answer to the remark that the U. S. *had* to come into the war to save Europe.

I pass over the paragraphs relating to former presidents who owed their office to their participation in wars (although I am glad to find out that there was *some* reason for it) but stop short when I read that " The kings were not kingly in the war. They didn't go into actual battle, nor did their children expose themselves."

Since America missed the first three years of the war it is only natural that her knowledge of events in France should start some time in the latter part of 1917. But there are many who remember the occasions when the King of England and the Prince of Wales were actually in the front-line trenches what time the American President (and, doubtless, the editor of Liberty) were protecting themselves and trying to justify themselves by saying: " This is not our war."

It might not have been your war then, but who can doubt, after listening to the majority of Americans, that it was your war after you went in? Yours and nobody else's.

And what about King Albert of the Belgians? If he had spent his time writing " notes " in order to gain a little more time, America might have had to fight Germany alone.—*R. H. Wright.*

Just Pals

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Just finished reading Walton Green's " Little Brown Nurse."

I only hope the public will be able to see the guesswork, hokus-pokus, and slipshod experiments which are being made by these " croakers " in the hospitals and doctors' offices.

The most successful operations doctors make are with fountain pens, but people are getting wise to them and very seldom pay their outrageous and unfounded charges.—*Collector.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Where does Walton Green in his story, " Little Brown Nurse," get all the silly ideas? It is simply disgusting the way he degrades the medical profession.

Doctors and nurses never look at the money side of a patient, but the kind of disease and the welfare of the patient.

Nor do they talk things over in front of a patient.—*A Nurse.*

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—At the risk of bursting open my incision, I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoyed reading " Little Brown Nurse." The surgeon had just taken out my appendix when I got hold of Part One, and I just this minute finished Part Two.

The story is so realistic and so full of hospital atmosphere that I could feel myself breathing in the ether once more.

" Little Brown Nurse " makes me sure I'm right in my contention that people like stories of things that happen in everyday life.—*Esther L. Schwartz.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Walton Green in his story, " Little Brown Nurse," certainly made *one* fatal blunder. Here's from one who knows, too.

The nurse said to the patient that she would be in to shave her tummy and get her ready for the operation. Mr. Green has certainly never been in training, I see that.

Tell him that the " tummy " isn't shaved for a kidney operation—mainly, I suppose, because the kidneys aren't in the stomach!—*Dorothea Ernst, R. N.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The first situation in " Little Brown Nurse " this week is delicious—simply delicious: " The Great Surgeon was angry. He spoke. . . . ' If you'll step around here by me, Miss Hicks, you can spit into this man's abdomen without the least trouble.' "

Wherever two women—or twenty-two women—are gathered together the world over, their talk turns on the flippancy and carelessness of surgeons and nurses—mostly surgeons.

Anything that you can do to keep a million women away from doctors is that much to the good.—*Victoria R. Duane.*

Aw, Is That So!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—It seems to me, as a magazine, you are resting on your oars. What about that bloody hanging in Arizona? Not one word did I see in Liberty about it.

I also notice where you have overlooked two cracking good ax murders, four cases of mayhem, and a suicide pact, to say nothing of a juicy extortion plot that could have been made very attractive by you, had you been on the job.

Just because you have a large circulation, you cannot afford to slip this way.

It's a shame—you had such a splendid start.—*W. H. Burton.*

Disturbing Situation in Oneonta, N. Y.

ONEONTA, N. Y.—I have no means of knowing about the truth of the statements made by the writer from San Antonio, Texas, on the Vox Pop page of Liberty for April 5, but would say that I have been an interested reader of Liberty for the past year, but shall stop buying Liberty unless I have some more evidence that the prizes you offer are actually paid.

I cannot see what gain it is to you to actually pay out such large sums of money, hence my suspicions that they are not actually paid. I sent in a set of pictures in the Patriotic Game of Presidents, and I suppose there was about 800 sets sent in that were better than mine, as I have never heard anything from them, but I must have some evidence that there was 800 or there abouts that were better than the set I sent in.—*Parker Knapp.*

Thanks, Roy. We'll Try to Remember

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — You do take yourself so seriously. Take the question of prohibition. One would almost think you were the official publication of the brewers and distillers.

You even attribute your success as a magazine to this particular issue, when, as a matter of fact, your magazine is growing because folks enjoy it.

All in all your magazine is popular because it has a punch, but please don't destroy your popularity by becoming ridiculous over booze.—*Roy F. Chiles.*

That's the Intention

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am one of the many thousands of readers who are glad to see Sutherland back with a continuation of his wonderful mystery stories taken from real life.

Furthermore, in view of the fact that it's only human for a writer to have his own prejudices and opinions, Sutherland is to be congratulated on his manifest fairness. In every one of his stories he has given us both sides of the case.—*A Reader.*

Memo to Lawrence Saunders

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Who said the story " Smoke Screen " isn't hot? Criminy, I'm gettin' to the state of saving my copy of Liberty two or three days before I read it so I'll have something to look forward to.

Saunders, I'm simply nuts about your stories, anyhow.—*Mac.*

It's Just a Suppressed Desire

TORONTO, CAN.—Say, I was wondering if the guy that selects these short short stories for publication was by any chance an undertaker in his spare time; there is always a stiff in the stories.—*Bob Patterson.*

Pop

In Which We Are Spoken to, Gently but Firmly

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—After reading a great many of your editorials I am convinced that someone connected with the publication is able to think. Will you please ask him to glance at the advertising in his magazine?

Liberty would not advertise fake stocks but it carries more invitations to buy worthless patented and proprietary drugs, in proportion to the total volume of advertising, than any other paper of national circulation. This is not a guess but a fact and one that is not in keeping with the spirit of the editorial page.

If it is necessary to further the cause of charlatans in order to maintain a weapon against fanatics and shysters in general there is room for argument, but this does not explain direct attacks against an organization that is working for the general welfare as hard and as sincerely in its sphere as Liberty is in the journalistic world.

I am referring to " Doctors and Their Ethics," the recent article which presented the American Medical Association in a very unfair and unfavorable manner. It is evident that practically all of our physicians are trying to earn a living and that they are not all models of wisdom and virtue: only politicians and publishers can judge wisely and without emotion at all times, but this does not excuse the absurdity in question.

Capable and honorable surgeons may be found in almost every community but the public wants to be bunked and nitwit doctors as well as open fakers are there to provide.

Before you try to legislate wisdom and charity into a group of men read some of your own articles.

May I suggest that an article favoring chiropractic, Lydia Pinkham, hex doctors, and midwives is the next logical step?—*A Friend.*

CANTON, OHIO—To be sure that you read this editorial, I am inclosing it for your perusal. Yes, it was clipped from the Journal of the American Medical Association. You will note that it speaks for itself. In other words, you had better clean your own house first.

I realize that it is irritating not to have the doctors advertise in periodicals but it is going to take more than Liberty to change them. If you have shady ads from patent medicine houses you ought to be satisfied.

There are 100,000 doctors in the United States and undoubtedly thousands have Liberty in their waiting rooms, where daily thousands of people read it. It would be a nice thing in an advertising way for every physician to remove your magazine from their waiting room.

I understand that such a movement is on foot and I hope that it helps build the circulation of your paper so much. —*Macy Ginsburg, M.D.*

Mr. Thrasher's Weekly Mail

SCRANTON, PA.—I am a reader of Liberty and I find it very good except Love o' Lil. That kid in it gets me so wild I could wring her neck, only I'd spoil the magazine if I did.

Grrr! It gets me wild to think of it. Couldn't you let her move away and get somebody else?

It used to be pretty good before she came in.

If she doesn't vamoos herself there will be only 2,249,999 readers. Yours wildly.—*Betty Powell.*

GREENVILLE, OHIO—I see a lot of " squock " about the covers.

Keep on showing them as they are, Mr. Thrasher—not as they would like to be shown.—*Sez I.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As a suggestion, why not have a change of cover topic?

" For the Love o' Lil " *was* good, but like my three-year-old car, it does not have the old appeal.

My suggestion is to have a cover work of the same quality as L. Thrasher, but on a different topic.—*Edward McKee.*

OSKALOOSA, IA.—I am a Thrasher fan.

He is not only an artist, but a student of humanity, with a gift for portraying the everyday human emotions, so that his pictures have a universal appeal.—*Mrs. Lena M. Windle.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—It seems that even Liberty is unable to do anything about Leslie Thrasher.—*M. H. Boggs.*

CRESTVIEW, FLA.—Every week I fret and fume till I get your magazine, then fret and fuss because I have it.

Say—who, where, and why—Leslie Thrasher?

How long will it be before the little darling and her little friend are seen on the cover of Liberty shooting papa and mama?—*Nellie Fowler.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Tell me why is it that so many people squawk about Leslie Thrasher's covers? I think the people that write to you about him are like Scrooge in the story, " The Christmas Carol." They can't let anyone have any fun.

Keep up the good work. Kids will be kids.—*Charles Hosman.*

DENVER, COLO.—If you must have the devil on your cover, why give him the form of a beautiful little girl? He would be much more attractive in his usual shape, with tail and horns.—*N. F. Seibert.*

What's All This? Has Will Rogers a Rival?

DENVER, COLO.—By profession, inclination, and breeding, I am a cow farmer and raze cows and other range stuff including a few horses, and some more cows.

I have been too buisy the past sevral years to pay much attension to your little magazine and I hope this will not put you out any, as it never has me.

Now, boys, you ought to cut down the size of your magazine a little more. I have tore all my vest pockits trying to get your magazine into them and the magazine won't fit only the upper pockits where I carry my bull durum and papers and I can't spair them pockits not for no magazine even Liberty.

I see you are putting on a prohibishun contest. Now, boys, I can't see that any benefits can come from a prohibishun contest at this time when we already have prohibishun for them that wants it and we have jales for them that doesn't want it.

This kind of a contest is just like seeing a horse fall down dead and then offering a prize on the best letter why the horse ain't dead and can't be dead even after we saw him die and the doctor says he is dead and he *is* dead.

I think a better contest would be to give a prize to the person who can lie about how worse drinking condishuns are now than they was before the Volstead Act—the biggest lire to get the prize.—*Wm. Klotz cow farmer.*

For Mr. Brennan

PATERSON, N. J.—Once in a while someone gets the courage to write a real story, and some magazine gets the courage to print it.

" The Lost Picture " was a masterpiece, depicting the heroic efforts of a true artist to bring before this sinsteeped world the truest and saddest story ever told—The Passion Play—the story that so many refuse to listen to, or look upon, because it is so terribly true.

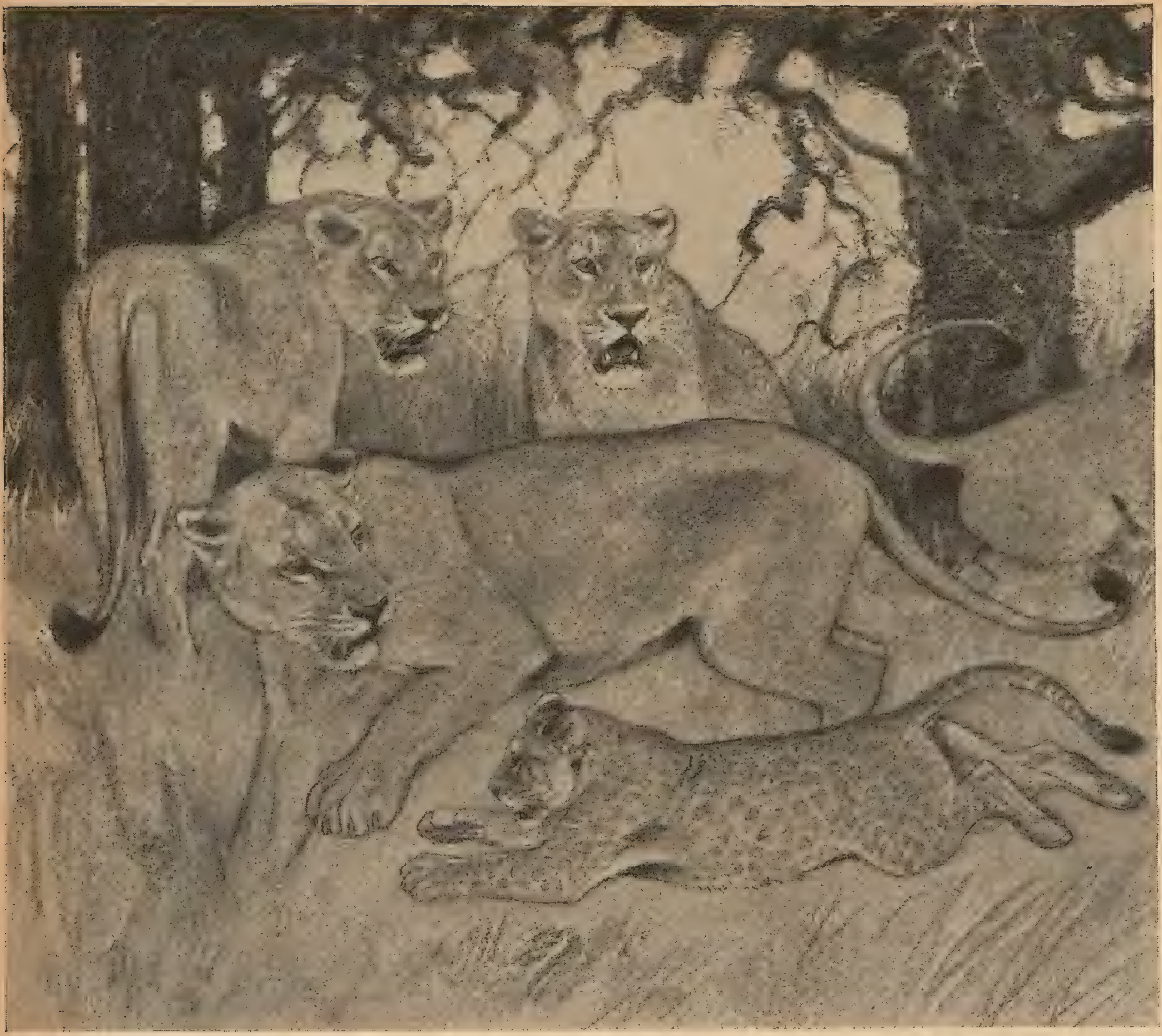
My sincerest congratulations to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, the author. May we have more from the same pen.—*Mary Ann.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You publish, in Vox Pop column, many letters pro and con, but these letters deal mainly with articles and the authors who signed their names to them.

I think that one of your most valuable features, your movie reviews, has been overlooked. Your Kate Cameron deserves five stars, more than the limit, for saving me and others money and time.

Whenever I see three or four stars in your movie review column I am sure that I will not be disappointed in the pictures so ranked.—*Julie Auerbach.*



Battle Royal

A Story of Jungle Love

By

PAUL ANNIXTER

who began life in Minnesota, earned his schooling by carrying papers and hopping bells, and then went in for three years of vagabonding. Their color and drama set him to writing—always his goal—and he has been hard at it since he sold his first story in 1916. Animals are oftenest his heroes.

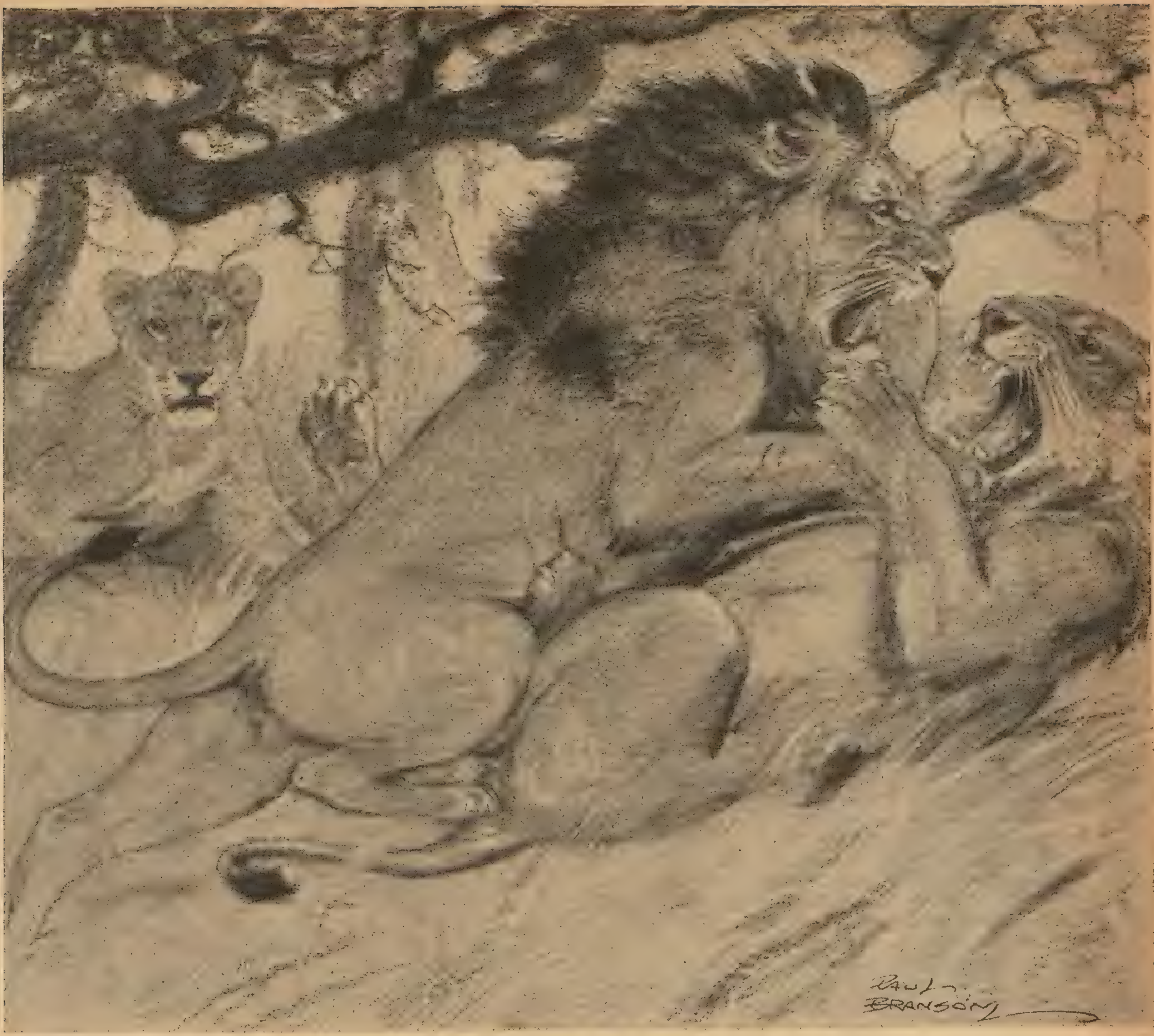
Pictures by PAUL BRANSOM

THE heat down in that natural pocket in the brush was stifling. A still heat that accentuated the dry chirring of insects. Dry, ten-foot elephant grass held in the concentrated sunlight on three sides, shutting off the faint breeze that drew up along the donga. In overpopulated India a stretch of such country would have been designated impressively as the Grass Jungles. Here it was too far and too lost in the middle of central Africa to be designated at all. Just six or seven hundred miles of big-game country, practically untracked and howlingly unknown.

A feathery mimosa tree and a few scraggly thorns, the eternal African thorn scrub, with wide arching tops, flanked one side of the cleared spot. In one of these some insect kept up a monotonous and persistent clicking that overrode the continuous jazz band of the other insects amid the grass.

In the shade beneath, two tawny-red ant hills lay. To and from the larger ran endless streams of fierce copper-colored ants, a half inch long. The second ant hill was void of life except for buzzing flies.

The wall of tawny, tinder-dry grass suddenly swayed with a swish of silk curtains. A vast, effigylike head, yellow as the veldt itself, appeared low down among the



They met in midair and came down in a frightful, roweling tangle, and what followed was the biggest thing in battle that had ever shocked the surrounding countryside.

grass stems. Larger than a washtub, it was, framed in a ruff of bristling mane, the great topaz eyes reflecting the light like sun on distant windows. As if part of the earth had suddenly erupted, the second ant hill flew asunder, separating into five very living and very fearsome parts, which came down snarling and spitting together.

They were five lions, five members of a single family—an old mother, two year-old daughters, a small male cub, and a newly annexed younger wife. One moment a motionless, slumbering heap upon the ground, resembling nothing so much as a sun-baked yellow ant hill, the next moment five lions rumbling harsh and coughingly from their swelling throats. All of this merely because of the return home from a hunt, of the grown son of the family, whose approach, stealthy though it was, had been sensed by the younger rival wife for the reason that it particularly concerned her.

ALL five now crouched a short distance apart, glaring maniacally around, for three of them, the younger three, knew not what the commotion was about; their emotion was simply a reflex. The other two knew too much about it all—far too much. The young male answered this convulsion by a subterranean growl that ran in tremors along the earth, which in turn was answered by a low moaning roar like thunder from some indeterminate point in the distance. Hard upon this came a crashing and the thud of heavy running pads.

The six lions in the clearing stood where they were like a bronze group keyed electrically to those rapidly approaching sounds. The old patriarch of the family was returning at a gallop, unmindful of who might see or hear, as well he might be, being the recognized king of all that district. A sense of mighty leashed force that carried with it a wave of panic swept ahead of him. As on the wings of a violent wind the great dark-maned sire burst into the clearing and came to a dead dramatic stop.

There was a moment of marvelous profile pose in which the old king, a monster of the lion kind and a statue of power incarnate, drew himself to his full height, mouth half open, and glared grandly around. Then he became the seventh in the tense and motionless group, except for the spasmodic lashing of his tail. Even the insects had ceased their fiddling now, all except the one in the tree.

Abruptly the younger lioness broke the picture, stretching herself out again in the shade with elaborate indolence and unconcern. The other four followed her. Theirs not to reason as to queer tensions in the air, now that their lord and master had returned. Father and son, however, remained eying each other with yellow, hate-loaded orbs for another full minute before the old sire lumbered over to join the siesta in the shade.

The young lion lay down considerably apart, likewise

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

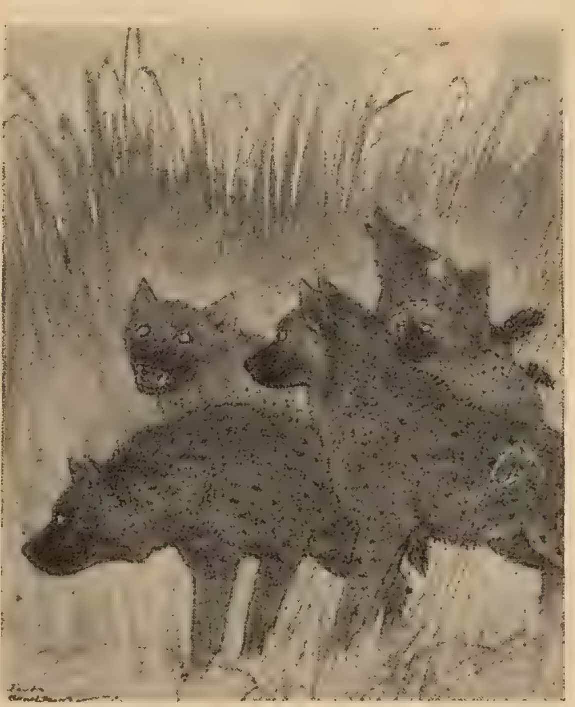
BATTLE ROYAL
Continued from page fifty-one

with a studied indifference. He stretched himself full length, half in and half out of the sunlight, a feline masterpiece in gleaming gold. He was like sunlight itself, a liquid condensation. In every ripple and gleam of him was the unhurt power of youth, a mien of unquenchable audacity, but lacking as yet the grim surety of his sire. At each undue movement of his the lower jaw of the old master dropped open an inch or two with a sound like water sucking down a great drain.

The younger lion yawned, the lids drooped over his ocher eyes, courting sleep, but all of it feigned. Everything here, in fact, was feigned, for the actors were all cats, in whom, of all living beasts, imagination has reached its highest height.

The young female who had feigned to doze, but who had watched everything, rolled over on her shoulders, feet tossed aloft, with a nestling quiver throughout. The eyes of both males turned pole-true upon her with an instant and terrible intensity, the younger one with a paw which he had been licking held absently before his face. His pale eyes seemed to fondle the beauty of the lioness, while those of his sire flamed green-red with a sudden havoc of jealousy.

To the young female the world was very good this afternoon, good as the life, thrilling, pulsing, and rippling under her golden skin. In every attitude she showed her awareness and her relish of the exquisite tension that prevailed. She saw fit now to primp and groom herself with that loving care for small details that only felines have. Only so did one retain one's lissom power and grace as the darling of two strong males.


The attendant ghouls held slavering conclave, advertised by lugubrious gasps of low retching laughter.

She washed herself into a doze, awoke and washed again. She washed pregnant minutes away on one pad only—toe after toe massaged, combed, and put away, and brought out again with the appalling self-absorption one often sees in the attitude of a well fed house cat magnified one hundred times. She washed her face and shoulders and the soft underparts of her forelegs, with special care to the fringes. She washed her sides and sinuous flanks and finally caught up the tufted tip of her tail and examined it as one might happen upon an object the like of which had never been seen before.

SHE laid it down with a flirting kittenish movement. The thing stirred and she snatched for it with coy dissimulation. It lay as dead. She combed out a neglected patch on her velvety underparts that were soft as young eider down, then jerked about again in well simulated fright. Assuredly that absurd tuft had twitched again. She arched half up and poked it closer, then caught it between both paws and gave it the washing of its life. The two vast males meantime had watched each playful move in a hang-jawed hypnosis.

Small matters, these, in the recounting, yet every shift and play was freighted with the significance of a load of dynamite. And every cat, with the exception of the cub, knew it, while carrying out an elaborate piece of acting to the contrary that almost touched reality.

For more than six weeks this state of affairs had existed, veiled by ever subtler degrees of artifice. All because Libah, the elder son of the family, was tarrying overlong in the home ties, there being no longer room for him and his father together in a single party. What was the matter with Libah? He was three years old, that's what the matter was. In short, he was of age, as the sociologists put it, and had already proven himself to be the subtlest of lovers. All this was as obvious as the neck on an ostrich, but these were the Orientals of the wilderness in whom subtlety was incessant, in whom thought was ever circuitous, inscrutable. When action did come it would strike before a man could cry "Murder."

Two hours later the quick dark of the veldt strode over the game plains with little or no preliminary dusk. Big bats like gigantic moths were already swooping across the sky engaged in foraging trawler-fashion in midair on the insect life that hovered above the grass tops. The daytime song of insects had given way to the high, thin blood-song of mosquitoes, all but the clicking in the mimosa tree, which never stilled. Afar, a cock ostrich roared like a half-grown bullock.

The lion family roused themselves, though none had slept, to take up the duties of the dark—their day. A moment and the pocket in the grass was empty. They had gone as lions go, or are gone, when they wish it—with nothing to advertise it beyond the fact that they have vanished.

"AH," said a low voice from the depths of the mimosa tree, the one that harbored the persistent insect. "Welcome relief."

"Double that order," came an answering murmur with a stifled groan. Seldes, the big-game hunter, let himself painfully down from a forked branch to the cleverly concealed platform of Beaumont, the English cameraman. "Gad, what a stretch."

"Seven hours," pronounced Beaumont, taking down his instrument.

"How time flies in the wild! Draw me that bath hither, like a good bounder, will you?"

Beaumont passed the half-empty canteen. Seldes wryly moistened his heat-cracked lips with the blood-warm water.

"A really delightful afternoon, dear chap. I hate to tear myself away, but I'd best be running on while I'm good and full of the subject."

Beaumont silenced the clicking insect in the tree—a clockwork device he had arranged a fortnight before to accustom the lions to the sound of the camera. Silently and with ready rifles they threaded their way toward their distant camp.

"A big day," murmured Beaumont, "and we got it all. For a while I thought they were going to stage the showdown for us, the big fight for harem honors—"

"A couple of bad kitties, those big boys," said Seldes. "And for a bit they were close enough to tattoo us—"

"The film will be a coup of its kind—a classic."

"Oh, quite. Scylla and Charybdis. Ossa on Pelion. However, I don't just feel sweetened toward the family for arguing it out under our tree. I'll be seeing pater and the boy at night to my dying day."

"If something really smashing and dramatic could happen now and the wind continue to favor us, we might be lucky enough to catch it."

"I might offer up my young self as a sacrifice," grimaced Seldes.

"Oh, don't rot."

A bit later from the middle distance came an evening advertisement for all who had ears to hear—a kingly edict broadcast from the throat of the old lion lord. Lowering his head until his great mane hung in a ruff around him, the old patriarch emitted eight dry, harsh, dragging roars in an ascending scale until the vast plain gave back the volume of it like a sounding board and the echoes died away among the distant hills. It ended in a deep-lunged carnivorous sigh and it apprised all lesser subjects that his majesty hungered and would shortly feed. This much of warning nature demands of even the king of beasts before he hunts—from all those creatures great or small "who seek their meat from God."

The lions, as usual, were fierce with hunger this night. The family hunted together in an organized body, sliding

—there is no other word for it—on their bellies through the moonless dark that to their eyes was but an indeterminate gray. As they neared the high game plateau where the grass grew shorter, their progress became a marvel of self-effacement, a revelation upon the ways of the wild. Only their eyes, green ovals of imprisoned light, drifted bodyless through the night.

Usually these nightly hunts were beloved by the whole family past any speaking. The zest of the hunt would run like liquid fire through their veins; their breathless stalking from shadow to shadow and covert to covert could defy even the ear of the silver jackal. The exquisite waits beside the game trails, the sighting of the quarry on some distant rise that caused each cat's high-tension nervous system to snap and sparkle with excitement, and the final fearsome rush. Then the triumph, the banquet, and the long blood-drunken slumber that followed.

Tonight, however, the hunt was joyless. Their sally forth was a matter of business only, nor did the affair with the pangolin help matters. It was Libah who discovered this knotty proposition and—fatefully—the sire who was made the clown. That strange armored anteater which looks like nothing so much as a big pineapple on legs, with its overlapping horny scales, was issuing sluggishly from its burrow when Libah pounced upon it like an overgrown mouser. An instant later his sire brushed him officially aside, for he it was who made all kills.

THE pangolin, however, is the stickly-prickly of the African plains. Promptly he rolled himself up into an invulnerable ball which not even the teeth of a grown lion could penetrate. For a space the old master gnawed fiercely and vainly at the shell of the reptilelike animal, head turning from side to side to bring his powerful back teeth into play. At the end of three minutes he gave it up with a wrathful swipe of his paw that sent the anteater spinning a dozen feet away. With a low rumble he turned upon his son, who, to his dim understanding, was responsible for it all. For a moment things hung at an ugly balance, but in that moment there came to them on the lap of the breeze the sense of feeding game near by.

In this far corner of the African hinterland, still virgin and unravaged by man, the endless stretches of the savanna were alive with every manner of prey. The herds of gentle browsing folk, a thousand in number to the killers' one, still bred faster than the bloodthirsty could decimate them. Their variety was limitless, from the tiny duiker antelope, no larger than jack rabbits, to the ponderous hartebeeste, the quagga, and the gay and dapper zebra. For such as these quick death lurked everywhere, sacrifice being the common lot of those of the cloven hoof.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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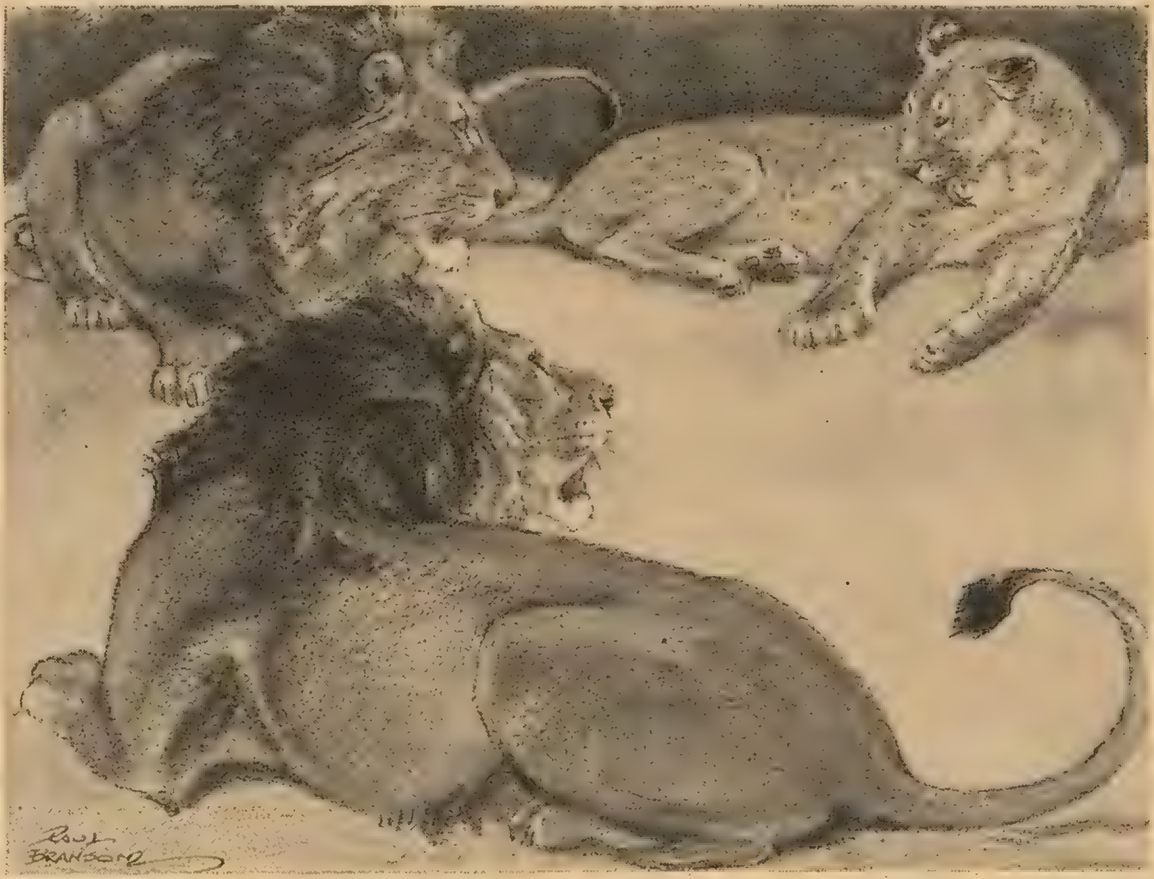
BATTLE ROYAL
Continued from page fifty-three

A herd of zebra with a few gazelle and quagga interspersed were feeding less than a hundred yards away, moving slowly down a grassy swale to the left, and toward this the lions now crept. Drifting cloud shadows could have made no less sound than they. According to custom, the old patriarch was to deliver the attack, but tonight things were moving decidedly not according to custom.

Two minutes back a Grant's gazelle, one of the sharpest-nosed of all the browsers, had gotten a faint suggestion of lion taint in the air, and given an unguessed warning. Therefore, it was that a moment before, instead of after, the old lion's rush the herd stampeded. The sire's charge fell short and in his excitement Libah caught up with his father like a tawny projectile fired from some great gun. Two vast lions, then, bounding wrathfully and idiotically in the wake of the wind-swift herd, close together and swallowing much dust. The result was not sweetening.



She washed herself into a doze, awoke and washed again. The two vast males watched each move in hang-jawed hypnosis.

Libah had the sense—or the bad grace—to stop first, leaving his sire to cavort senselessly thirty yards farther. Aroused lions do not run to brains, particularly after missing a kill. A minute later the pair were glaring at each other through the dust, husking low thunder and lashing their tails, the sire in a yellow-eyed wrath. The walls of his pride and, worse, his dignity, had been shattered.

That wrath turned upon Libah as naturally as water runs downhill. For an instant the sire appeared to be turning away, then, suddenly and with no warning, he sprang. The two met and fell together, the old lion on top. There was a fearful spinning and writhing of heavy bodies among the shadows, round and round in a ghastly Catherine wheel of horror, amid snarls and roarings that might have come from the pit. Then, as quickly as it had broken, it was over; the old lion was slouching back toward the females and the young one stood in the thorn brush fifty paces away, rumbling sod-shaking rumbles of wrath and consternation. He was no weakling, but the swift, brutal assurance of his father had submerged him like a falling cliff.

THAT ended it, at least, for the nonce. Young Libah took himself off into the night, but not clear off. In the neighboring darkness he tarried and devoted himself to informing the night and the world in a grand, reverberating bass what he would do about the matter when he got around to it. For the next four hours, in fact, he continued to talk of it, sullen angry roarings that filled the dark. And his sire, naturally not to be outdone and being full of arrogant pride and not at all deaf, had to answer each coughing boom with a lusty and imperial challenge of his own. The resulting acoustics shattered the echoing and immemorial loneliness of the plains, hurling birds out of near-by trees, sending all game for four miles around on a rapid *qui vive* for distant parts. In consequence, the lions did not eat. Not even a bush dassie was killed throughout the night.

The approach of dawn found the lion family footsore and sorry, and utterly empty, the two males minus much of their wind and brag. All except Libah headed back for the pocket in the grass, in tempo—as well as temper—*furioso*. Hunger by now gnawed at their vitals like glowing coals, for high-tension killing machines of five hundred pounds more or less, are not propelled by ozone. Nor was that the worst, for sleep was likewise to be denied them. Their "followers" were displeased, and followers are no mere aliquot parts of wilderness lordship. The undertakers of the wild, to wit: the hyenas and their poor relations, the jackals, were wroth with them, for in lion land a king must provide for his faithful.

A RABBLE of eleven of these scavengers, eight spotted and mangy hyenas and three blackback jackals, made up the nightly escort, the lugubrious camp followers of the royal family. All night, as usual, these had shadowed their kingly cortège, but to no avail. Vainly they had chevied game, brilliantly skulked to lee and larboard, and lent their morale to the hunt in ghoulish fearsome cries. It had netted them nothing, neither bones nor offal, and now they voiced the fact in accents obscene; worse, they gibbered of it. Would pen could portray the enormity of vile insult and leering insinuation condensed into that vocal revolt.

"Hoooo-aah, hooo-ah, huah, huah, yaaa-aaa-ya-ya-ya."

A chorus of bestial cries, whines, and howlings, and bloodchilling shrieks as of someone gurgling in death throes broke upon the predawn stillness as the six cats showed obviously that they had given up the hunt for the night. Nearer and louder came the obscene coughings in the blackness as the lions neared the lair amid the grass. The tumult was fit for an asylum. And the smell!—the carrion breath that only the mangy folk give off. Interspersed with the slobbering moans, the degraded and demoniac crying, yelling, snapping, and howling, the grisly crew would break forth from time to time in peals of utterly abandoned, crazy, loose laughter. For hyenas laugh—heaven knows why, but such is the working of their low and execrable minds—when they are most vicious. Such is the nature of grave robbers.

The lions took it with majesty. Heads up, with lordly stride, they looked upon the skulkers as rulers might upon a bolshevik mob following them to their death. Now and again amid the blotted blackness of grass and scrub they had glimpses of unlovely fiend-visaged forms, hump-shouldered and sloping-haunched, mad eyes phosphorescent with malice. Wrath surged through them molten hot, but all knew the uselessness of retaliation. Once, however, the old master forgot himself long enough for a chain-lightning rush, but his mighty sideways slaps struck only air. The shadows were gone, flicked into nowhere, and without a second of grace nor yet any warning beforehand.

Day came at last, bringing something of quiet, but not of peace. The lions were by now literally on end with irritation, ready to choke, back-fire, and explode from sheer cussedness. That one burst of temper between father and son had only served to awaken a worse. Nor did hunger and the man-killing sun of those parts, blazing down upon the already parched and sizzled-up scenery, alleviate matters. Dissimulation went on as usual, but one could have told by their deep and stifled rumblings, their sinister and savage snapping at the flies, their low and awful purrings as they tossed. When the cub, who suffered least, saw fit to begin playing with the tip of the younger lioness' tail he received a cuff that brought the old madame bristling in and almost flung the whole family into pitched internecine war. Plainly nerve ends were sparking from strain. When the old sire approached to discipline them, the younger female hissed and drew back with a nightish luster in her eyes, avoiding him with a playful leap of capitulation and a flash to cover in the grass. At least, it seemed capitulation, but none could really say, and the king was too dignified to follow and find out, though his muzzle continued to hold true to all her movements. The witch would come back in time. Apparently bored, the master lolled back, lazily intrenched in that ancient precept discovered by some cat—that the chief joy of any holiday is in the anticipation.

This much was certain as the forenoon drew on and the insects renewed their fiddling, including the one in the tree—that the forceful earth was potent with unrest this day; in the veins of each vast cat mother nature was beating her fiercest. Every breeze puffing from the veldt carried a pulsing promise of love, drama, or nuptial flight—hot breaths that were like nothing else except a lion's throat.

MEANTIME the attendant ghouls had withdrawn, but not too far, and not to sleep. Somewhere in the shadowy fastness of the thorn scrub, which is a menacing mystery even by day, they still held slavering conclave, muffled now, advertised only by occasional lugubrious gasps and chuckles of low retching laughter. Oh, yes. They were quiet now, for they were engaged in *reading the feel* of those parts, if you please, for hyenas are the barometers of the bush, keener, far keener, than even the aasvogel or the bald buzzard in sensing dark things that are to come to pass. And when they mouthed and chortled thus in private, it was a sign that all the wild had learned, for it was tragedy they sensed, an imminent banquet high and rare.

"I wonder," whispered Seldes to Beaumont—they were back in the tree again—"if the old boy did for the young beggar in the night."

Both men had hearkened to the distant sounds of strife and roaring in the night and indulged in conjecture. They might have saved it, however, for Libah was anything but dead. That morning he had slept off his rage, at least, the noisy part of it, in a reed bed, and awakened desperately hungry, touchy as a dog in the manger, but quiet—ominously quiet. He had learned something in the night. He had learned what it meant to be alone, completely alone, also hungry. Likewise he knew now just what had happened to him in that brush with his father. He had been cowed, bluffed, swiftly and effectively rushed off the premises by that wily old bully, without even a trial of his strength. He could see it now that his emotions were stilled.

He dwelt upon that through the morning as one hour after another passed and found him still unfed. His lusty appetite mounted until it was a public menace, no less, and with it that sense of aloneness grew upon him. It grew until shortly after midday there broke upon his effete, but still very adolescent mind, the knowledge of just what it was he must have and how and where to trek for it. And after that he trekked, ominously and in sinister silence.

One likes to think of Libah, so young and naïve and wholly inexperienced, facing grimly about for home to have it out with his crafty and domineering sire, "once and for all." He was a good foot or more shorter than

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Beauty and Charm Soon Fade

if You Don't Control Your "NERVES"

LEADING beauty experts agree that "NERVES" eventually ruin a woman's attractiveness. Nervous, irritable spells soon rob you of charm. Jumpy, twitchy "NERVES" hasten the lines of age in the face. Nervousness hampers digestion —often causing complexion troubles. Then despite creams, lotions and facials, your beauty and charm soon fade.

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BATTLE ROYAL
Continued from page fifty-five

the old king, leaner and smaller in every way, and had already been felled by one of the other's swiping blows. But it was love that was drawing Libah, or the best imitation of love a lion can compass.

He took a long time about that return journey. He slouched along, or appeared to, but it was the loose padding slouch of a lion, which means a good three miles an hour even over rough country. And his going was steady and purposeful as fate itself. Except for those places where he crossed the skyline, he was not to be accounted for any of the way. Neither was his soundless arrival at the home lair an hour later. Therefore it was that Seldes' whispered query to Beaumont, above mentioned, was answered simply by the soft warning pressure of the latter's fingers upon his arm. For all in that instant Seldes' eyes had turned away from the clearing below, Libah had arrived.

Already he was accomplishing the latter part of that spooklike appearance—manifestation would be the better word—drawing his long tawny length into the open. It seemed he would never stop, even his tail trailed out and out endlessly. Already Beaumont was winding film, a silent tension in his absorption in the scene below. Could it be that the drama that had been pending for days was about to break before the camera's glass eye that looked for all the world to see?

At the first lisping whisper of the parting grass—there must have been some whisper of that approach—though neither of the watchers heard a thing—the younger female had whipped about to gaze. It was as if she had been waiting for this all along. Likewise the cub ceased snatching at a butterfly and stared. The old lioness was asleep.

LIBAH took no notice of any of these. His yellow-eyed glare was upon his sire, as if nailed there, his lip lifted in a soundless snarl. But the old master, half turned away, remained oblivious. For sixty brief and paralyzing seconds there was a breathless pause in which the group maintained frozen postures, moveless yet eloquent with drama. Then the sire rose, took three leisurely strides away from his son, and pivoting about like a top, hurled himself at Libah in one dumb, death-dealing charge. The old villain had seen Libah from the first instant, but having felt the force of the other's side-arm swipes, and having a crafty respect for the youngster's size and lightning speed, sought to catch him unawares again by strategy.

But this time Libah was not to be had. As if steel springs had released him, he sprang at the same instant, or maybe an instant before, for if there was one thing exceeded the old king's mania to tear into Libah, it was Libah's madness to tear into him. They met in midair and came down in a frightful, roweling tangle, and what followed was the biggest thing in battle that had ever shocked the surrounding countryside since the antediluvian ancestors of the lion kind ranged those ravines in company with bygone brontosauri.

Lions fight for the most part risen on their hind legs, claw to claw, tooth against tooth. Libah and his sire fought any way and every way, regardless of time-honored customs. Times they were down amid a whirl of dust and grass, kicking and roweling with their terrible hind legs. Times their heavy bodies were locked in a sort of ghastly waltz of earless fiends, in which they would break, clinch, leap clear, and be back again from different angles all in an instant, as if tied by bands of rubber. Again they would be three feet apart, ripping forth short, explosive, grunting coughs with sidewise lifted lips, and making passes at the empty air as each tried to anticipate the enemy's next move. All of this amid roars and bellowings that defy description, for the entire family was in on that, weaving in and out as they paced in a reflex of excitement.

Worry was plainly written on the face of the old mother; in the mien of the younger female something else, an exquisite thrill of tension in the knowledge that a battle of two strong males was joined for which she was to be the prize. She forgot concern from time to time in a telltale bleating purr of sheer self-admiration.

THE battle, foot by hard-fought foot, was working now slowly out of the clearing and into the tall grass below. And it was the old king himself who was giving ground. He had not underrated Libah's power and agility. He himself had come to that age where he wasn't quite certain when strength, under stress, would give way to weight and years. He was backing toward a rocky pocket in the donga he knew of, there to make a stand till Libah wore off the edge of that tireless India-rubber youth of his. Then slow and crushing weight would tell.

But that was just one trick too many, for just here nature chose her own dénouement once again, and nature's ways of taking a hand in such a game are many. The old lion had almost reached the cranny amid the rocks, when quite suddenly he collapsed in the middle of one of his fiercest parries, as if all the air had been let out of him swiftly and at once. His lunge toward Libah ended in a back dive, his body curving back upon itself in seeming agony, and, for the first and last time in his life, Libah saw fear written in those great unforgettable eyes of his sire. Next instant the old king was down, out of sight amid the grass, joined in a hideous battle with something, rolling over and over, thrashing and biting himself, the thing—whatever it was—and the good earth in an extremity of desperation.

Within a minute thereafter an ear-splitting yell issued from the center of tumult. It seemed torn out of the old lion's lungs. Then all trouble ceased and Libah, pressing close to peer, descried his father stretched out in quite a picturesque attitude that advertised at a glance what was ailing him. It was death that was ailing him. Never again would he rise to lord it over that populous precinct of the wild. He had trod upon a ringhals—that fatal spitting cobra of the African veldt—upon which one treads but once.

In the awed quiet that followed those unnice sounds of struggle, came a swift slithering sound and something like a loop of dirty water flung from a doorway flashed away within ten feet of Libah. That was the ringhals removing after work well done.

And hard upon this came another and different slithering, seemingly from aloft. And that was Beaumont, who had nearly fallen out of the tree in his anxiety to catch the whole of the scene below.

Next instant five pair of palely incandescent eyes were focused upward at the screen of leaves behind which the white men crouched. Stealthily all began creeping toward the tree, bent on finding out what was going on aloft. Thirty feet away the family stopped, and it was Libah then who pressed on alone. Quite automatically he had stepped to the fore in crisis, and very noble and puissant he looked in his sire's former rôle.

TWENTY feet and Libah's advance became a crouching crawl; to the rear the family pressing close together in suspense. In the tense stillness the white men saw the rear pads of the young monarch gripping and clutching the ground as he made ready for a leap that would send him smashing upward through screen and platform.

Seldes' black automatic was out. One squeeze and its leaden stream would stop anything but an elephant at that short range; still he waited, a repugnance in his mind at thought of turning this masterpiece of nature into a twitching bloody heap upon the ground. But Beaumont was before him, leaning downward amid the leaves, taking aim no doubt. Suddenly the densely shaded depths of the tree and all the surrounding shadows were filled with a flash of blinding light, followed by a cloud of choking smoke. And, simultaneously, every lion in the clearing magicked himself into nowhere as if at the waving of a conjurer's wand—the only sign of that going being a sound as of a heavy wind rapidly dwindling away amid the dry grass.

A low chuckle from Beaumont brought Seldes round. The cameraman was still holding a smoking tube in his hand, the size and shape of a large candle. It was an empty motion-picture flash-light cartridge.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—Nicholas II.
2—Sir Walter Raleigh.
3—A position or predicament affording no escape.
4—The eldest daughter of a sovereign.
5—A Christmas carol.
6—Cape Horn. Cape of Good Hope.
7—One who shirks his duty by pretending illness or inability.
8—Istanbul.
9—The use, without due credit, of the ideas, expressions, or productions of another.
10—State of being learned.
11—The power or right of self-government.
12—Parishes.
13—Word for word.
14—Differing in kind; dissimilar.
15—Music of rustic simplicity and sentiment, sometimes suggestive of rural sounds.
16—Carbon monoxide.
17—Flaxseed.
18—They are names of kinds of cheese.
19—Addis Ababa.
20—Two hours.

The answer to the fourth question in the April 19 issue was inadvertently omitted. It is: The bald eagle.

Are you comfortable when you sit?

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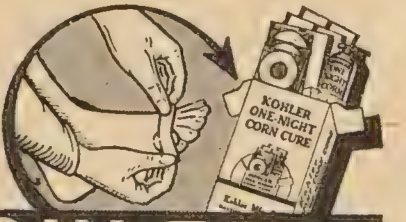

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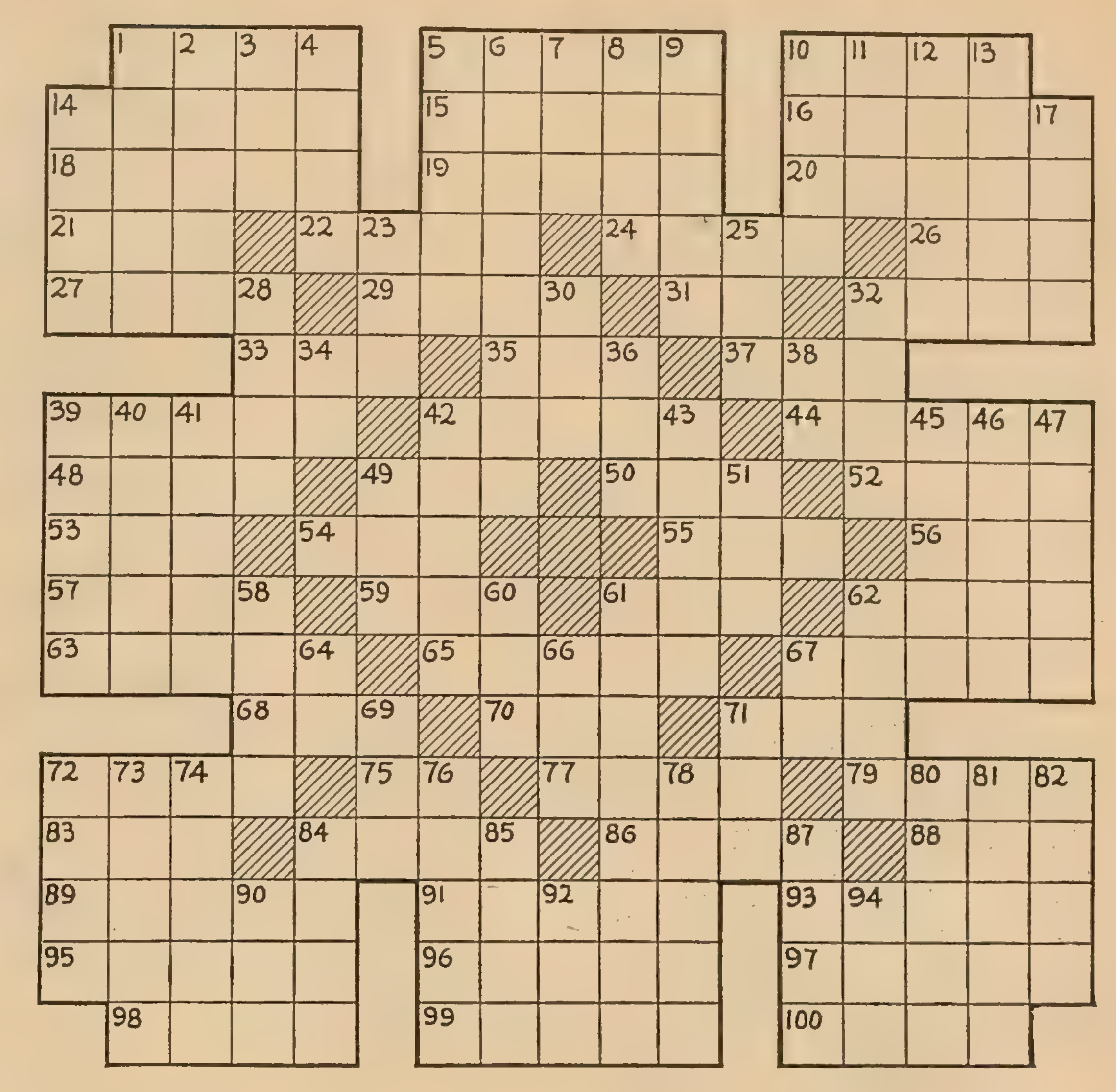
Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

1	A beverage (plural)
5	Very large nail
10	Relieve of strain
14	Minister to
15	Fairies
16	Oriental guitar
18	A size of type
19	Concerning
20	Verify
21	Hasten
22	Principal; chief
24	Gainsay; contradict
26	Range of knowledge
27	To try
29	Kind of ginger cake
31	Egyptian deity
32	For fear that
33	Unrefined metal
35	Mesh fabric
37	Merry
39	Talk idly
42	To spot
44	Jogs
48	Learning
49	Possesses
50	Seize suddenly
52	County in New York
53	Hail!
54	A tree
55	Joined
56	Obtain
57	Baseball nine
59	Entangle
61	Comprehend
62	Defy
63	City in Germany
65	Inflames
67	Compact
68	Drowse
70	Form of to be
71	Succeeded
72	Furl, as a sail
75	Either
77	A container
79	High and slender
83	Commotion
84	A single thing
86	A king of Midian
88	Recline
89	The sea lettuce
91	The archfiend
93	The best part
95	Moldings
96	One of the Muses
97	Mentally sounder
98	Woman's name
99	A drain
100	Sheep

VERTICAL

1	Debate; dispute
2	Inclines from a vertical position
3	Corrode
4	Stalk
5	European kingdom
6	Flags
7	Ill temper
8	Benevolent
9	Compound ether
10	Descry; discern
11	Ventilate
12	Stir up, as a fire
13	Edges of a roof
14	Sour
17	Lease
23	Character in Ibsen's Peer Gynt
25	Horse
28	Carry
30	Edible seed
32	Stringed instrument
34	Note of the scale
36	A metal
38	By
39	Flat dish
40	Wanders; rambles
41	Districts
42	Wife of Abraham
43	Titles
45	A wind instrument
46	Rows or ranks
47	Long seat with a back (variant)
49	A pronoun
51	An insect
58	Repair
60	A beverage
61	Salt or ester of stearic acid
62	Small hollow
64	Not
66	Section of a circle
67	Perform
69	Put on
71	Any complicated fabrication
72	Disk of light
73	Maxim; proverb
74	New; unusual
76	Ascends
78	Spanish gentleman
80	Set in a row
81	Citrous fruit (pl.)
82	Look obliquely
84	Either one of the Bears (astronomy)
85	A weed
87	Part of a church
90	A fish
92	Make into leather
95	Unrefined

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 COPE RATER UTAH
LAVED ADORE SALOL
ERASE CARIB ELITE
TAT NYE SEALS NET
STEM ERE STY PELT
   ABASES ERIA
SAMPAN LEA ERRANT
ALE RESPECT ERROR
LADS DUO COB SIRE
ATONE STREWED ASE
DECENT SIN TEASED
   ADIT ATTEND
BANK RET SAL DENT
ORE SERES PSI LIE
SERGE SNARE ORATE
HAVEN ESTER NOTES
 SEED REEDS SEER
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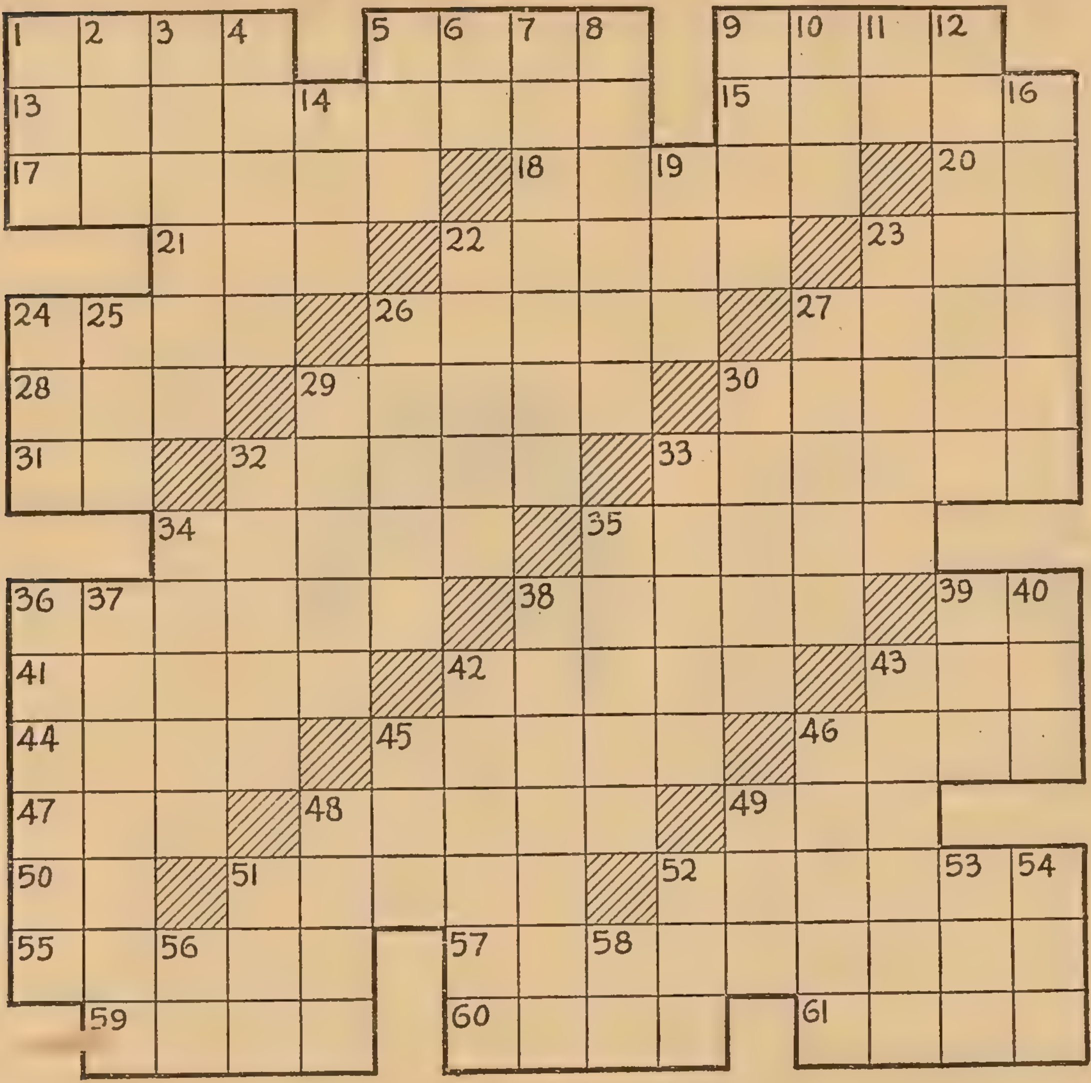
Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

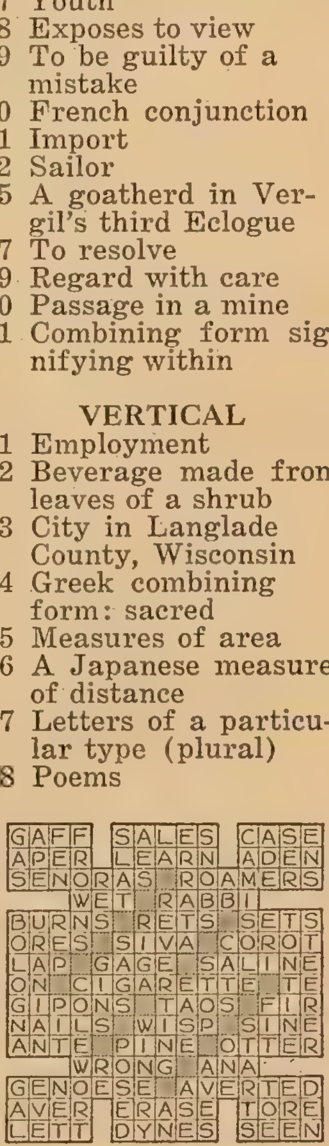


HORIZONTAL

- 1 A western state
- 5 Seed covering
- 9 Asterisk
- 13 Priority of birth, office, or service
- 15 Quoted
- 17 Consumers
- 18 Greek poet of Lesbos
- 20 An element (symbol)
- 21 Ill temper
- 22 To coquet
- 23 Obscure
- 24 Character in Othello
- 26 Sleek; smooth
- 27 Combining form meaning equal
- 28 The Spanish word for river
- 29 A member of the laity (plural)
- 30 Talks or declaims as if mad
- 31 A form of to be
- 32 Devices for clasping and holding tightly
- 33 To make partition of among a number
- 34 End to which a design tends (plural)
- 35 Caused to fall in
- 36 Issues or passes off, as vapor
- 38 The central part of anything (plural)
- 39 A pronoun
- 41 An island in the Mediterranean Sea
- 42 Disease in sheep commonly termed the rot (plural)
- 43 Leading unit in a military formation
- 44 To make iridescent
- 45 A sleeveless garment (plural)
- 46 Low land overflowed with water (plural)
- 47 Youth
- 48 Exposes to view
- 49 To be guilty of a mistake
- 50 French conjunction
- 51 Import
- 52 Sailor
- 55 A goatherd in Vergil's third Eclogue
- 57 To resolve
- 59 Regard with care
- 60 Passage in a mine
- 61 Combining form signifying within

VERTICAL

- 1 Employment
- 2 Beverage made from leaves of a shrub
- 3 City in Langlade County, Wisconsin
- 4 Greek combining form: sacred
- 5 Measures of area
- 6 A Japanese measure of distance
- 7 Letters of a particular type (plural)
- 8 Poems
- 9 Tax or contribution
- 10 A metal
- 11 By
- 12 Withdrew from active service
- 14 Crude metal
- 16 To pass by descent or bequest
- 19 To annoy; bore
- 22 Tosses or fillips
- 23 A king of Israel
- 24 A god of war in Babylonian mythology
- 25 To point
- 26 Leaves port, as a vessel
- 27 Lays or covers with stone or other material
- 29 Beast of burden
- 30 Rends asunder
- 32 Garments
- 33 Defies
- 34 Frozen
- 35 Conoidal pieces in machinery
- 36 Showed a particular facial expression
- 37 New Zealand tree
- 38 Pranced
- 39 A Chinese dynasty
- 40 Measures of type
- 42 State in India
- 43 Noxious animals
- 45 A container
- 46 Bodily structure
- 48 Make crooked
- 49 Ever
- 51 Digit
- 52 To fix in the ground, as a post
- 53 In addition
- 54 Prefix: recent
- 56 Pronoun
- 58 A note of the diatonic scale


GAFF SALES CASE
APER LEARN ADEN
SENORAS ROAMERS
WET RABBI
BURNS RETS SETS
ORES SIVA COROT
LAP GAGE SALINE
ON CIGARETTE TE
GIPONS TAOS FIR
NAILS WISP SINE
ANTE PINE OTTER
WRONG ANA
GENOESE AVERTED
AVER ERASE TORE
LETT DYNES SEEN

Answer to last week's puzzle

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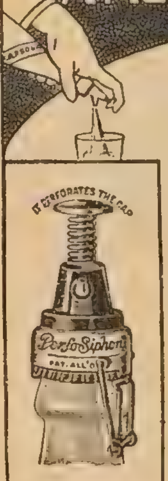

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NEW *Faces for* OLD

What the Talkies Have Done to Hollywood

By FLORABEL MUIR

FOR the last year I have been sitting on the side lines of Hollywood watching the most disturbing revolution that the motion-picture industry has experienced in its turbulent existence.

Stars dear to the hearts of movie fans for years have blinked out one by one, and new luminaries are taking their places. The tragedy of it is that the old ones are not even missed. New faces are crowding the screen so fast that the once waning interest of the public in pictures has been reawakened. Will Hays says movie attendance is twenty-five per cent greater than ever before.

Winnie Lightner made Gold Diggers of Broadway a hit.

Marilyn Miller in Sally met every requirement of the producer of talkies.

Helen Kane, the Boop-a-Doop girl, starred in Sweetie.

The producers are happy; box-office cash registers are merrily clicking up new records. In short, the new dispensation pleases everybody but the old stars. For dozens of them it means twilight and inevitable oblivion.

Whoopee, joint production of Samuel Goldwyn and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., is likely to set a mark for lavishness in Hollywood this year. It illustrates what is happening.

For weeks Mr. Goldwyn searched for the right girl to play the ingénue part in this talking-singing-dancing picture. All Hollywood heard of his predicament and scores of famous screen beauties took tests for the rôle.

The Goldwyn standard was uncompromising. He knew exactly what he wanted. Competition was keen. The girl lucky enough to capture the job would be as good as made.

The screen girls failed one and all to win the coveted plum. It fell into the hands of Eleanor Hunt, a New York chorus girl who had come to Hollywood with no loftier ambition than to sing and dance in the chorus of the movie Whoopee, as she had done in the Ziegfeld-Eddie Cantor stage production.

Why? I was curious and asked Sam Goldwyn the answer.

"Miss Hunt," he told me, "has all the requirements for the part. When I first saw her I thought she was the girl I wanted, and when I saw and heard her tests I knew it."

Miss Hunt won hands down, Goldwyn pointed out, because she possesses the six qualifications that a girl must have to win the richest rewards that a talkie-reformed Hollywood has to offer. These six, he said, are: beauty; acting ability; a pleasant speaking voice; a good singing voice; ability to dance; screen personality.

There were no such essentials in the days of silent pictures. Graces that stage actresses must acquire were airily neglected by the movie queens.

The result is that the old favorites are being crowded out by an army of talented hard-working youngsters.

It is a distressing and pathetic picture, this twilight of the film goddesses. But to the producers it means the dawn of a new and brighter day.

The old stars were a costly burden. For years the producers have taken counsel among themselves seeking ways to abolish the star system, but until the talkies came along they got exactly nowhere.

The talkies opened the doors of cinemaland to an untapped reservoir of talent. From vaudeville and the speaking stage came a horde of recruits glad to work for comparatively small wages, overjoyed at the promise of home life that the movies held out, avid for the luxuries that movie money would provide for them.

Out of this timber the stars of today and tomorrow are being fashioned. At first gradually and then with a concerted rush they stormed the ramparts of Hollywood. They were regarded as interlopers. Now their conquest of Hollywood is an accomplished fact.

WHEN the talkie cyclone first loomed up the old-time stars felt secure behind their bulwarks.

"We can't be replaced," they said in effect. "The public knows us. We are household words, even in climes where the fans can't read our names. Without us the whole movie structure will fall to pieces."

Hollywood believed them. The quaking producers were afraid it was true. As the first influx of stage people filtered into the lots, Hollywood's battle cry was:

"They may be big shots on Broadway, but who knows them out in the sticks?"

A fair question, that. Jack Warner thought he would like to know the answer. He put on a picture called Gold Diggers of Broadway, and cast it without one prominent player from the movie ranks. The star was Winnie Lightner, a comedienne from the variety stage.

The sticks gave Warner his answer by turning out in droves to guffaw at Winnie's tricks, and Gold Diggers earned a most gratifying profit for Warner Brothers.

This encouraged other producers and the axes began to fall right and left. The expensive contracts that producers had been glad enough to sign in order to hold their stars were cut away as rapidly as they expired.

Hollywood had learned that pictures could be made profitably without the lure of long-established favorites. Paramount came along with The Love Parade, featuring Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Lillian Roth, all unheard of in the films. This was followed by Sarah and Son, with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March. United Artists gave us Puttin' on the Ritz, in which Harry Richman, James Gleason, and Joan Bennett showed what stage folk could do on the screen.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER produced The Rogue Song with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen. Fox got into the competition with Song o' My Heart, presenting John McCormack and an unknown colleen, Maureen O'Sullivan. The Warners followed Gold Diggers with Disraeli, an even greater triumph, which featured George Arliss and Joan Bennett.

These pictures were not only box-office successes but they won acclaim from critics throughout the land.

P. & A. photo:

Eleanor Hunt, the New York chorus girl chosen for the ingénue rôle in the talkie Whoopee. At the left, Loretta Young in Her Wild Oat.

Mary Brian, a chorus beauty not so long ago.

Joan Crawford, one of the new Hollywood luminaries.

Nancy Carroll, bright star of The Dance of Life.

Here, by the way, is a list of the pictures produced in the last year or so that are thought by the studios to have earned the largest profits, as far as returns are now in—though they are not necessarily those that have grossed the largest sums: Paramount, The Virginian, Coconuts, and The Wild Party; Warners, Gold Diggers of Broadway and No, No, Nanette; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, The Broadway Melody and Anna Christie; Fox, Sunny Side Up and Hot for Paris; R. K. O., Street Girl and Love Comes Along; Sam Goldwyn, Bulldog Drummond; Columbia, Flight.

But the story of the general change is told in figures from the studios indicating that of the fifty most profitable films produced within that time, four-fifths of the casts were unknown to Hollywood early in 1928.

The effect of all this in Hollywood was magical. Stars who had been collecting up to $10,000 a week and more now found themselves suddenly becoming fifth wheels.

Some saw the light and surrendered. Corinne Griffith disagreed with the Warners over the handling of a story and turned in her contract, which had three pictures to run. She received $275,000 cash and retired to a villa in France. " It was a bargain for us," Jack Warner told me. " She wasn't clicking at the box office."

As recently as 1928 Colleen Moore topped all the stars in drawing power, according to the polls of the trade papers. She made Footlights and Fools early in 1929 to conclude a contract with First National that had been bringing her $12,500 a week. She has done nothing since. Late this spring she was still hoping for a chance to reenter pictures and her agent, Myron Selznick, was offering her services around the studios for $7,500 a week.

Jack Warner took a lot of the money that he had been paying to Corinne and Colleen and tossed it into the lap of Marilyn Miller. Marilyn made Sally for the Warners and was paid $100,000. She returned for another picture for which Warners agreed to give her $150,000.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE married Townsend Netcher, a Chicago millionaire, last summer and retired to become one of Hollywood's popular hostesses. Phyllis Haver married William Seaman and said she would not try for movie fame any more. Norma Talmadge has released one film, New York Nights, in more than a year and it created no sensation either at the box office or among the critics.

Benjamin P. Schulberg, Paramount's chief producing executive on the west coast, believes " Mary Pickford is all through making the sort of pictures that won her fame."

" She may do something else on the screen," Mr. Schulberg told me, " but it will not be the same old Mary."

The case of Mary Pickford is not quite the same as that of most stars. When she makes a picture she does it with her own money and all the risks of production are hers. She has studio and releasing facilities at her disposal in the United Artists organization.

Norma Talmadge is in somewhat the same situation.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, is president of United Artists. It's a long time since Norma has worked for a stated sum per week.

Laura La Plante, for some years Universal's main box-office reliance, cut loose to free-lance because the new situation makes her worth only a fraction of what she once earned.

Gloria Swanson, since leaving Paramount a few years ago, has produced independently. She had some disastrous experiences on her own, but achieved a notable comeback in The Trespasser. No actress is working more feverishly to retain public favor.

Paramount, slow to recognize the upheaval, swept away its stars when the clean-up started. Emil Jannings was the first to go. Thomas Meighan followed; likewise Adolphe Menjou, Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, Evelyn Brent, and Bebe Daniels.

"There was a time," Mr. Schulberg told me, "when Thomas Meighan could demand $10,000 a week and get it. But there was only one Tommy Meighan then and now the woods are full of them. That condition was unhealthy for actors and producers alike.

Colleen Moore in Orchids and Ermine.

"Movie salaries will never fall as low as stage salaries, but the $10,000-a-week days are gone forever. Five thousand dollars a week is about the top now. The law of supply and demand has done it."

That even such an astute film executive as Mr. Schulberg is known to occasionally err is evidenced by the fact that at least two of the stars dropped by Paramount have won distinguished successes under other affiliations. Bebe Daniels went to R. K. O. and triumphed in Rio Rita and Love Comes Along. Evelyn Brent did likewise, triumphing in Framed. Adolphe Menjou's admirers believe he will score in the talkies.

Betting on who would survive the change was like betting on a horse race. Ronald Colman, for example, rose to greater popularity than ever, while his co-star in several pictures, Vilma Banky, has not been able to overcome the handicap of an Austrian accent.

John Gilbert's future remains uncertain, while Greta Garbo achieved the triumph of her career in Anna Christie.

Ramon Novarro is another veteran who has maintained his popularity. William Powell, a character man in the silents, leaped to stardom by virtue of a vibrant personality that never found its proper medium before. Schulberg told me that Clara Bow is still popular and due to become the Anna Held of pictures. The musical abilities of Buddy Rogers have helped to keep him in the swim. Nils Asther's Danish accent doomed him for the talkies. Joseph Schildkraut's star has waned.

Corinne Griffith.

THE public almost never hears the truth about motion-picture salaries. However, by utilizing confidential sources of information I was able to obtain some authentic figures that will illustrate why the movie magnates are laughing in their sleeves at the stars of other days.

Marjorie White, unknown to films before Sunny Side Up, now is regarded as one of Fox's best bets. She was starred in Happy Days and has important assignments ahead. She receives $750 a week. This is three times what she had earned on the stage, it comes in fifty-two weeks of the year, and yet it is about a fifth of what Fox used to pay a star. No wonder everybody's happy.

Dixie Lee, a chorus recruit, had the girl lead in All Alone for Fox, but she gets only $400 a week. Jeannette Loff was released by Pathé and snapped up at $300 a week by Universal. Eddie King, Paul Whiteman's sound expert, discovered that Jeannette has a voice and she will be earning much more one of these days.

Fifi D'Orsay gets $750 a week from Fox and is listed for heavy starring rôles. Mary Nolan, whose New York stage name was Imogene Wilson, came to Universal for $400 a week and glad to get it. Kay Johnson, a young stage actress, made one of the big hits of 1929 in Dynamite, and rates as a star though she draws only $750 a week. Catherine Dale Owen signed on for $600. Inez Courtney receives $700 a week at the Fox pay window and led the cast in The Solid Gold Article.

Nancy Carroll, whose pictures are making a mint of money for Paramount, works for $600 a week. No doubt her next contract will increase her income.

Maureen O'Sullivan is on the Fox pay roll at $200 a week. Red-headed Marguerite Churchill gets $750 and is much featured. Helen Kane, "the Boop-a-Doop girl," contracted to work for $15,000 a picture. Mary Brian, former chorus beauty, has worked up to $1,250 a week with Paramount. Kay Francis has captured the allegiance of an army of fans with her slithering vampish rôles and her ability to wear clothes, but her salary check is only $750.

"The law of supply and demand," Schulberg says. Rare bargains, these, every one.

ANN HARDING, a winning box-office bet for Pathé, labors for the ridiculously meager sum of $15,000 a picture—ridiculous in comparison, for example, with the $75,000 which Ina Claire got for starring in The Awful Truth, which wore out no turnstiles. Pathé discovered this inequality and rectified the situation to some extent by lopping Miss Claire off the pay roll.

Lillian Roth worked in vaudeville and was not even a headliner for around $125 a week. Was she overjoyed to quit the two-a-day for double the money? Ask her. She is doing very well in the films, as you'll agree if you have seen The Love Parade or The Vagabond King. Jack Oakie started acting in the movies for $250 a week and within a year shot up to stardom and $1,500 a week.

Bernice Claire's is one of the few names on First National's starring list, but she has yet to receive $1,000 for a week's work. The same is true of Natalie Moorhead, a free-lance artist much in demand.

June Collyer, Mary Lawlor, Zelma O'Neal, Marion Schilling, William Janney, Russell Gleason, Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Joan Crawford, Walter Pidgeon, Sidney Blackmer, Morgan Farley, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Chester Morris, Regis Toomey, Stanley Smith, Fred Scott, Mitzi Green, Virginia Bruce, Helen Twelvetrees—nearly all these names were unknown in Hollywood at the beginning of 1928. Dozens of others could be mentioned. They are in the front rank of the eager young army of those who are taking the spotlight away from the old favorites and rejoicing the hearts of the movie lords.

The public, always fickle, likes them. Naturally the producers like them because the public likes them and because they are cheap at the price. The new generation of players is the reason why you see so many all-star casts billed nowadays. Formerly one highly paid star would set back a production cost sheet $100,000 or more.

What will happen when these youngsters have installed themselves in public favor as their predecessors did?

Nothing at all, says Schulberg. The producers have learned the great truth that nobody is indispensable. The law of supply and demand will take care of the employers. As long as talent keeps knocking at the movie gates as it is doing now there will be half a dozen applicants for every job and salaries will be kept down to a reasonable level.

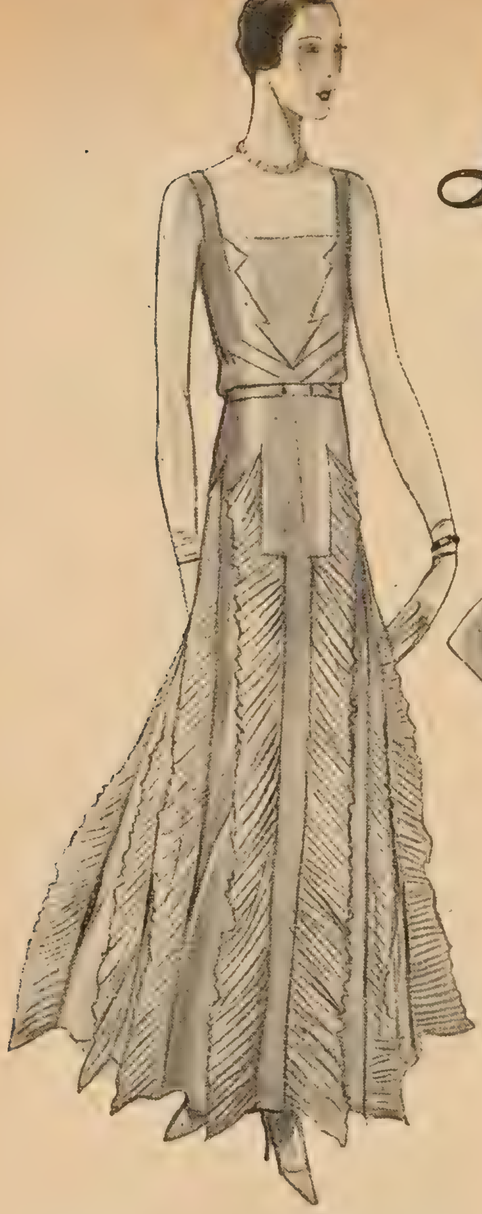
Sam Goldwyn, a war-scarred veteran of many movie battles, sounds a pessimistic note anent the fortunes of the old stars.

"I venture to predict," he said, "that within a year fully fifty per cent of the old-timers who have survived until this time will be all through and never heard of again. It's inevitable. One reason is that we're going to have fewer movies. The talkies eventually will reduce the number of pictures made by half, and these will all have to be good."

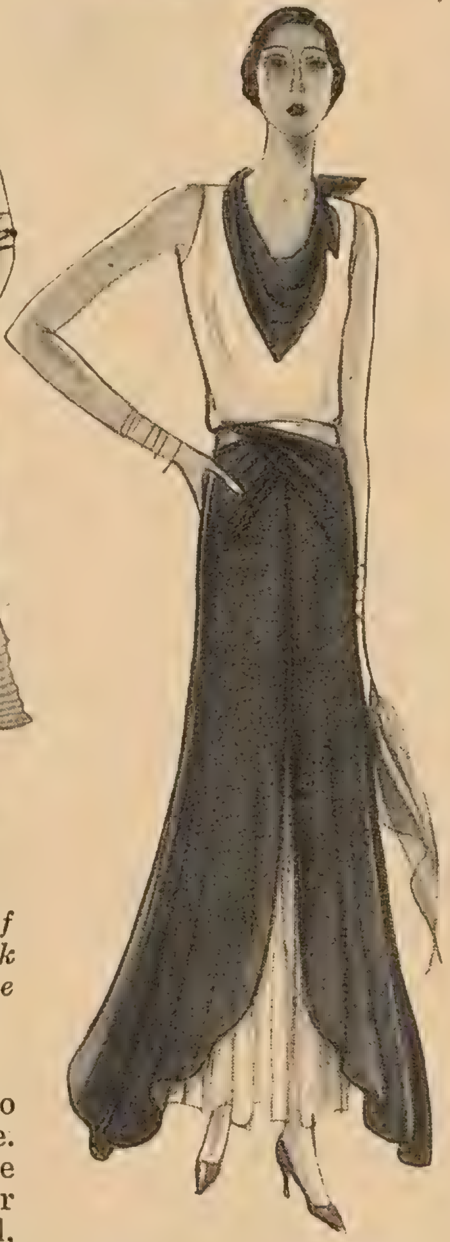
THE END

Luxury in Cotton

By BETTINA BEDWELL



Chanel trims the flared skirt of this pale blue organdie frock with vertical ruffles that are accordion-plaited.



The skirt of this Vionnet black and white evening model may be transformed into a cape.

Paris.

SIMPLICITY continues to crash the gates of style. Paris put it out the front door when she gave her big housewarming, last fall, to elegance. This spring simplicity came back via the back door. Hardly anybody noticed it was "in again," because this time simplicity hid behind the skirts of cotton, and cotton was being very inconspicuous, having been let in on trial, as it were.

Now that "May glides onward into June," however, simplicity and cotton are the pets of society, and fashion has to accept them.

The cotton evening frock, the cotton ensemble, the cotton suit, blouse, and separate frock have won this place for themselves in the smartest society in the world, primarily because of their lack of pretension. They are a genuine luxury, but they don't look it, and that is enough to endear them to Madame le Haut Monde, who likes riches but cares nothing about wearing them on her back for the benefit of impressing onlookers.

IMPECCABLE grooming is inseparable from chic, and cotton is a fabric that takes a lot of grooming. This is probably one reason why luxury ladies dote on the organdie evening frocks that Chanel slipped into her spring collection, and that turned out to be one of her big successes. These women simply *must* have, also, a linen or cotton ensemble for daytime, and they're quite willing to pass coldly by elegant confections of silk.

The Chanel pale blue organdie evening dress illustrated in our first sketch explains clearly the reason for this high society fixation on the cotton evening frock. The plaited ruffles running vertically up the flared skirt are as beautiful as they are fragile. The simple blouse is cleverly cut by an expert, and the whole frock has that quiet distinction for which Chanel is famous.

Our third sketch shows another kind of cotton evening dress, also from Chanel. This one has a plaid pattern on the white organdie ground, and the skirt has puffed ruffles that give it a new kind of silhouette.

ONE of the transformation evening gowns that Paris finds so smart this summer is shown in our second sketch. Madeleine Vionnet designed this ensemble frock of black and white crêpe romaine. There is a frock of the white romaine, and over this is a black skirt, slit in front and tied on by a draped yoke. This skirt may be worn as a cape. The blouse has a daytime décolletage made graceful by a black crêpe romaine handkerchief scarf.

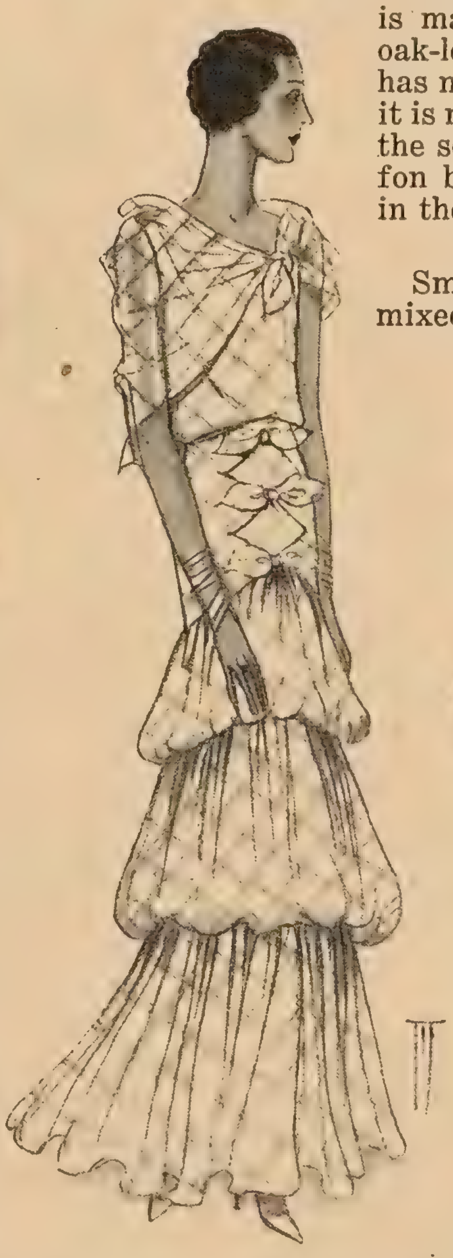
Fourth comes a Chanel tailleur for summer. This suit is made of green linen—Chanel oak-leaf green. The smart jacket has no collar, and needs none, for it is more distinctive as it is, with the scarf collar of the plaid chiffon blouse passing through slits in the jacket front.

* * *

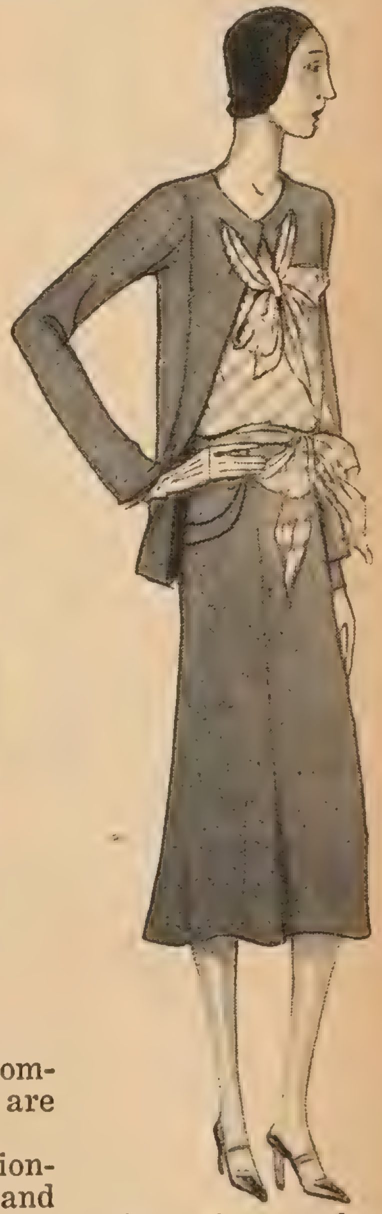
Smart Paris likes her jewels mixed. Necklaces, bracelets, and earrings made of pearls combined with colored stones are very much worn.

Paris favors the accordion-plaited skirt for tailleurs and evening frocks.

Smart summer evening coats are of velvet, short, bright in color, contrasting with the frock.



An evening dress made of plaid organdie with a novel puffed skirt and a wide yoke. Model Chanel.



Linen is popular in Paris. This oak-leaf green suit has a plaid chiffon blouse.

One of the many uses for the kitchen shears is shown on the left—quick, neat cutting of rhubarb stalks.

Not the least appetizing of May menu treats is that of broiled or baked squab and chicken (see picture at right).

Maytime Recipes

By Ethel Somers

MAY, with its fresh garden asparagus, rhubarb, early melons, squab and chickens for broiling, and cherries, ushers in a wealth of new food materials to enliven the cook's work. Are you planning to make use of these new seasonable foods?

Rhubarb Preserve

4 pounds pink rhubarb
4 pounds granulated sugar

OR

2 cups rhubarb, cut fine
2 cups sugar
1 orange, juice and grated rind
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
½ cup blanched, shredded almonds, if desired

CUT the washed, drained rhubarb into half-inch lengths, but do not peel. Arrange the fruit in alternate layers with the sugar in a covered kettle and let stand for a half hour, or until some liquid forms.

Since rapid cooking tends to make rhubarb lose its shape, simmer gently. Stir often and cook to 220° F., or about an hour, depending upon the shallowness of the fruit mixture in the pan. Several minutes before removing from the fire, add the almonds, if used. Pour into sterile hot glasses and seal.

Broiled Chicken

INDIVIDUAL chickens for broiling may be had at this season, weighing ¾ to 1¼ pounds. These are commonly split along the back and breastbone into two halves, allowing half a portion to each serving. Larger broilers, weighing from 2¼ to 2½ pounds, may also be had. These are split only along the backbone and spread open to be broiled, and then carved into individual servings, usually quarters.

Turn the flame of the broiling oven on full for ten minutes before using. Heat the wire rack of the broiler and grease it well by rubbing with a piece of fat. Singe, wash, and prepare the chicken for serving, wiping it thoroughly dry. Put on the heated broiler rack, which has been placed so that the chicken will be two inches below the flame. Coat with a protecting layer of hot fat by pouring hot melted fat or oil over the chicken (about two tablespoons of melted butter to a serving will suffice). Push the broiler rack into the hot broiler oven and watch the chicken closely. The oven door may be kept open to make supervision easier, if desired.

In making preserves, put the fruit into hot syrup; so cooked, even delicate rhubarb remains shapely.

The upper oven should be kept at a 550° F. temperature to insure quick cooking of the chicken. Slow cooking extracts the juices and toughens the product. The chicken should broil in from twenty to thirty minutes. When done, it will be delicately browned all over and will be so tender that upon lifting the drumstick the cooked flesh underneath will tear.

MAYTIME recipes, which feature garden asparagus, melons, early strawberries, rhubarb, and pineapple, may be kept delightfully varied by consulting Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Make the most of these healthful, delicious spring foods by ordering Miss Somers' booklets now. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. And please use the coupon.

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Should the chicken become brown and still not be tender enough, pour boiling water into the drip pan and insert the broiler lower in the broiling oven; or, if inconvenient to watch closely, it may be put in the upper or baking oven, where it will steam tender more quickly if covered. When done, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper after coating the surface with butter or drippings from the cooking. Serve on a garnished hot plate.

Broiled Squab

PREPARE the squab the same as broiling chicken, and broil from ten to twenty minutes, depending on the age of the bird.

Rhubarb Pie

Pie crust, one or two crusts
2 cups rhubarb, cut small
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 lemon rind, grated (yellow part only)
¼ cup flour
1 egg, beaten

THOROUGHLY blend the sugar, salt, grated rind, and flour. Add the rhubarb and then stir in the beaten egg. If a two-crust pie is desired, pour into a pan lined with pie dough, or, if preferred, use an earthen glass or granite pie pan and cover the top only with pie crust. In either case, bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until the crust is browned, or about twenty-five minutes, at which time the fruit should be tender. Test the softness of the fruit by piercing with a fork inserted at the ventholes in the pie crust.

Rhubarb Pudding

BAKE rhubarb pie filling in individual custard cups (as for the pie, 425° F. for twenty-five minutes) and then coat with a meringue and brown lightly in the oven just before serving.

Pineapple-Rhubarb Conserve

1 cup shredded fresh pineapple
1 quart rhubarb, cut small
½ orange, juice and grated rind
3½ cups sugar
½ cup nut meats

USING as little water as possible, cook the pineapple in a covered kettle until tender (if canned pineapple is used this cooking will of course be unnecessary). Add the rhubarb, orange juice, and grated rind. Then stir in the sugar. Simmer gently and cook until thick (220° F.). Add the broken nut meats (preferably blanched almonds) two minutes before removing from the fire. Pour into sterile jars and seal while hot.

Clean teeth alone cannot give you the mouth of youth

FORHAN'S is of course an excellent dentifrice.

Dentists will tell you there is no more gently thorough and honest preparation for cleaning teeth.

This dentifrice was prepared by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., and it is manufactured today according to a dentist's exacting standard of accuracy, safety and purity.

But years of experience at the chair had shown Dr. Forhan that the healthy mouth needs sound gums as well as sound teeth. In fact, he became known throughout the dental profession for a preparation he devised and used as an aid in the treatment of gums. The reputation of this preparation spread. Dentists employed it in their practice.

Then it was suggested that the benefits of this treatment should be extended to the patient's daily hygiene. By care in the home, the patient could supplement the good work of his dentist.

In this way the present Forhan's dentifrice was created to serve a double purpose—to clean the teeth and at the same time give the gums the care they need.

Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to protect the mouth of youth and keep it in sound good health.

Even in the healthiest mouth, the use of Forhan's is important. It is always better to prevent disease from getting a start than to treat it afterward.

The safe thing, the wise thing to do, is to adopt Forhan's now. When you brush your teeth and massage your gums, you will then give them both the care which will show its benefits with every passing year.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents more than the ordinary toothpaste and well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

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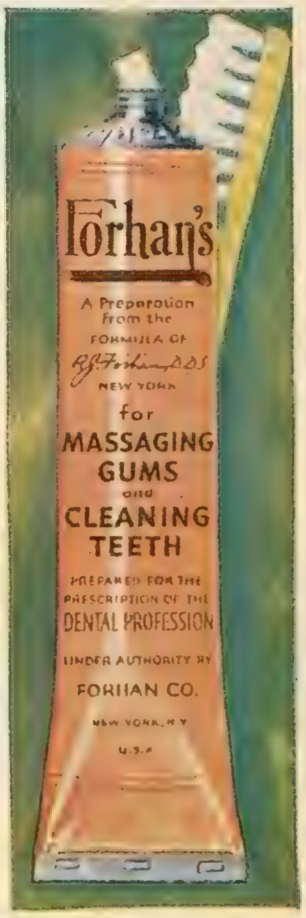
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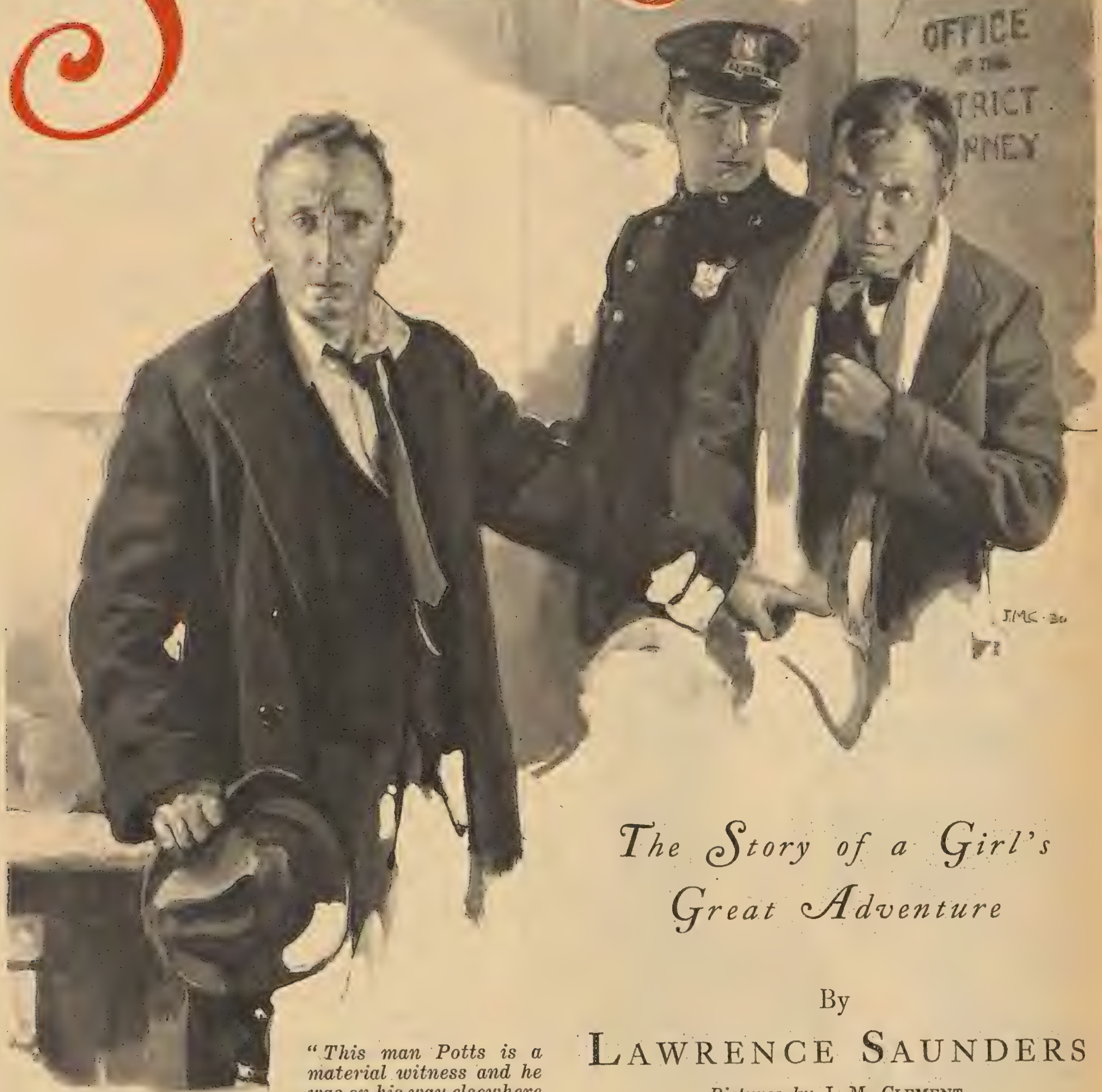
OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J.M.C.-30

"This man Potts is a material witness and he was on his way elsewhere when I grabbed him."

The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

THE group in the district attorney's room was just settling down, Potts in a chair brought in from the next office, when the door swung open. Two men stood there, looking in at the startled eleven. The shorter of the intruders was bedecked with adhesive tape, hiding half his face. All but O'Toole and Sally recognized the other as Clem Hicks, federal narcotic inspector.

"Just wait in the office to your right there, will you, Mr. Hicks?" The district attorney did not hide his annoyance.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lomax. I didn't recall which office was which."

Hicks backed out, closing the door. The click of the latch released a jumble of questions, expostulations, demands for Andy Hunt to explain his conclusion.

A sharp rap at the door cut in. Sally saw her brother bite his lower lip, controlling his temper.

"Excuse me just a few minutes," he said, loud enough to be heard through the crossfire of questions being shot at Hunt. He hurried out, closing the door sharply.

O'Toole's lawyer spoke up hastily, authoritatively.

"I think you'd better stop your story here, then, O'Toole, until I have discussed this with you in private."

"Private, hell!" Monroe was aroused. "This case is ted wide open, judge. We're all in on this. Come on, Mr. Hunt, tell us how much of this hooey is authentic. Why haven't you printed it?"

"Calm down, George, calm down!" Andy was unperturbed. "I've kept it out because I haven't known it but

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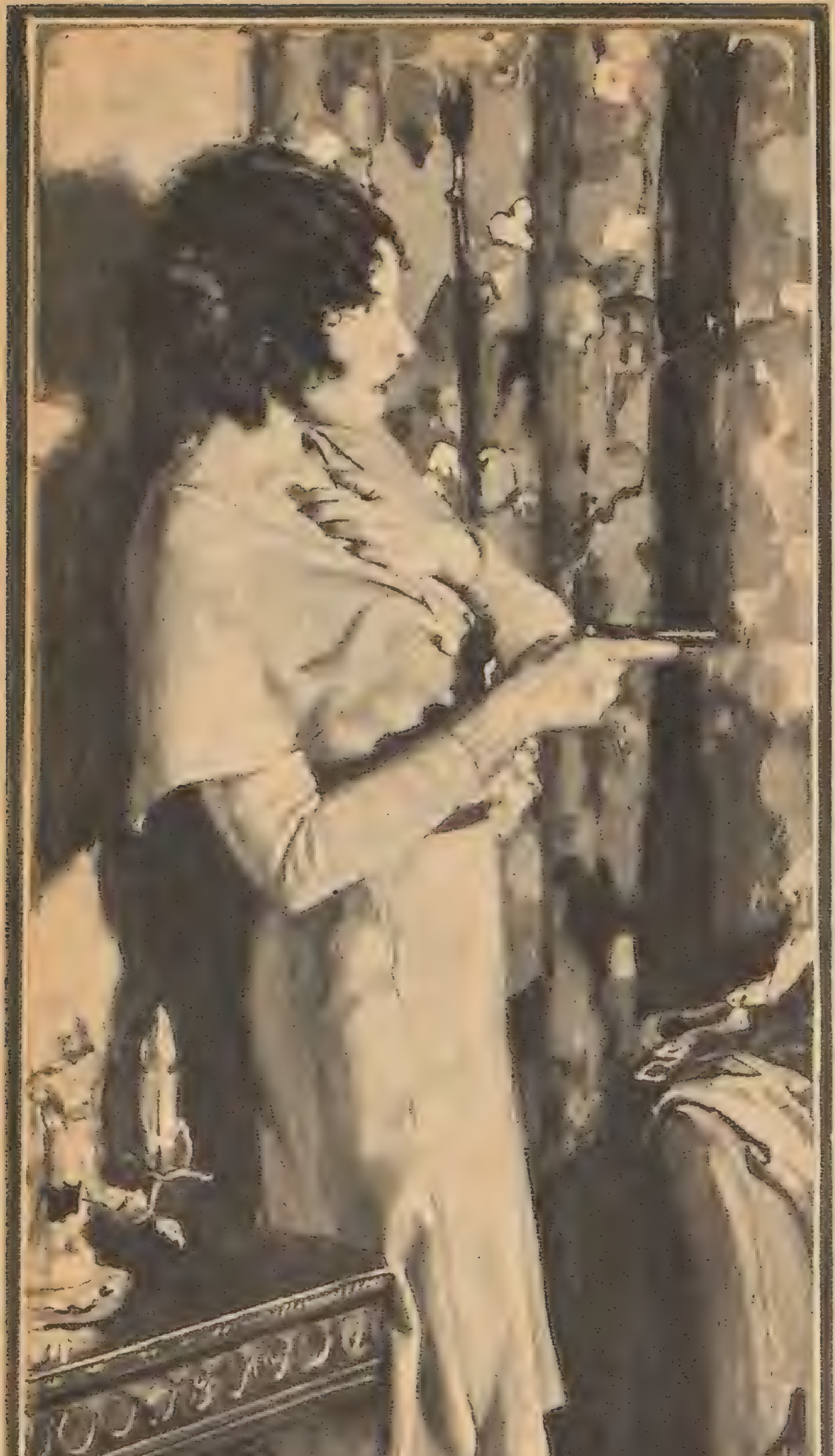

" *She said she was going to kill him.*"

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page sixty-seven

a couple of hours, and I had a reason for not printing it. I think we are on the trail of the man who did the killing."

" What's back of it? Dope? "

" You're a good reporter, Roscoe, but you didn't guess fast enough on that one."

Monroe got up and started toward the door. Andy caught his sleeve as he passed.

" Here, George! Wait a while. Remember, this is more or less a Pioneer party. You're not privileged to use our news until we release it."

" The hell I'm not! "

" Mr. Hunt's right," said Eddy suavely.

" Sure, you'll say that. You've got a nine-o'clock edition coming. My crew will be gone in another fifteen minutes." Monroe's face was a brick red. He moved a step toward the door. Andy rose calmly and stood with his back against the closed door. His voice changed not a perceptible tone.

" That's right, George. Well, call your office over this phone and tell them to hold the crew for you. Unless I'm mistaken, there will be plenty of news for everybody within the next couple of hours." Sally pushed Lomax's private phone toward Monroe.

" Already got it in type, Mr. Hunt? " Eddy grinned at Hunt, who grinned back, while they listened closely to what Monroe was saying to his office. Neither of them noticed Lomax open the door and beckon Judge Morrison into the passage. The door closed softly behind the lawyer. As Monroe turned from the phone, Andy spoke again. " Now, let's settle down and wait for the rest of this yarn. It's not finished yet."

He lighted a cigarette and passed the packet around. There was a tension in the room, the more real for everyone's ignoring it. Eddy drummed a dead march on the table. Sally scribbled patterns on a memorandum pad. Havens, back to the room, watched the wind whirling newspapers across the back lawn of the courthouse square. Hunt studied the lighted end of his cigarette. O'Toole chewed at a cigar, unlighted.

The tableau of nonchalance was shattered by three sudden sounds: a thud that shook the floor of the office; the slamming of a door that shook open the door at Andy's left, creaking as it swung sharply in; a scream. The scream, one sharp explosion of mortal terror, brought them up standing. The door at the end of the passage was wrenched open. As one man, those nearest the door made for it. O'Toole and Sally rose last, looking at each other.

ANDY HUNT led the scramble through the door and along the empty passage. Sally, on the heels of the last man, heard the clatter of running feet outside in the rotunda, slapping the bare marble, as she peered around the door into the corridor that ran along the well of the rotunda under the courthouse dome. She could hear men racing down the stairs. Havens, Monroe, and Eddy, their backs to her, were leaning over the iron railing, gazing down into the rotunda well. As one man, they broke for the stairway going down.

Sally, moving swiftly to the balustrade, looked down and flung up her hands to cover her eyes. Terence O'Toole, coming belatedly out of the office door, caught her as she staggered back. He edged over to look down.

On the marble floor at the foot of the grand staircase lay something not pleasant to see. It was, or had been, Judge Robert E. Lee Morrison, attorney, real estate operator, prospective candidate for governor of the state.

When Sally, steadying herself, peered again down the dark rotunda well, a knot of people had gathered around the sprawled body: elevator men, porters, scrubwomen, a few clerks, the bald-headed deputy tax collector, the blind cigar-stand owner, the two men who had blundered into the district attorney's office, the three newspaper reporters, Andy Hunt, hatless for once. Her brother was kneeling beside the body, fumbling at the heart, feeling the wrists. Johnny—where had he come from? The clamor of voices echoed and reëchoed up the well to the dome and back in a staccato jumble. O'Toole's clenched hand was hurting her left arm. Instinctively she tried to pull away. O'Toole held on.

"Don't go down there, Miss Sally," he advised in a flat voice. "You couldn't do a thing to help."

She was willing enough not to, so she gripped the balustrade fearfully and hung over, watching, with sick fascination, the men roll the body over on to its back, lift the head on to someone's rolled-up overcoat.

An ambulance gong clattered faintly. The crowd divided. Two men and a stretcher. She looked away, moving uncertainly into the district attorney's office corridor where she knew there was a water cooler. Her throat was parched, her lips dry. O'Toole followed her and stood by, silent, as she gulped. He drank heartily after her.

Sally was trying to put the tragic picture puzzle together.

"What happened?"

O'Toole shrugged.

They heard the click and rattle of the elevator gate down the hall and whirled about. Through the door came Hicks, the bandaged man, the deputy sheriff who had brought O'Toole from jail, the district attorney. Of all the faces, her brother's was the whitest; he and the bandaged man alone appeared to be shaken by what had just happened. The man with the bandages was holding his hand to his jaw; he seemed to be in pain.

Sally and O'Toole followed close on the heels of the four, along the passage into the district attorney's private office.

"What happened?" Sally demanded again.

Her brother's voice seemed to have lost its biting edge.

"THIS is Mr. Hicks, the federal narcotic inspector; and this man," indicating the slight young man with the bandages leaning against the table, "is Mr. Daily—I didn't get your first name—"

"Steve," put in Hicks.

"Steve Daily, an airplane pilot, who has just solved the Blair case for us." Dick was recovering his poise.

O'Toole and Sally spoke together:

"How?"

Dick Lomax sat down in his swivel chair, pressed his hands over his eyes, sighed. Then he answered patiently:

"Daily is a commercial aviator, flying out of Tampico. He crashed this morning at Alvin and was picked up senseless but not hurt much."

The aviator managed a crooked grin.

"He was turned over by the authorities down there to Mr. Hicks, because there was a suitcase in his plane that had about twenty thousand dollars' worth of narcotic drugs in it. He insisted that he should come over here and tell me what he knew of the fire in the old house on Telephone Road. Mr. Hicks called me up while O'Toole was talking in here, and I told him to bring Daily on over and wait in the other office. They blundered in here."

"Well, we didn't exactly do that," Hicks put in apologetically. "It was Johnny Rorke's idea that we should bust in here like that, so Daily could get a look at the crowd. Rorke had told him he'd likely find the guilty man sitting in this office."

The district attorney turned beet red.

"Where is Rorke?" he snapped, looking around.

"I seen him get into the ambulance with Judge Morrison," the deputy sheriff volunteered.

O'Toole cleared his throat huskily.

"Well, for God's sake, what happened out there?" he said in a shaking voice.

Lomax turned slowly. "Daily saw us sitting at the table here and thought we had already arrested the murderer of old man Fox and Angela Browning, just as Rorke had said we would have. Daily told Hicks so."

"He said he reckoned he was too late to help you much," broke in Hicks. "I asked him what he meant, and he said you had the right man, all right. I asked him which one, and he said the tall black-haired fellow at the end of the table was the one. 'Why,' I says, 'that's Judge Morrison. That ain't no murderer.' But he stuck to it, and described the man, and it was Morrison he meant, sure enough. I was bumfuzzled and I went and broke in on you all again and called Mr. Lomax out. And Mr. Lomax didn't believe what Daily said no more than I did. So he called Judge Morrison out, and you know what happened."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"He talked her out of shooting him."

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page sixty-nine

"What?" It was O'Toole, his eyes blazing.

The aviator came to life suddenly. His voice startled Sally when he spoke; it was clipped, almost cockney English.

"I said to Mr. Lomax, as I had said to this gentleman, that this Judge Morrison, as they called the fellow, was the man I had seen in old Fox's house, pouring oil over everything and then setting it afire. And Mr. Lomax called this fellow out, and made me repeat it to his face. And the next thing we knew, he had swung on my jaw, and I was knocked across the desk, and he was out of the room in one jump and slammed the door behind him. And then he jumped off the balcony."

"I think he fell over the railing," Lomax interposed. "I think he must have come out of the door too fast and skidded on the floor. You all remember it was wet; the scrubwoman was just mopping up." He paused for corroboration. Now that Dick spoke of it, Sally recalled that she had noticed the floor was wet and slippery, but the fact hadn't registered.

"Well," said Hicks slowly, "that's a good way to explain it, but I think he jumped. Of course, nobody saw him, and you may be right."

"I was outside, looking into the room."

O'Toole cut in, addressing the aviator: "You say you saw Morrison set the house afire. Where were you?"

"I was outside, looking through the crack at the side of the window shade into the front room. I could see the old man lying on the divan back against the stairway, asleep or drunk. Then this fellow Morrison came out of the next room with a five-gallon can of petrol, I thought it must be, but I knew they burned oil lamps—there was one on the table there, as a matter of fact—so I decided it must be paraffin, or kerosene, as you call it up here. He was pouring the last of the stuff on to the carpet, and then he remembered the old fellow, and poured what was left on his clothes. I don't mind admitting I got the wind up.

"While I was trying to decide what to do with a dangerous maniac, I saw him light a match and set a newspaper afire and toss it right toward me. There was a flare-up and an explosion, and I jumped back off the veranda and ran for my plane and went away from there as fast as I could jump her off the ground. You see," he grinned ruefully, "I had the same parcel of—er—imported goods that I had this morning when I cracked up in your charming village of Alvin, and I really can't be blamed for clearing out. . . ."

"THEN it was your plane we heard across the road just as we got to the fire?" Sally blurted.

"You heard? Who heard?" Her brother whirled on her.

"Johnny Rorke and I heard a plane, flying low, but the fire drove it right out of my mind until Sunday when you got that anonymous letter with 'Airplane' at the bottom of it. Mr. Hunt and Mr. Rorke have been working on that clue ever since. It was really they who solved the murders."

"What's this?" asked Daily sharply.

"We'll discuss that later," the district attorney said. "I'd like to ask you a few questions unofficially. You don't have to answer if you don't wish to. You're taking a plea of guilty, I presume?"

The aviator shrugged. "What else can I do? This chap's been after me for months and he knows more about my affairs than I do."

"He'll plead guilty if he knows what's good for him," said Hicks tartly. "And I think he does."

"Do I understand you carried narcotics to old man Fox?"

"He did," commented Hicks dryly. "At least three trips that we know of. They were pretty slick, though. We knew a big supply was coming in about every two months, but we thought it came off a boat in the Ship Channel. Then we got wind of this airplane business."

"How?" asked Daily casually.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Hicks grinned. "This old man Fox was the wholesaler, but I'm satisfied he was just working for someone higher up; he couldn't have thought up this plan and carried it out: didn't have the brains; didn't have the capital. Why, they even had that fake real estate subdivision laid out there with two graveled streets, extra wide, crossing, so they made a landing field for this fellow's plane, no matter which way the wind was blowing. That took thinking and money."

"Wait a minute," said O'Toole, who had relaxed into a chair, but who now sat up straight. "That property belonged to Judge Morrison, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did," the district attorney admitted, rather reluctantly. Even yet he hadn't grasped all of the ramifications in which his friend appeared to have dealt. This affair was more of a hazy dream than reality to Richard Lomax.

"Then he must have been the man higher up in this dope ring, or in cahoots with them. It don't stand to reason he wasn't."

"NO, it don't, does it?" Hicks agreed, scratching his neck.

"What sort of plane did you have?" Lomax turned again to the aviator.

"A Fairchild Wasp job—a cabin monoplane, you know, with an extra gas tank in the fuselage, that I had put in. That gives it a fifteen-hundred-mile cruising radius. I could fly here from Tampico and back without refueling, and get up here from Tampico and back again between dark and daylight. I never stayed three minutes at this end. A fellow they called Canfield would always meet me when I landed, pay me in gold, check the stuff, sitting in the cabin with the curtains down—I had curtains put on her—and beat it to the house, and I'd be right off. . . . She was a good old bus, but she's gone now." He turned to Hicks.

"I say, could I get somebody to take the motor out of her and keep it for me?"

"I reckon that can be fixed. The plane's in the hands of the government now, and pretty safe. And so are you."

"Why did you come back if you knew about the fire and the murders?" Sally asked suddenly.

"Well, I didn't know about the woman; I never did see her. I sent a wire from Tampico to the man we called Tom Canfield here in Houston. I got the answer night before last in Tampico. I had wired him I had gone back, as landing was unsafe. We used a code that read like a harmless message. He wired back to come ahead, and I did.

"I supposed maybe the old man had waked up and got out and the house either burned down or didn't; I didn't know. I hadn't seen any of your newspapers, of course. But I had ten thousand pesos' worth of stuff to deliver before I'd get paid, and I decided to take a chance. There was a norther predicted on the way, but I figured I'd beat it here and back. Then I ran into this damned fog, and got lost, and came down trying to get my bearings, and hit this—what do you call it? Silo? A rum joke, if you ask me."

The door opened unceremoniously and in walked Andy Hunt, followed by Henry Potts and a policeman. Both Hunt and Potts were disheveled; there was a bleeding scratch on Hunt's right cheek.

Hunt addressed the district attorney.

"This man," indicating Potts with a jerk of his head, "had left the courthouse practically on the run. I overtook him and tried to bring him back, and he resisted. The officer here interfered, and I got him to bring us up here to settle it. This man Potts is a material witness in this case and he was on his way elsewhere when I grabbed him. If you want a charge to hold him on, I'll charge him with being the head of a drug ring, or with arson, for burning down that house this afternoon, or having it set afire. I'll charge him with anything, just so you hold him for me."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

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PARIS

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

“Explain yourself, Hunt,” the bewildered district attorney demanded. Potts had collapsed into the chair at the end of the table—the chair Morrison had sat in earlier.

“All right. I'll ask Potts to answer me this: Were you in the drug business with Martin Fox? Yes or no? I can prove you are a morphine addict.”

“I'll make no statement,” said Potts weakly, “until I have been properly arrested and accused. I have a right to an examination before a justice of the peace.”

The little aviator, sitting in the shadow at the far end of the roll-top desk, leaned forward.

“I think the game's up, Mr. Canfield. If I were you, I'd make a clean breast of it. They've got me dead to rights, and I mean to plead guilty and take my medicine.”

Potts started up out of the chair, but the huge policeman, moving catlike across the room, caught him by the shoulders from behind and forced him down again.

“Take it easy, partner,” he advised.

Hunt, facing Potts down the length of the table, shot another bolt.

“If you try to fight this, you'll end up by being tried for murder. Were you with Morrison when he poisoned those two and set the house afire?”

“I was not,” said Potts wearily. “I was waiting out on the field, with a flashlight, to signal that bastard over there. Morrison went in the house alone. That hell-cat of a wife of his, Angela, had found out about the drug business and called him out there. They had a hell of a quarrel; I could hear her yelling at him clear out on the field. This fellow was later than usual. After a while the racket died down. I went back to the house for a minute, and there were the woman and the old man, laid out cold, and Morrison with an oil can and a lot of newspapers. I took one look and ran. I got in my car and left him. I reckon he walked back to town after he started the fire.”

“All right,” said Hunt. “That's clear. Now, who killed Alice Blair? Did you?”

Sally cast a fearful glance at O'Toole as he moved. The man seemed waiting, ready to spring. “It wouldn't take long to fill a skunk full of lead.” The girl could hear those passionate words echoing again. But no, O'Toole couldn't have a gun now! She looked over at Potts, struggling, now, for words; the man was broken.

“Before God, no, gentlemen. I wouldn't kill a fly.” Tears were rolling down the man's cheeks as he stared helplessly at the irate little person at the other end of the table. He turned to appeal to the district attorney.

“All I did was to get the whisky for him. This Alice Blair called him up at the club at nine o'clock last Friday night. He got me out of bed and told me to come over there and bring him two pints of the good Bourbon that O'Toole there provides for his friends.”

Another fine serial

The Chain of Death

By

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

begins next week

“WAIT a minute.” O'Toole's voice had something deadly in it. “You can't drag me into this.”

“Sit down.” Potts' smile was macabre. “All you are is a simple-minded, hard-working, and honest bootlegger.” He turned to Lomax again. “He didn't know anything about the drug racket. We didn't trust him that far. We started it only last fall as a side line to the bootlegging. I'll take credit for thinking up this airplane business.”

“Well, what happened after you got to Morrison's apartment?” Hunt demanded.

“He told me that Alice Blair, his wife's sister, had got a letter out of Angela's safe deposit box telling all about their marriage—their shotgun wedding”—Potts smiled nastily—“the little girl up in Virginia—”

“Had you known about that before?” Lomax cut in.

“I knew them both up in Dallas, fifteen years ago. You might say Morrison had no secrets from me.”

“You might say that's how you've made a living these past ten years,” commented Hunt. “Just knowing things about Morrison. Did you make an addict out of him?”

“Well, not exactly. He broke his leg, you may recollect, a year ago in that automobile wreck, when a truck hit him on the Galveston Road. He came out of the hospital sooner than he should, and the leg gave him hell, and he wanted something to ease the pain, so I gave him morphine, and he got the habit.”

Lomax was shaking his head sadly. “What a pity—what a pity! A man like Bob Morrison!”

“Whited sepulchers,” Hunt shot at him grimly. “You ought to be a newspaper man, Lomax. You'd never be surprised at anything. I've known drug addicts in higher places than Morrison's. What happened next about Alice Blair?”

“Why, he asked me for a tube of morphine sulphate, and I gave him a full five grains—in quarter-grain tablets, you know. He took that and the whisky and went out to see her. He had no trouble at all getting past your men at that hour.” Potts smiled sardonically at the district attorney. “They were just looking for O'Toole. And he got out the back way, quite easily, about midnight. I was waiting for him at his place. He was as drunk as a fool. All I could get out of him was that he had got the girl drunk, and she had pulled a pistol and said he had killed her sister and she was going to kill him.

“He talked her out of shooting him, and meanwhile he gave her the whole five grains of morphine in a glass of whisky. He said he went out to the kitchen for ice, with her following with the pistol, and made her a whisky sour and stirred the morphine in without her ever catching on. Then she passed out—you know five grains will put anybody out in half an hour. He tore up the letter and sent it down the sewer.

“Then he laid her out on her bed, and finally got this idea of shooting her through the mouth to make it look like suicide. It was as far-fetched as his notion of burning up the house to cremate his wife and old Fox. The man was a killer at heart, that's all—and the mania cropped out. You know he killed a nigger with a bale hook at the cotton gin near Palestine when he was just a kid?”

“I didn't know that,” Lomax replied.

POTTS' hatred of the more brilliant man he had lived on couldn't be downed at this period of the game. He went on: “Oh, he was under sixteen, and they claimed self-defense, and got him off. But under all this society man and ornament to the bench and bar there was a regular gorilla, I'll tell you.”

The telephone rang. Lomax answered it.

“They want you, Hunt.”

Andy talked in monosyllables for two minutes, ending with, “I'll see you at the office. Potts has just spilled the works. Oh, just what we had figured out, principally. I'll tell you later. I've got to get over and write this for a new lead. Sure, I'm going extra again; it's good for another twenty thousand. All those bright reporters on the opposition rushed off after Morrison took the dive, and they haven't come back yet. So long.”

Andy reached for his hat on the far end of the table.

“Well, gentlemen, our friend Morrison has just died at St. Joseph's. Before he went out he managed to tell John Rorke, an interne, and two nurses that he killed his wife, Martin Fox, and Alice Blair. He seemed to be worried about Potts and O'Toole just before he died. A gentleman at the last, if not to the last. Coming, Sally?”

Sally was staring at Henry Potts. He had melted forward on to the table, his face buried between his limp hands.

“He's fainted!” she gasped.

“Well, I'll have to get to the office,” said Hunt. “See you there.”

Sally saw her city editor much later. At the hospital, after they had put Potts to bed for his last sleep, John Rorke's always inquisitive fingers went through his pockets while the district attorney and his sister looked on. In a waistcoat pocket were empty tubes that had held twenty grains of morphine. Mr. Potts, before confessing, had arranged his exit.

THE END

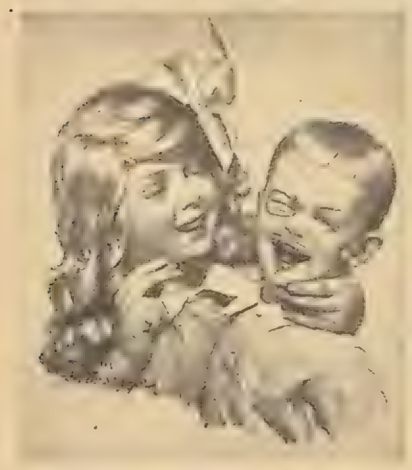
The SHEIK

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

"NOW, you two little snips with the big lungs," Mrs. Smithers laughed, pushing open her screen door with one hip, "run somewhere else to make a racket."

"Where, mother? Where?" Gwendolyn asked. She was flat on her back under the porch hammock.

"Anywhere at all. I don't care," Mrs. S. said, buttoning the dangling belt of her flowered house dress. "The back yard, the garage, or the attic. Run along and play. I want some peace on this porch without any pesky pests. Shoo-shoo!" And she clapped her hands as though she were scaring cats off the ice box.



This week's cover picture.

"Pess?" Gwen giggled. She'd been called that name many times before. "D'you mean me, mother?" She gleefully prodded Ulysses, who was trying to enjoy a swing just over her head.

"D'you mean me, mother?" he mimicked.

"*Mother?*" Gwen shouted, knocking U. with her shoe. "Didja say my mother was *your* mother?" A man on the sidewalk jumped. His dented derby slid down over his ears. He was selling orange-colored brooms with removable handles and he thought some child was being murdered. "My mother ain't your mother. Your mother lives over there, over there, over there. See?" Gwen kicked one shoe in the direction of Lil's house.

"Sure, I see," U. told her. He was chewing taffy. He peeked above the fringed edge of the hammock like a cow looking over a split-rail fence.

"Here," Mrs. S. said, punching the wild array of colored pillows on her wicker couch. "Take the funny sheet and twenty-three skidoo."

"Skidoo, skidoo!" Gwen called out, grabbing the paper and swatting little U. behind his knees. And she darted into the house.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" he added, just getting over the doorsill before his pants got caught in the slamming screen door. "Cuckoo! You'se cuckoo! Cuck—"

"Cookies," Gwen whispered. "I smell 'em." She sped down the hall kitchenward just as Tess hove in sight with two heavy chocolate brownies.

"What d'you say?" she asked, glowering like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland. "No manners, no grub."

"Thank—" they began at once. But the *you* was never uttered. Their mouths were too full.

Those brownies felt like sinkers in their stomachs. They drank two glasses of water apiece. They walked upstairs and sank on the top step.

"Goin' to sit here all day?" Gwen asked one minute later. "Come on! You ate too much. I'll fix you up." And she led the way into her mother's bedroom, where clothes were strewn about like leaves in the park, and open bureau drawers looked like remnant counters.

"Nice room," U. said, staring around. He never saw such delightful confusion at home. "What's this?"

"That," she told him, grabbing it away, "is my mother's eyebrow pencil. She uses it to make herself pretty. I'll use it to make you pretty. Then you won't get 'gestion from the cookies. Stand still, sap!"

Poor little U. stood still. He felt his chin, upper lip, and one cheek bone being dabbed.

"Watcha—"

"Shut up," Gwen giggled. "You ain't a sap any more. You're swell. You got a mon'cle. Run home an' show your mother. You're the sheik!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Bravery)

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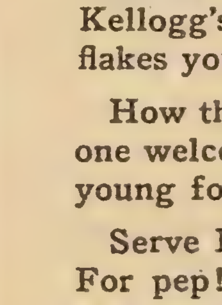

Aging BEAUTIFULLY

By

EILEEN BOURNE

IN face of the millions upon millions of dollars spent annually to keep from aging at all, as title for a 1930 beauty talk, Aging Beautifully does seem somewhat of a misnomer.

Yet, in spite of the millions upon millions spent in youth pursuit, that ancient daddy of the flowing beard and awesome scythe still can wink a crinkled old lid over some of the performers in the tragi-comic performance known as Trying to Look the Years They Ain't. "Their system," Daddy Time probably thinks, "could be improved upon." We know it can.

At that, women are one up on the old gentleman of the long white whiskers. His wink is not quite so knowing as it was a generation or two back. His sight is a bit strained looking for the dear old lady of fireside chair and worsted ball or the more poetic mother type of Whistler imagination.

What, in other days, assuredly would have modeled for one or other of these pictures, we encountered recently on a steamer cruising the West Indies. A wee mite of a woman, trailing her elderly six-foot mate, seventy useful-looking years closing in, on her quaint old frame, paused beside a ship acquaintance long enough to remark that "You could have a lot more fun if you didn't have to bring your husband along on a trip like this." That spirit, righteous or unholy, must baffle the ancient scythe carrier. Nor is it exactly symbolic of what is meant by aging beautifully.

We must go back earlier than seventy. Around thirty begins the setting-up work, so to speak, for beautiful aging.

It is known that, outside of cleansing creams and make-up, the millions extracted from female pocketbooks for beauty upkeep is not drawn largely from the young of the sex. It is the thirty-and-after woman who frets and battles over advancing age. Thirty is the crucial moment, too, to take one's self firmly in hand if one has not submitted earlier to rules of the game.

AS thirty is practiced today, it is far more apt to express the prime of youth than anything suggestive of age. With her youthful styles, her well trained figure, her clever make-up, her still young and interesting mind, a woman of thirty is at her best. Each year thereafter, however, is a telling one. Some women maintain the rich bloom of youth on into the very late thirties, into the forties even. But they are rarely other than women of intelligence, women with the intelligence not only to preserve their physical contours, but to whom the rejuvenation of their mental contours is a matter of consistent and persistent energy too.

Our world of beauty is peopled with women whose physical proportions are all that can be asked of diet and exercise well chosen and executed; whose faces are quite passing fair; whose hair is well groomed and coifed; whose ankles are trim, feet well shod, and whose dress is modish.

Further than this their charms do not extend. They do not hold your interest. They often fail to hold the first impression of physical approval. It evaporates with the betrayal of, if not an idle mind, a dull and tiresome one. Sort of beauty robots they are, mechanically made products of a beauty-trade age. Theirs is the system of age defeat that Father Time winks about.

There is an argument for older beauty to conjure with in the requirements made of young beauty today. To be classed as a winner, any college boy will confirm, a girl has to bring more to the party than a pretty face and figure. She has to have a line, be on her toes every minute, and be sufficiently conversant with current goings on to be able to listen and talk intelligently.

If this is required of youth, with its own great physical attributes, how much more a wide-awake interest is needed to make maturity attractive.

Among older women noticeably of recent years there has been turned out a standardized model from reducing, massage, and hairdressing parlors. The model is good as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough in our highly exacting age. You may meet this model almost anywhere, over bridge tables, filling in afternoons matinéeing or teaing, or you may run into her shopping for a new cold cream. But the flame that gives to beauty a sustaining quality is not there. Only the shell of beauty exists.

WHAT makes this type of woman a beauty failure is the current opportunity for contrast with women of her age who do exercise the divine spark into their beauty campaigns, women who have not only bodily beauty but the mental interest and aliveness to give it life.

"She's good-looking but blah!" is what the pursuer of the physical properties of beauty alone earns for her pains.

"Interesting" is a word that is coming into forceful usage as a beauty attribute. It means, in modern parlance, not only an interesting mind but a physical person of intelligent care. It is required of woman today that her physical contours be as perfect as modern beauty aids can make them. A brilliant mind is no more an alibi for an untidy person than a pleasing face and figure is for a vapid mind. The obligation toward one's personal appearance, in fact, is so universally recognized that only a rare genius can escape censure for carelessness. So that the physical properties of beauty are expected of every woman, just as she is expected to brush her teeth or comb her hair or send her children to school. It is nothing to brag about. No woman can afford to rest on her physical laurels. She should keep them up, and after thirty be more assiduous in the upkeep than before. But she must not lose sight of the fact that, in spite of her massaging lotions and other warring measures, years will come and years will go and that the real spirit of youth is in youth's mental aliveness, its stimulating changeability, its receptivity of the new and interesting. Older women have to bring more to the party than a beautifully made-up face and a well dieted figure. Wrinkles, sagginess, dryness, lifelessness must be exercised out of the mind as well as off the face. For brains count most in aging beautifully.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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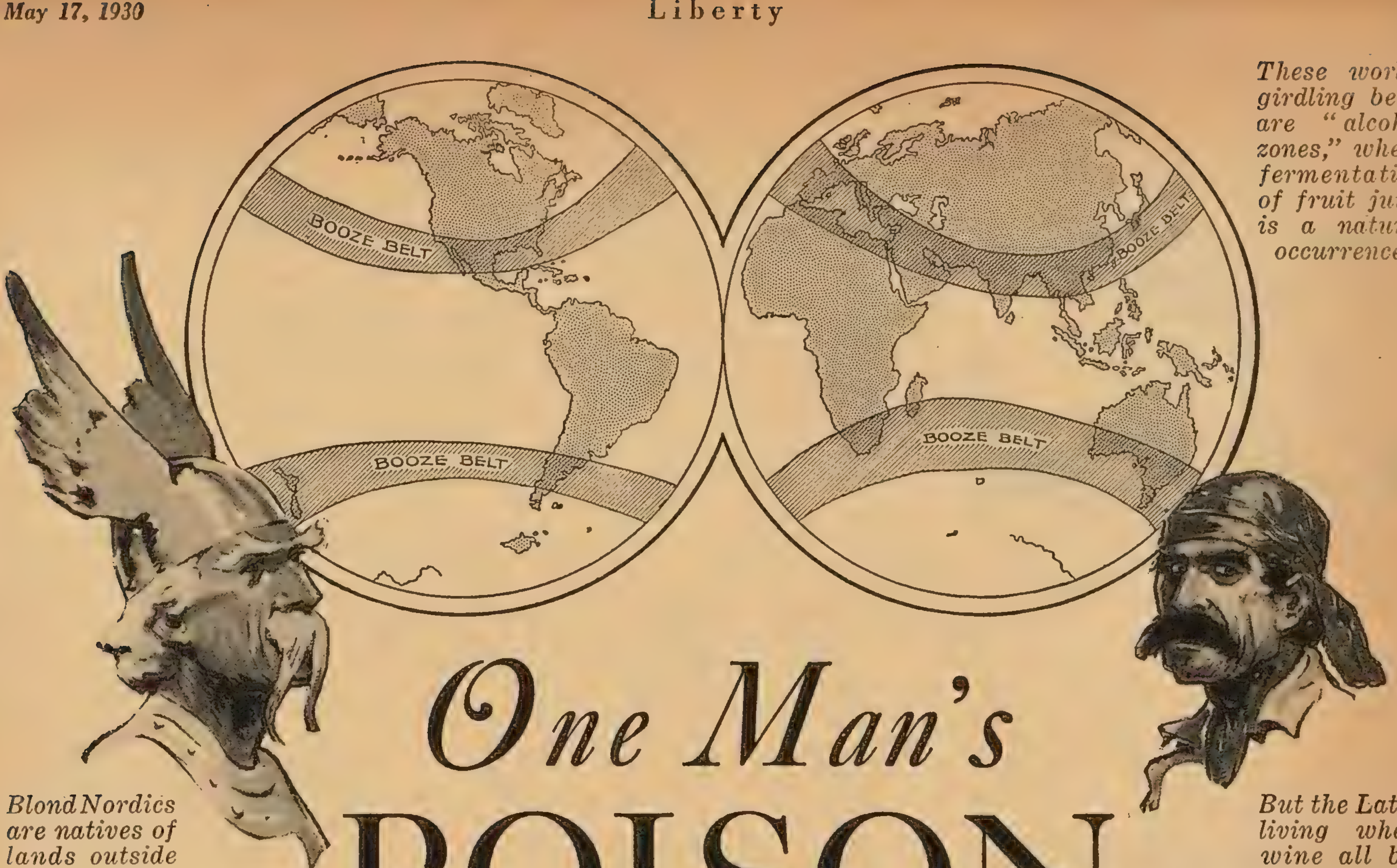

These world-girdling belts are "alcohol zones," where fermentation of fruit juice is a natural occurrence.

Blond Nordics are natives of lands outside the alcohol zones. Liquor poisons them.

But the Latin, living where wine all but makes itself, drinks freely without harm.

One Man's POISON

How Geography Rules the Effects of Germs and Alcohol

By E. E. Free

Pictures by T. S. Tousey

ONE day in the summer of 1846 an unwelcome visitor landed on the Faroe Islands, halfway between Scotland and Iceland. Within a month this visitor had laid half the inhabitants on their backs. Many of them he slew. The visitor was the germ of measles; relatively harmless elsewhere in the world, a frightful plague in the Faroes.

When Captain Cook landed on the Hawaiian Islands in 1779 he found a terrestrial paradise. Food was plentiful, the climate annoyed nobody, illnesses were rare. Captain Cook was killed and his visible retinue retired. Invisible germ companions of the white men stayed behind. White men's diseases rolled over the island Edens in a wave of death. They still roll.

One person dies somewhere in the United States, on the average, every twenty-three seconds. At least 90 per cent of these die because of germs. But not everybody succumbs. A family of five is invaded by some virulent microbe. One dies; two recover; two are on such good terms with the tiny germ that it never troubles them at all. Why do these differences exist?

The differences extend beyond germs. Even before prohibition it was a crime in many parts of the United States to give liquor to an Indian. There was good reason for the rule. Among the many admirable qualities of that race, tolerance for alcohol is not included. A dose that leaves the average white man unaffected or merely makes him jolly may turn a peaceable and respectable Indian into a crazy killer. Even among whites alcohol has its favorites and its victims. There are laughing jags and crying jags and murderous jags and apparently a few people who can acquire no jag at all, no matter how hard they try.

Like the experiences with germs, these alcoholic classifications of mankind are examples of a proverbial truth: "One man's meat is another man's poison." One man's drink is also, and one man's tame and harmless germ.

The white man is apparently growing more susceptible to heart disease and cancer.

In the history of disease there is ample illustration of this proverb. Within one human generation, five and a half centuries ago, man's whole relation to the germs of disease was revolutionized. Then began the Age of Epidemics. The critical year is 1348.

Before that year, world history records no widespread sweep of any plague; since, there has been no lifetime without one. In 1348 began in Europe that greatest of all human disasters, the Black Death.

The Black Death was bubonic plague, a disease still known here and there in the world and which mankind must guard against continually. It is caused by a germ. Ordinarily this germ lives in the bodies of rats and mice, seeming to prefer them. But occasionally it deserts its usual homes in these animals and enters man. Why did it explode so disastrously in 1348?

IT certainly is not the right answer to imagine that the germ was then first created. Chinese and Indian records prove that bubonic plague was known there many centuries before the European outbreak. The plague that fell on the Philistines as described in the First Book of Samuel in the Bible was probably this same bubonic germ, for it is recorded that the mice of Philistia died and marred the land. For centuries the plague germ and the human animal had managed to get along tolerably. Suddenly the germ seemed to go mad.

The first cases of plague in Europe developed along the northern shore of the Black Sea, near what is now the city of Odessa. A few people sickened and died, suddenly, painfully, and mysteriously. Inexorably it spread. Half the population of Europe died.

No person now alive can begin to understand how mankind was smashed and harried in those awful years.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ONE MAN'S POISON
Continued from page seventy-five]

Whole cities were depopulated. Corpses rotted by thousands in the streets. Family affection, the sanctity of marriage and childhood, respect for God and for man—all came so near to vanishing that the student reading those ancient chronicles trembles, even now, to think what might have been. No optimist who believes civilization invincible should read the story of the Black Death. He will never be so sure or comfortable again.

After that, the bubonic plague flared up again and again. Three centuries later the germ was still able to cause the Great Plague of London, described so vividly by Daniel Defoe. Nor was plague all. Side by side with its recurring outbursts, wave after wave of other diseases rolled over unhappy Europe. Measles; scarlet fever and other fevers; diphtheria; typhus fever and typhoid; smallpox; cholera and dysentery—all appeared in the western world for the first time.

Like the germ of the bubonic plague, none of these germs was really new. There is evidence that all had been alive for centuries somewhere on earth, where they and men had managed to endure each other's company fairly comfortably. Suddenly, within the space of two centuries, nearly all of them made trouble. What can have happened in 1348 that set the world's germs on fire?

Almost as many reasons have been suggested as there have been medical historians to probe for them. Some unperceived change of climate has been imagined. The building of crowded cities is suggested as a cause by students who forget that crowded cities had existed for forty centuries. By the contemporaries of the first epidemics it was believed that some mysterious miasma had contaminated the air; self-appointed seers traced this to the stars or to comets or meteors. Today we can see that the sole and sufficient cause was probably the sudden vogue of travel.

THE ability of the human body to get used to a germ is a part of what physicians call immunity. One attack of smallpox, for example, protects the victim from another. Even the very mild, intentional attack of this disease which is produced by vaccination provides much the same protection. There are people who harbor germs of typhoid fever in their bodies for years without distress and even without knowing that the germs are there. These people are the so-called "carriers."

From the germ's-eye view, these carriers are probably the ideal kind of humans. They provide pleasant homes for whole regiments of bacteria. They do not sicken and die, inconsiderately causing the germs to die too. If germs had their way all of us might be cast into this mold. It must be almost as annoying to the germs to have half the human population die as it is to us.

Ability to tolerate alcohol is not exactly the same kind of an immunity as that of carriers to germs, but it behaves as though it were. Some people possess it, others do not. It can be acquired, as germ immunities can. By long abstinence from alcohol it can be lost, just as germ immunity is lost after a time by persons who cease to be exposed to the germ.

The germ of the Black Death was a citizen of the Orient. Eastern races were used to it. They had acquired one of these racial immunities. Babies who were born lacking the immunity sickened and died in infancy. The working agreement between race and germ was maintained.

BUT suppose an army of germs get carried off somehow to a new country, as the germs of Black Death were carried to Odessa in 1348. The human germ-fodder of the new country is unaccustomed to the germs; it cannot resist. That is what happened in that first year of the plague. The explosion was not due to any new germ or to any change of the old germ. It was due merely to the fact that the germ had entered a new territory full of unaccustomed human hosts.

Germs cannot travel very comfortably by themselves, but they love to go along with men. In the year 1295 the famous Venetian, Marco Polo, returned to his native city after twenty years of travel in China and Tatary. He went to war, was captured, and lay for some two years in a dungeon in the rival city of Genoa. There he dictated a book. It was so good a book that people read it still. It made travel fashionable. Nor was fashion the only spur to keep men going and coming. The great Age of Exploration was just beginning. And on top of all that came the Crusades.

Lured by hope of profit or urged by dictates of religion, driven by the spirit of adventure or led by tales like Marco Polo's, great waves of men surged back and forth over the world in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Man had never moved so numerously before. And every time that a traveler came home from a new country he brought back a new germ.

Nowadays the world is one great community. Probably every kind of germ is now as wide a traveler as man. Undoubtedly this means that man will develop some day an immunity to all germs. The agreements to get along as well as possible together, which before the fourteenth century were local treaties, will be world wide. But nature moves slowly. This world-wide contract of mutual tolerance is not yet in working order. That is why epidemics still happen.

So far as man's tolerance for it is concerned, alcohol behaves in much this same way. Everyone who has observed mankind at all knows that the Latin races of southern Europe drink wine plentifully and harmlessly. Their internal machinery is undamaged, they do not get drunk easily, and they seldom drink too much. It is different in the north. Professor J. B. S. Haldane once said that the blond Nordics of the United States really need the prohibition law because few Nordics can get along well with liquor. This is one of the racial differences toward alcohol which the analogy with immunity to germs makes it easy to understand.

Around both hemispheres of the earth, about halfway between the equator and the poles, run two invisible belts, like transparent ribbons wrapped around an orange. These might be called the alcohol zones. In these climatic zones the tiny yeast plant that is the despair of the prohibitionist grows naturally out of doors at the season when the fruits are ripe. Somewhere in one of these alcohol zones, probably in the northern one, fermentation was discovered. It is virtually impossible, indeed, not to discover fermentation in these countries if you let a bowl of fruit juice stand around for a few days.

Outside the alcohol zones this does not happen so automatically. The weather is likely to be too cold or too hot for the little yeast plants at the season when fruits or other fermentable things are at hand. In the colder Nordic lands one has to work hard to make wine successfully; in the alcohol zone one has to work hard to prevent it. It is no accident that these alcohol belts where fermentation is automatic are also the homes of the races who drink wine and who can drink safely.

During uncounted prehistoric millennia, men and women in the two alcohol belts of the earth were learning how to use the magic product of the little yeast cells wisely and well. Outside these belts alcohol is a new thing, a product of effort and travel. And outside these belts live the Nordics. Latins have an " immunity " to alcohol, just as Orientals had an immunity to the plague germ and for the same reason. They are used to it.

WHY the American Indian grows so quarrelsome whenever alcohol gets into him is less certain. Perhaps the answer is close to Dr. Ellsworth Huntington's interesting theory of why the Indians are stoics. This is due, Dr. Huntington believes, to the climatic history of the race. The ancestors of the Indians came into America afoot across the Bering Strait and down through Alaska. They must have taken many centuries to come, for it is no easy journey even now. Amid the snows and ice and dangers and discomforts of that pilgrimage the Indian race forgot how to smile. Even with their hundred centuries of later life in happier southern climes, laughter has scarcely begun to creep back into the Indian temperament.

Perhaps alcohol inside an Indian releases some deep-buried racial memory of those arctic centuries.

Such racial differences in tolerance are more interesting and important than mere variations between individuals. Unfortunately, when we come to matters of racial immunities to disease, there are few conclusions that are unquestionable.

One of the few reasonably sure ones is that Jews are less subject to bacterial disease than are other whites. Especially are they relatively immune to those ubiquitous germs that cause infected wounds or small infections of the skin. The reason for this is clear. For many generations the ancestors of modern Jews have been mostly city people. Crowded cities are ideal homes for these infectious germs. The skin of every city dweller is sprinkled continually with them or with their tiny seedlike spores.

Ancestors of the gentile whites, especially of the blond whites, have been mainly country people. Until the very recent age of machinery, agriculture, not trade, was their main business. City life is new to the blonds; city germs are not the only feature of it that still bothers them. To the Jew the city is an older story. He and the city germs understand each other. That is why it probably is true, as Dr. Lyle Cameron has urged, that the Jews are now the most resistant of all racial groups to bacterial disease.

ANOTHER biological peculiarity of Jewry is less easy to understand. This is the unusual susceptibility of Jewish populations to nervous disorders, culminating in insanity. There seems little doubt of the fact, at least, for the city Jews of modern Europe and America. Various causes are suggested: the long history of Jewish persecution, the effects of overcrowding and poverty; climatic handicaps of a southern, sun-loving race in foggy northern cities, and still others; but none is entirely satisfactory.

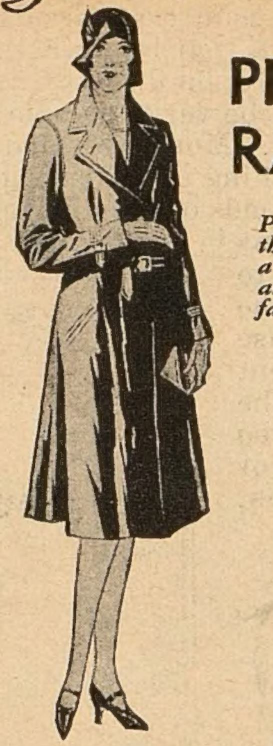
Among the few other racial differences toward disease which are surely real is the ease with which the American Negro succumbs to tuberculosis. Blacks in this country are enormously more susceptible, the figures show, than whites. But this is probably not a difference in immunity but a difference in noses.

The nose of the black man is a tropic feature: short and flat, with wide nostrils and well open to the air. This is what one needs in a hot country. In cold northern countries, on the other hand, air must be well warmed and moistened before it is breathed. The blond whites, formed in body and mind by long residence in chilly northern lands, have long, thin noses, narrow-passaged and well designed as air warmers. The American Negro finds himself in a winter climate far too cold and dry for his racial nose.

Dr. Raymond Pearl has reported, from the records of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, that in nearly 7,000 bodies examined, cancer was found in a much higher percentage of the whites than of the Negroes.

Observers of native Chinese in China have found them to possess a surprisingly high percentage of nearsighted eyes, perhaps as much as 60 per cent of the country population. What there may be in China or in Chinese history, germ or climate or

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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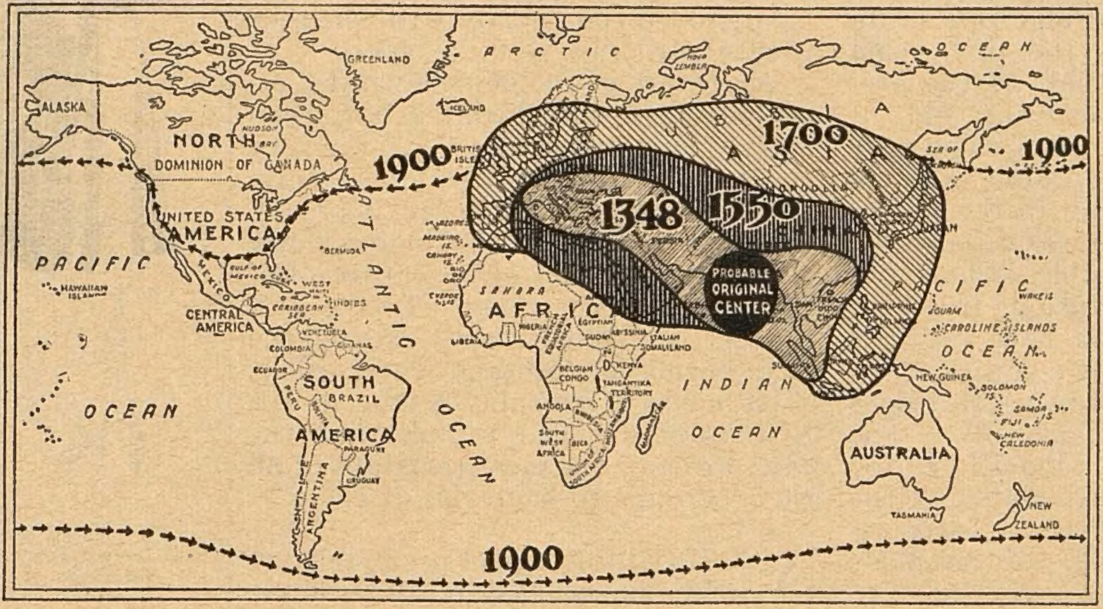
ONE MAN'S POISON
Continued from page seventy-seven

food or something else, to make so many people nearsighted is an interesting speculation.

In all civilized countries nowadays there are kept figures which record, year by year, the percentage of death or illness from different diseases. After a century or two these figures will be very valuable for inquiries into the nature of disease. More than that, we may expect them also to tell something of the probable future.



Showing stages of the spread of the bubonic plague from its probable original center in India. The pandemic known as the Black Death began in 1348. More extensive ones followed, and by 1550 and 1700 the germ's frontiers were, approximately, those indicated. By 1900, plague existed in seacoast towns the world around, between the limits marked with lines of arrows.

The Hindu is blessed with racial immunity to bubonic plague.

The Chinese tend to be nearsighted. The cause is unknown.

Present-day trends of the different diseases are imperfect guides, however, in trying to unravel either the history of disease or the development of immunities. The figures cover too short a span of years. Measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, cholera, tuberculosis, and leprosy, the figures indicate to be decreasing partly because of improved treatments or preventives, partly because mankind is growing more immune to these germs. On the other hand, heart disease, cancer, diabetes, apoplexy, alcoholism, and nervous disorders are increasing.

These increases, especially those of cancer and of heart disease, are often considered ominous, but this is probably unnecessary. Both heart disease and cancer are diseases of middle age or of old age. People live longer nowadays than they did in former centuries: far more people now live long enough to die of cancer or heart disease. Formerly they would have been saved from these disasters by dying first of something else. But the truth is that the statistics of disease and death have not yet been kept long enough to have any indubitable meaning.

In spite of man's "warfare" against disease and alcoholism, there are but few diseases over which man really has been victorious. Malaria is one, yellow fever is another, rickets and hospital gangrene are a third and a fourth. In some degree bubonic plague and smallpox and typhoid fever may be listed. These well known and much-advertised successes seem to have encouraged popular belief that all germ enemies can be conquered; that it is possible to "exterminate" an unwanted germ. There is a well known opinion, too, that alcohol also can be exterminated, at least as something for men to drink.

These hopes, especially as concerns alcohol, seem dangerously optimistic. Alcohol has never been expelled from any race or country that it had already entered. No race of germs has ever been exterminated utterly; not even the germ of hospital gangrene, which is probably the disease against which the sanitary armies have had their best success. Germs are merely decreased in number or driven into hiding. Somewhere in the world each germ is still alive and ready to come back whenever vigilance slackens; as hospital gangrene did begin to come back in a few unfortunate hospitals during the war.

There would be a serious danger, indeed, in killing off nearly all the germs of any disease. Suppose, for example, that the skin-infecting bacteria to which all whites have now acquired, like the Jews, a considerable immunity, could be exterminated totally in the United States. The germs would still lurk somewhere in the world. Sooner or later some traveler would bring one home. After long freedom from these germs our racial immunity would have weakened. The returned germ would probably kill some millions of us promptly, as the plague germ did when it invaded Europe in 1348.

THE same may be true of alcohol. There are observers who believe that mankind is developing a world-wide tolerance for it, like the tolerance which people in the alcohol zones acquired long ago. In a few thousand years even the blondest of the Nordics and the reddest of the Indians might be able to hold their liquor. If this be true, our national attempt to abolish alcohol is not the best plan of campaign; it may lessen our average tolerance for alcohol while that of the rest of the world increases. But these questions are legitimately controversial and no one must be dogmatic about them.

As for the germs, every kind of these creatures probably is spread, by now, all over the world. Gradually mankind will learn to get along with them everywhere and the Age of Epidemics will be over. When one man's germ or one man's wine is another man's poison, that usually is because germ or alcohol was a stranger to the poisoned individual's race.

THE END

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A Lady Slipper

Betty came noisily downstairs, and mother bade her return and come down quietly. She reappeared, saying:

"You didn't hear me that time, did you, mother?"

"No, dear; you came down as a little lady should."

"Yes," said Betty, "I slid down the banister."—Kathryn Dooley, 4510 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

The Tortoise's Rival

Daddy's bimonthly pay days meant extra treats for the family, to which the children looked forward, and the festive days seemed slow in coming. One day the twins were urging their baby brother, just learning to walk, to hurry after them thusly: "Come along, old pay day."—Mrs. W. B. Stuart, Baton Rouge, La., R. F. D. 2.

David Robinson

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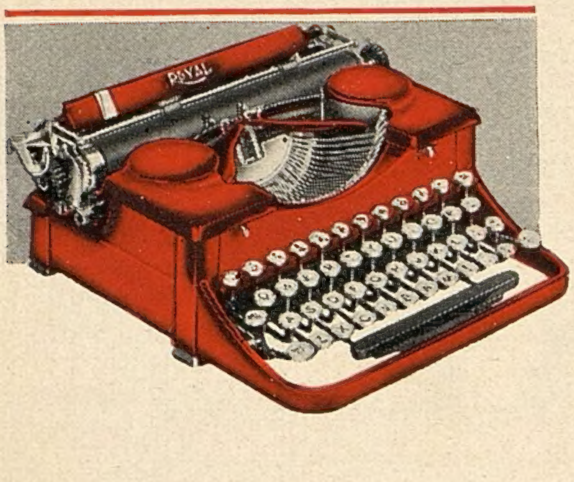

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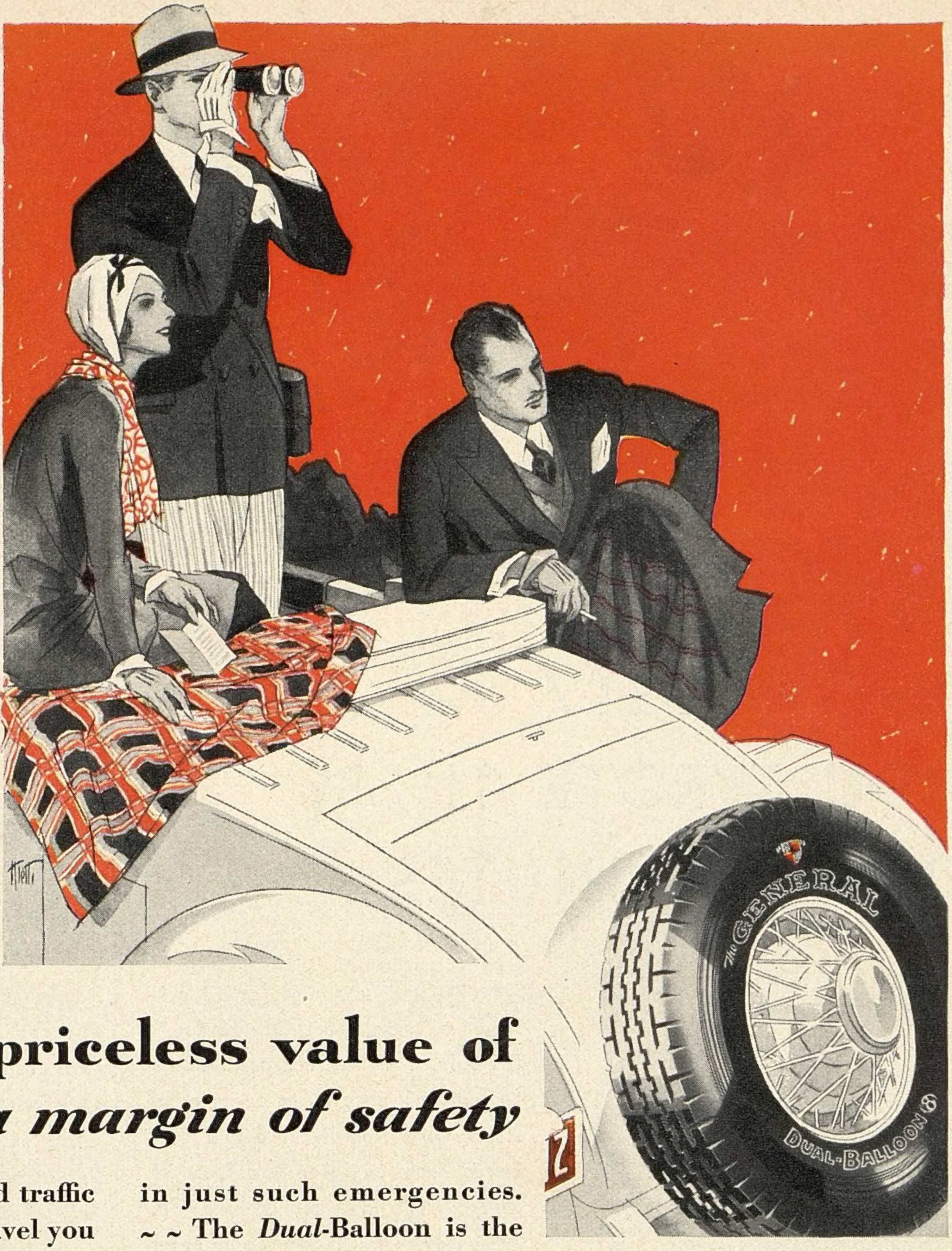

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The GENERAL
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